Collier's

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January 28, 1950

CITY BEYOND DEVIL'S GATE

An Epic Western Serial, A Great Love Story

Five Pages of Secret Red Photos

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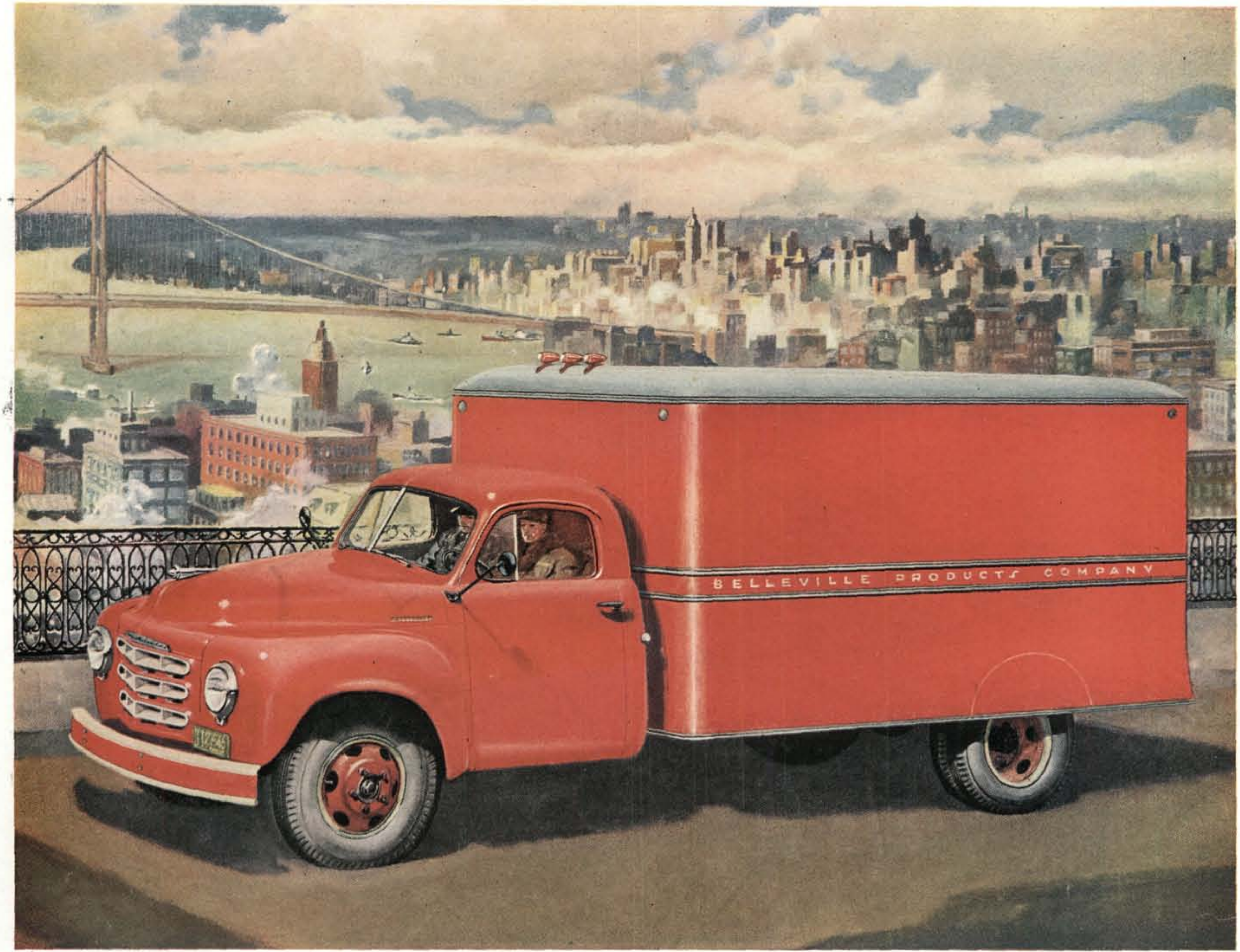
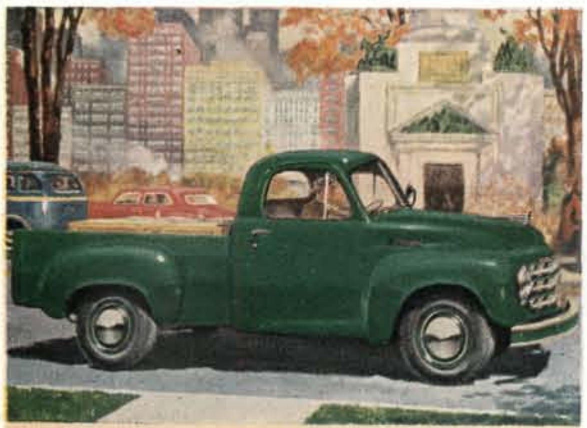


1½-ton shown with 12 foot closed van body—2-ton model also available

Studebaker trucks are winning thousands of new friends throughout the nation

Value-wise buyers rate Studebaker trucks out ahead in economy and comfort!



Hefty loads or small—there's a Studebaker truck for them all! Studebaker trucks have extra strong frames, springs, axles. Studebaker's Econ-o-miser engine powers the ½, ¾ and 1 ton models. The 1½ and 2 ton trucks—Studebaker's series 16A and 17A—have the high torque of a "Power Plus" engine.

MORE and more of America's most exacting truck operators have been switching to Studebaker trucks—and with good reason!

They're buying Studebaker trucks for stand-up stamina—stand-out operating economy—modern design—advanced conveniences.

They're buying Studebaker trucks for trustworthy performance—for structural reliability—and for wear-resisting master craftsmanship that fends off the need for costly repairs.

New comfort for truck drivers

These husky, handsome Studebaker trucks give drivers an easier working day, thanks to roomy, full-comfort, big-vision cabs.

The Studebaker cab floor is conveniently low—requires no strenuous climbing. The cab steps are weather-protected—enclosed inside the doors. The doors have tight-gripping rotary latches to keep them from jolting open.

Unique Studebaker variable-ratio steering provides a welcome build-up of extra leverage for turn-arounds and parking.

Servicing a Studebaker truck—on the road or in the garage—is simplicity itself, thanks to a new kind of "lift-the-hood" accessibility to engine, ignition and instrument panel wiring.

Step into a Studebaker showroom first chance you have. See for yourself the solid value that's selling Studebaker trucks sensationally.

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

NOTED FOR LOW COST OPERATION

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BIG VALUE AT LOW COST

The telephone is a big bargain in security, convenience and good times for every member of the family.

Just in the steps it saves, it more than pays for itself. Its value in emergencies is often beyond price.

Day and night, every day, the telephone is at your service. And the cost is small—within reach of all.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

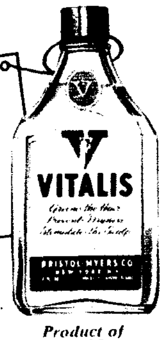
Vitalis
"LIVE-ACTION*"
care...

FEEL the difference in your scalp! What a wonderful wake-up glow — when you use Vitalis "*Live-Action*" care. That's Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!" 50 seconds' massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb and you're all set!

...gives you
HANDSOMER
HAIR

SEE the difference in your hair! Now see how much neater, handsomer your hair looks — set to *stay* that way all day! No "patent-leather" shine. Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil. For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "*Live-Action*" Vitalis at any drug counter or at your barber shop.

● **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. Vitalis *stimulates* scalp, *prevents* dryness.



Product of Bristol-Myers

"LIVE-ACTION"
*VITALIS and the
"60-Second Workout"

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January 28, 1950

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Ballerina Cyd Charisse was born Tula Ellice Finklea in Amarillo, Texas, where she began her dancing lessons at age eight. By the time she was twelve, her teacher advised the family that she was ready for advanced study, so off she went to Hollywood to get instructions from Nico Charisse. Two years later she was performing with the Ballet Russe and, when she was seventeen, during a European tour, Cyd and her mentor were married in France. Their son, Nicky, is seven years old. Now the wife of singer Tony Martin, she has danced in many pictures, but does her first real emoting in M-G-M's current release, East Side, West Side.

Week's Mail

The All-America

EDITOR: Again I was pleased by the soundness of Collier's All-America team (Dec. 10th). And this year I would also like to express particular appreciation for your special award, Player of the Year for Sportsmanship, for Doak Walker.

When Doak was a freshman at Southern Methodist I was a member of the faculty and had Doak as a student. His ability and personality were both amazing, but his most astonishing characteristic was his sincere modesty.

Some people may not understand Doak's letter, but those of us who know him realize that he meant every word of it. Since he's been recognized over the past three years by practically every expert and fan alike as an all-time great, I guess the only person who *doesn't* think Doak Walker is an All-American is Doak Walker.

R. L. CLAXTON, JR., Gainesville, Texas

... We who see Doak Walker here on the campus know that he is just the unselfish type of person that his letter to you indicates. His modesty is not superficial. He is a true sportsman in all ways.

JOE CARSON, Dallas, Texas

... I think your All-America team for 1949 is an excellent one, but for one item. Why wasn't Ray Krouse, Maryland tackle, even honorably mentioned? Maryland coach Jim Tatum calls Krouse the "best tackle I've seen or coached in my career."

BRUCE HOLLIHAN, Washington, D. C.

... I believe there must be space in your large magazine for an honorable mention of a great center, Tom Novak from Nebraska University.

Although he has had the misfortune to play on a losing team most of the time, he is truly one of the greatest football players that Nebraska has ever produced.

CAROLE O'BRIEN HUGINS, Lincoln, Nebr.

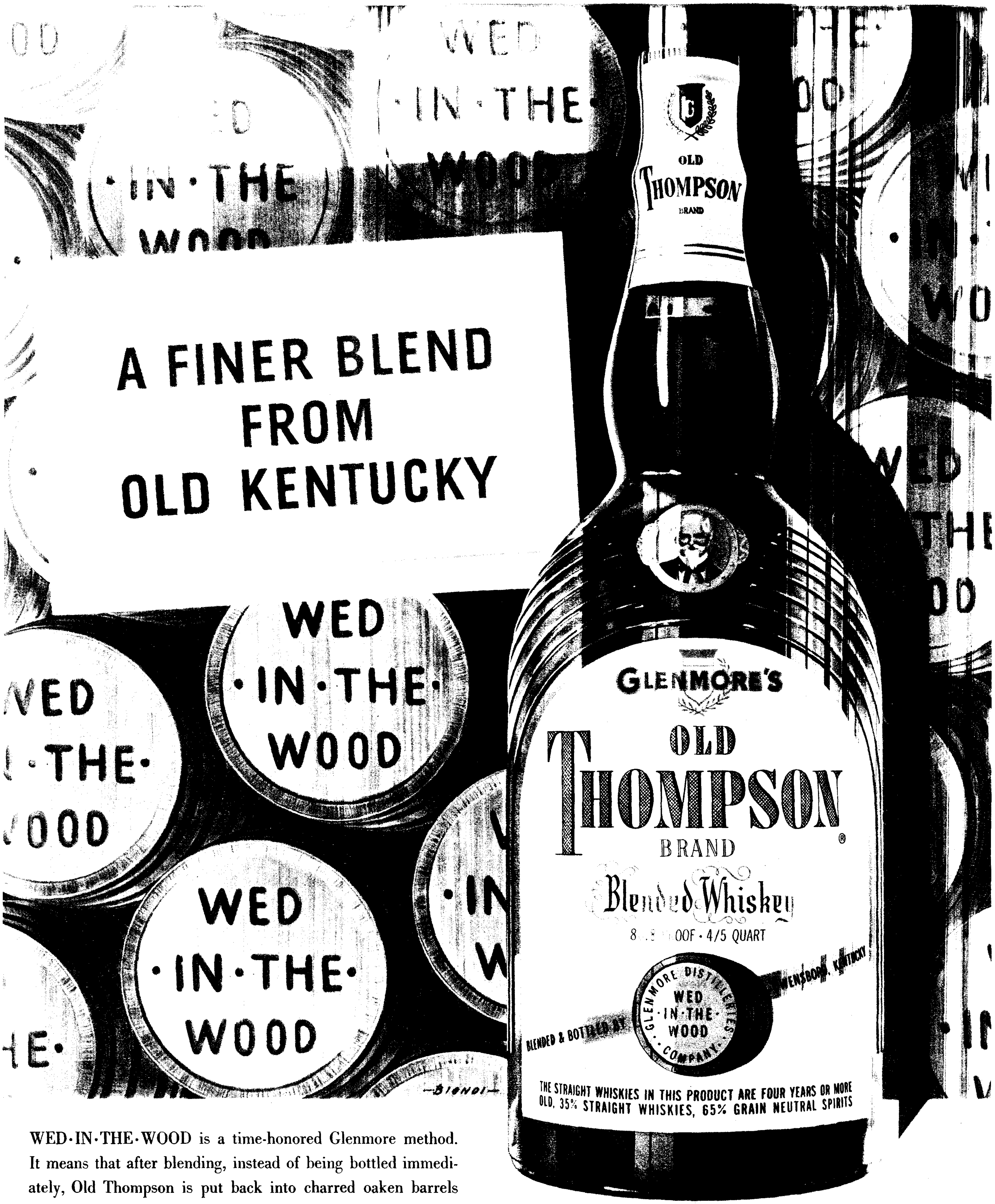
... Bill Fay stated that Clayton Tonnemaker is the best line-backer in college football. We think Tonnemaker is the best center, but as a line-backer he couldn't hold a candle to the standout, top-rate performance of Dick (Killer) Kempthorn, defensive fullback for the University of Michigan. Bernie Bierman (Tonnemaker's coach at Minnesota) and Ray Eliot (University of Illinois coach and a member of the coaches board) both exclaimed that Killer Kempthorn was the man who beat them in their respective games with Michigan.

BOB LEVIN AND KEN REEVES, Franklin, Mich.

... People from around here would like to know why Jack Lininger, Ohio State's great center, was overlooked. He was as good as Clayton Tonnemaker any day.

KENT IDDINGS, Ludlow Falls, Ohio

... In reading your selections for the All-


A FINER BLEND
FROM
OLD KENTUCKY
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8 PROOF · 4/5 QUART
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OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
—BIONDI—

WED·IN·THE·WOOD is a time-honored Glenmore method. It means that after blending, instead of being bottled immediately, Old Thompson is put back into charred oaken barrels to assure uniform high quality. This method costs us more, but it's worth it because of the distinctive flavor it gives to Old Thompson.

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Recommended
by EYE SPECIALISTS
G-E DAYLIGHT TELEVISION
WITH AUTOMATIC SOUND

Utterly unlike ordinary television, G-E Daylight Television shows at its best in a fully lighted room as eye specialists recommend. You enjoy far greater eye comfort, amazing new life-like picture quality. *Plus* sensational Automatic Sound. Just tune the best picture—sound is right every time! Big 12½" tube, wide-angle screen, built-in antenna. Smart console, veneered in genuine mahogany. Model 12C105, above.

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

New Compact Table Model

G-E Daylight Television on a a big 12½" tube. New wide-angle screen. Built-in antenna. Genuine mahogany veneered cabinet. Model 12T1.

See and hear the General Electric Fred Waring show on television—CBS-TV network, Sundays, 9 P. M., EST.

Star teams (Collier's, Dec. 3d) I find a great injustice done to one of football's immortal fullbacks of the Southwest, Robert Smith of Texas A&M College.

Did you know that "Ramming Robert" Smith, although only a sophomore, was the leading ground gainer in the Southwest Conference and that there was not another back in the conference that came near his record? Yes, he was on a losing team, but that should be no discredit to his ability.

BRUCE MCDANIEL, Texas A&M College, College Station, Texas

. . . ADD OUR PROTESTS TO THE MANY YOU'LL RECEIVE FOR LEAVING JOHNNY KARRAS OF ILLINOIS OFF YOUR MIDWEST TEAM. A SOPHOMORE WHO BREAKS THE BIG TEN RUSHING RECORD CERTAINLY DESERVES MENTION AT LEAST.

BERT BERTINE, JOE FOURCHARD, EMIL HESSE, DICK WALKER, Urbana, Ill.

Tour or Televise?

EDITOR: Re your editorial Let's Put the Show on the Road (Dec. 3d), I think I speak for the Brigade of Midshipmen when I say that we are in complete accord with your proposal to play the Army-Navy game in cities throughout the country.

Having been a participant in the "spectacle" for the past three years, I speak from experience when I say that it *is* a great spectacle, and one that more people should be given opportunity to see.

We like Philadelphia and Philadelphians, they have been most hospitable; but I feel certain that other cities can do as well. And, too, we would all welcome the opportunity to see more of our own country.

FRANK LIBERATO, Midshipman 2/C, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

. . . Just after witnessing the recent Army-Navy football game on my television set while comfortably seated in my living room, I read your editorial Let's Put the Show on the Road. It led me to wonder why it makes any difference where this or any other games are played so long as they are televised.

WILLIAM W. FRESCHL, Pelham, N. Y.

The Verb's Okay

EDITOR: In Winter of Reckoning for Tito (Dec. 10th), Seymour Freidin states, "Whatever tactics the Russians choose to carry out their purpose, they know that if they don't destroy the apostasy of Titoism now, etc."

According to a reliable dictionary, the word "apostasy" means "the giving up of what one has professed or believed, as faith, principle or party." Therefore, Mr. Freidin should have used "encourage" instead of "destroy." JUDY CADY, Prophetstown, Ill.

The apostasy in question is the giving up of a faith in the Kremlin as a fountainhead of all wisdom whose plans and orders are to be followed up with unquestioning obedience. Russia's purpose, as Mr. Freidin explained, is to destroy this apostasy and bring the Yugoslavs once more to heel.

No Bulldog Toes?

EDITOR: Re your editorial Arise, Men! (Dec. 10th), you state, "The Brooks 'classic' shirt with the button-down collar can still be purchased in the old pull-over model, a style abandoned generally some 30 years ago."

My husband is a relatively young thirty-three years old, yet he and a number of his friends prefer the pull-over, button-down. Ironing one, complete with pleat down back and bottom of front is not a housewife's dream.

Other preferences of the conservative *young* man of today—detachable collars, French cuffs, single-breasted coats with absolutely no darts and little shoulder padding, pants without pleats in front and 18-inch cuff width.

My dear hubby just ordered a suit made, and the tailor said he hadn't had an order like that in 15 years!

EMILY W. GARDNER, Chicago, Ill.

Plenty of Future

EDITOR: The Ski Jacks, varsity ski team of Arizona State College at Flagstaff, protests Francis Sill Wickware's statement in The Life and Times of Sears, Roebuck (Dec. 3d) that ". . . ice skates and ski equipment have little future in Arizona."

Arizona Sno-Bowl, 14 miles north of Flagstaff, provides some of the finest skiing that can be found anywhere. The college at Flagstaff annually schedules intercollegiate ski meets here and the varsity team enters meets in other areas of the West. Above is a picture of Miss Elizabeth Hoffman, pretty coed who participated in several intercollegiate meets for Arizona State at Flagstaff last year.

With girls like Elizabeth to wear them, who can say there is no future for skis in Arizona? MELVIN HUTCHINSON, Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz.

Analysis Analyzed

EDITOR: In John Crosby's article, Dear Sir, You Cur— (Dec. 10th), the following statement is made:

"Once a client thrust 1,000,000 letters on him (Mr. O'Donnell's firm) for detailed analysis. He put 125 workers on the job Thursday and had a report ready by Monday."

Assuming that no time was consumed with preliminaries or with compiling the final analysis, assuming that each employee wasted only 60 seconds with each letter in reading and "analyzing it in detail," and further assuming that each of these 125 faithful employees worked 24 hours a day, Thursday through Monday inclusive, with no time off for rest or food, there would still be more than 100,000 unread and unanalyzed letters awaiting the haggard crew on Tuesday.

F. B. NORDSTROM, M.D., Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Perhaps that phrase "detailed analysis" was misleading. All the million-letter client wanted was the point of origin of the letters and a few minor details. Mr. O'Donnell's 125 workers were all postal experts. If each of them had looked at and tabulated five letters a minute, the 125 could have finished that part of the job—and then some—in four eight-hour days.

READER'S DIGEST

reports clinical proof that it's

ANAHIST for COLDS

ANAHIST TRADE MARK *is the only drug proved CLINICALLY EFFECTIVE for Colds in the rigidly controlled tests described in the READER'S DIGEST*

ANAHIST CAN STOP COLD SYMPTOMS IN A SINGLE DAY!

"Here's the Best Health News of the Year," says Reader's Digest

Thus Reader's Digest, December issue, begins its exciting account of the development, testing and clinical proof of the effectiveness of a revolutionary new drug discovery—ANAHIST—the antihistamine for colds.

Worth noting is the fact that all antihistamines are *not* alike. They vary greatly in performance and effectiveness. ANAHIST has been singled out as the *new miracle drug for colds* because of its amazingly successful record in actual clinical tests.

ANAHIST'S Cold-Control

These tests show that, by taking ANAHIST upon exposure or at the first sign of a cold, the great majority of people can now eliminate cold symptoms in a single day! This means goodbye to sneezing, coughing, watering eyes, running nose and other early cold discomfort. Thus, it is now entirely possible to avoid bad colds and their complications all year 'round . . . also avoid passing colds on to others.

ANAHIST'S 25 mg. antihistamine tablets provide the CLINICALLY-PROVED EFFECTIVE dosage for colds now available without a prescription.

Prompt, efficient relief for hay fever, too . . . ANAHIST—new miracle drug discovery—is the exclusive trademark of ANAHIST CO., INC., Yonkers 2, New York.

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THE ANTIHISTAMINE RECOMMENDED FOR FAMILY USE

ANAHIST TRADE MARK

Q. *Should* ANAHIST *be given to children?*

A. Yes. Children over 6 get the same dosage as adults. For children under 6, consult your physician for proper dosage... ANAHIST also helps prevent passing colds on to children.

Q. *Are all antihistamines equally effective?*

A. No. Antihistamines differ in chemical structure and effectiveness. ANAHIST is the CLINICALLY-PROVED EFFECTIVE antihistamine you can buy *with confidence* for family use.

Q. *If a cold has already run three or four days, will the use of* ANAHIST *give relief?*

A. In your own interest, we emphasize that ANAHIST loses full effectiveness unless taken early. Not indicated for the treatment of chest congestion, deep-seated cough or continuing sore throat. In cases where symptoms persist, see your doctor.

FAMILIES EVERYWHERE SAY GOODBYE TO COLDS WITH

ANAHIST TRADE MARK

HARRY J. KAYSER family, 2016 15th Ave., San Francisco, Calif. "Daughter and I used ANAHIST with wonderful results," writes Mrs. Kayser. "Then my husband caught cold. ANAHIST ended the symptoms after 24 hours and his cold did not return."

ERNEST TOPF family, 63 Park Ave., Maplewood, N. J. Mr. Topf writes: "Three weeks ago, Mike came home with sniffles. We started him on ANAHIST—next day, no cold. Shary had a cold 10 days ago — ANAHIST dried it up almost immediately."

ANDREW G. SCHMELTER family, 2859 Berteau Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Schmelter writes: "My husband's a motorman, exposed to all weather, so he gets bad colds—yet, when he used ANAHIST, it worked! He mentioned it to a doctor who said, very good and to continue using ANAHIST."

JACK J. BEWLEY family, 1492 E. 66th Street, Cleveland, Ohio. "Tommy picks up colds from other children," writes Mrs. Bewley. "But since I now give him ANAHIST, colds don't get much beyond the first sneeze."

TERENCE HANNA family, Cavalry Road, Westport, Conn. Mr. Hanna writes: "When Bill caught cold, we started him and ourselves taking ANAHIST. Next day, his cold was gone—and we never developed one!"

Available at Your Drugstore

TESTED AND COMMENDED BY PARENTS MAGAZINE
40 Tablets·25mg.
ANAHIST
(Thonzylamine)
FOR SYMPTOMATIC RELIEF OF COLDS & HAY FEVER
Anahist Co. Inc. Yonkers 2, N.Y.

Take ANAHIST *immediately* upon exposure or in the first 24 hours of a cold . . . then continue with one tablet after each meal and before retiring. Continue this ANAHIST treatment 72 hours for maximum effectiveness. ANAHIST is now available in the large family-size bottle of 40 tablets—also pocket-size bottles of 15.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**TED'S GREAT** on skis, but he sure falls flat when it comes to good-looking hair. He's got Dry Scalp! Dull, unruly hair that must be hard as the dickens to comb! And just look at that loose dandruff. I'd better tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic right away . . ."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

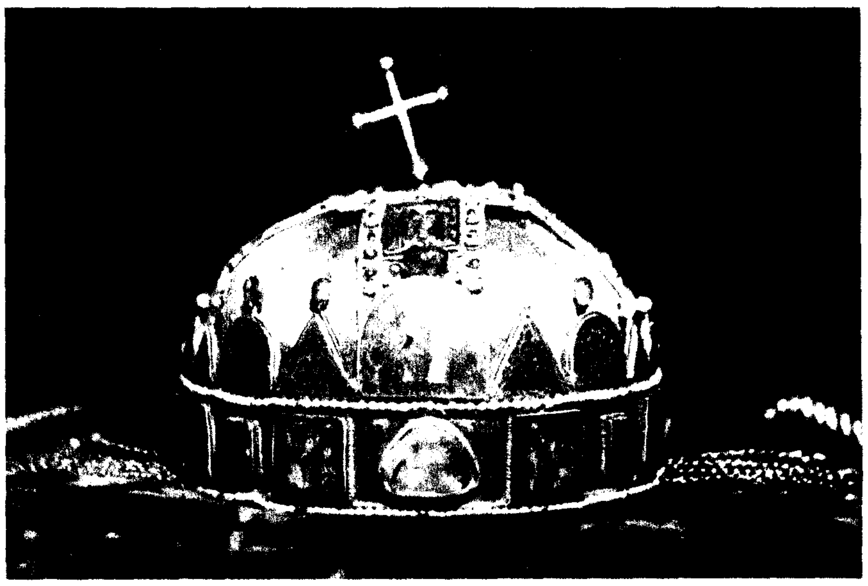
BEST TIP YET! Try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp quickly . . . makes a world of difference in the good looks of your hair! Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It checks Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils . . . gives double care to scalp and hair.

Get a generous trial supply of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic free. Send name and address to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, Dept. S, 17 State St., New York 4, N. Y. Offer good until March 1, 1950

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®
VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Hungary's royal crown of St. Stephen was once guarded 24 hours a day

Before Hungary was changed from a kingdom to a republic by World War II, the country's most treasured possession was the royal crown. For many years, it was kept in a large Budapest vault equipped with a window through which it was watched constantly, 24 hours a day, by guards. Centuries ago during one of the many times that it had to be hidden from invaders, the headdress was accidently dropped and the golden cross atop it bent to one side. Oddly, the crown was never repaired and so, until the 1940s, it was depicted in this damaged condition in all reproductions, including those on the postage stamps and the flags of Hungary.

* * *

On an August night in 1859, more than 50 years after the U.S. had outlawed the importation of slaves, a ship named Clothilde quietly slipped into Mobile Bay with the last cargo of African natives smuggled into this country. When freed by the Emancipation in 1863, these 116 Negroes built themselves a village in Alabama which they called Afficky Town. Most of their descendants still live in the community and it was there that Cudjoe Lewis, the last survivor of this last shipment, died as recently as 1935.

* * *

Of the 45 dog cemeteries in the United States today, about five will not accept for burial a pet that has belonged to a Negro.

* * *

A strange criminal case began with the murder of a young woman in her room in a Detroit boardinghouse on the afternoon of June 29, 1945. Among her effects was a photograph of a youth whom we shall call "Fred." Upon seeing it, several persons positively identified the man as the one who had called on the victim constantly for a month and who was with her on the day she was choked to death. Located in Chicago a week later, Fred had an alibi but only one friend was able to confirm it. Before Fred was taken to Detroit, however, the actual killer, "Leo," was captured in Saginaw with the aid of a girl who had noticed his resemblance to the picture of Fred, as the wanted man, that was being published in the newspapers. By a rare coincidence, the appearance of the two was virtually identical and, if Leo had not been caught, Fred might have been tried and even convicted of the murder.

* * *

An odd hall of fame, established and operated in the fifteenth century, is still open to visitors in the Palace of St. George in Genoa, Italy. Unlike similar establishments, this one elected any citizen who donated money; and it rated his "fame" by the size of his contribution. A man who gave less than 25,000 lire is represented by a tablet, one who gave between 25,000 and 50,000 by a bust, one who gave between 50,000 and 100,000 by a standing statue, while a gentleman who came across with 100,000 lire or more is duly immortalized by a life-size figure comfortably seated in a chair.

* * *

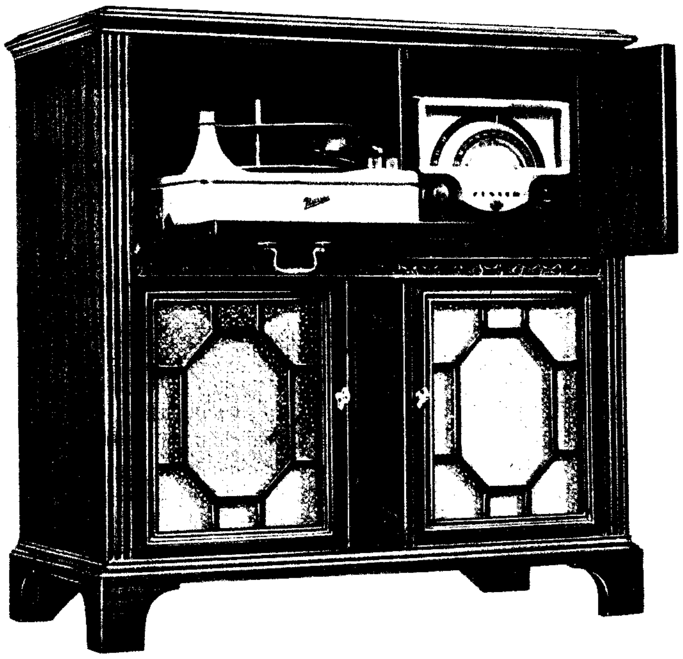
An American millionaire who died in Texas in 1942 was so fond of seeing his name that he had it ostentatiously displayed on most of his possessions. For example, in his mansion it decorated the pipe organ; and on the grounds of his estate, it appeared three times on the swimming pool and was emblazoned in the night sky by two large electric signs. It also appeared in numerous places on his plane, three yachts and 12 automobiles, being painted on one of his cars as many as 13 times.

* * *

The subject of countless debates since 300 B.C. has been the question as to whether the sex of an unhatched chicken is indicated by the shape of its shell. Although all the theories were disproved in 1804, the question still arises, one of its recent appearances having been in the August, 1936, issue of the Dairy Farmer, published in Ipswich, England.

Zenith—The Royalty of Radio

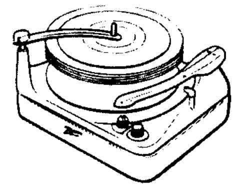
Now brings you an entirely new world of Record-Radio Enjoyment!



New Zenith "Chippendale" Radio-Phonograph

with revolutionary new 3-Speed Cobra Tone Arm Record Changer; new Super-Sensitive FM; famous Long-Distance AM. A superb performer, in exquisite traditional cabinet of choice Mahogany veneers. **$279.95**†

1 New and Greater 3-Way "Cobra" Automatic Record Changer



Now—from America's acknowledged leader in radio quality and performance—comes the really easy way to play all types and sizes of records! Here is the instrument that plays 33-1/3, 45, 78 r.p.m. records...7, 10, 12 inch, and 10 and 12 inch intermixed! Absolutely no complicated adjustments to make, no "spare parts" to plague you, not even a needle adjustment!

And with this great new "Cobra"* Tone Arm you are assured the ultimate in tonal magnificence from all popular or classical favorites, no matter what the size or speed of record on which they appear!

2 New, Improved Super-Sensitive FM Reception

Zenith FM is ten times more sensitive than the average of 16 other leading makes we have tested!

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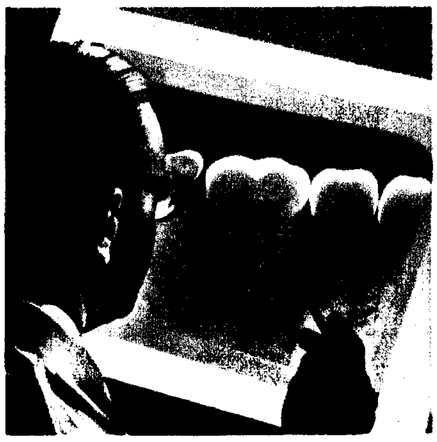

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My Good Health, and Why

By PARKE CUMMINGS

He offers to demonstrate a wrestling hold

OVER the course of a good many years a number of questions, hypothetical and otherwise, have been put to me, some of which I have answered. However, these answers have been scattered and spasmodic, and this would seem a good time to collect them all so that we can get a clear picture of just how things stand.

Q. You are skating, and somebody offers to bet you $10 that you can't jump over a six-foot hole in the ice. What do you do?

A. I reflect that by washing my own socks for three months, and going without cigars, I can be ten dollars to the good just as easily.

Q. A friend, having attended a wrestling match the previous evening, offers to demonstrate on you the hold with which the Werewolf threw the Turkestan Terror. What would be your reply?

A. I'd tell him I saw the bout on television.

Q. How do you feel about the atom bomb?

A. I'm scared stiff of it.

Q. When you are at a party and your wife asks you what you think of that young thing in that green strapless number, what do you say?

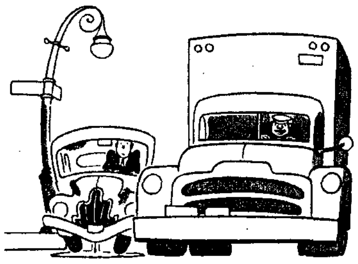
A. That I can't see that far without my glasses.

Q. You are at a meeting where the sentiment seems overwhelmingly in favor of carrying a motion which you consider grossly ill-advised. What is your action?

A. The majority rules in this country, doesn't it?

Q. If a box-office cashier of a hit musical comedy laughs in your face when you ask if he has two for tonight, how do you react?

A. I look at my watch to see if there's still time to try some other theater.



You are certain of your rights

Q. When you have a tooth which you suspect needs filling or extraction, what do you do?

A. I take some aspirin and hope for the best.

Q. Your dinner check comes to $1.40. You give the waiter $2, and he returns with a 50-cent piece and a dime. Which do you give him?

A. I put the dime in my pocket.

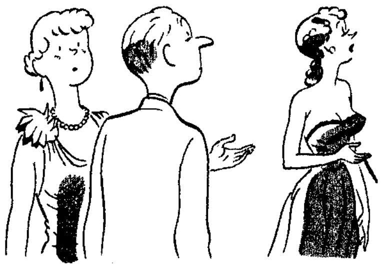
Q. If somebody launches into a diatribe against your favorite political figure, what do you do (a) if you are in his employ? (b) if he is an All-America tackle? (c) if you owe him a bill which is overdue?

A. (a) I keep quiet, (b) I keep quiet, (c) I keep quiet.

Q. You have been exercising at a gymnasium or club. You step under the shower, turn it on and discover there is no more hot water. What do you do?

A. I can always get hot water at home, can't I?

Q. A very rich bachelor uncle of yours wants to come and visit you. However, he is boorish, self-centered, conceited, bossy, intolerant. What is your decision?



Can't see that far without my glasses

A. I think most people fail to realize that Uncle Tim has many fine sides to his nature, when you get to understand him.

Q. You are parked abreast of a large truck at a stop light. When it turns green the truck, at your left, accelerates faster than you do and, at the same time, crowds you over to the right. Certain of your rights, do—

A. No.

Q. A close friend composes a poem which you think is terrible. What is your reaction?

A. A person cannot possibly have too many close friends.

Q. If you saw a great big ferocious police dog about to attack a poor defenseless great Dane, what would you do?

A. Walk the other way.

Q. WHAT ARE YOU ANYHOW, A MAN OR A MOUSE?

A. I do not answer personal questions of that nature. And please may I have some more of that delicious cheese?

THE END

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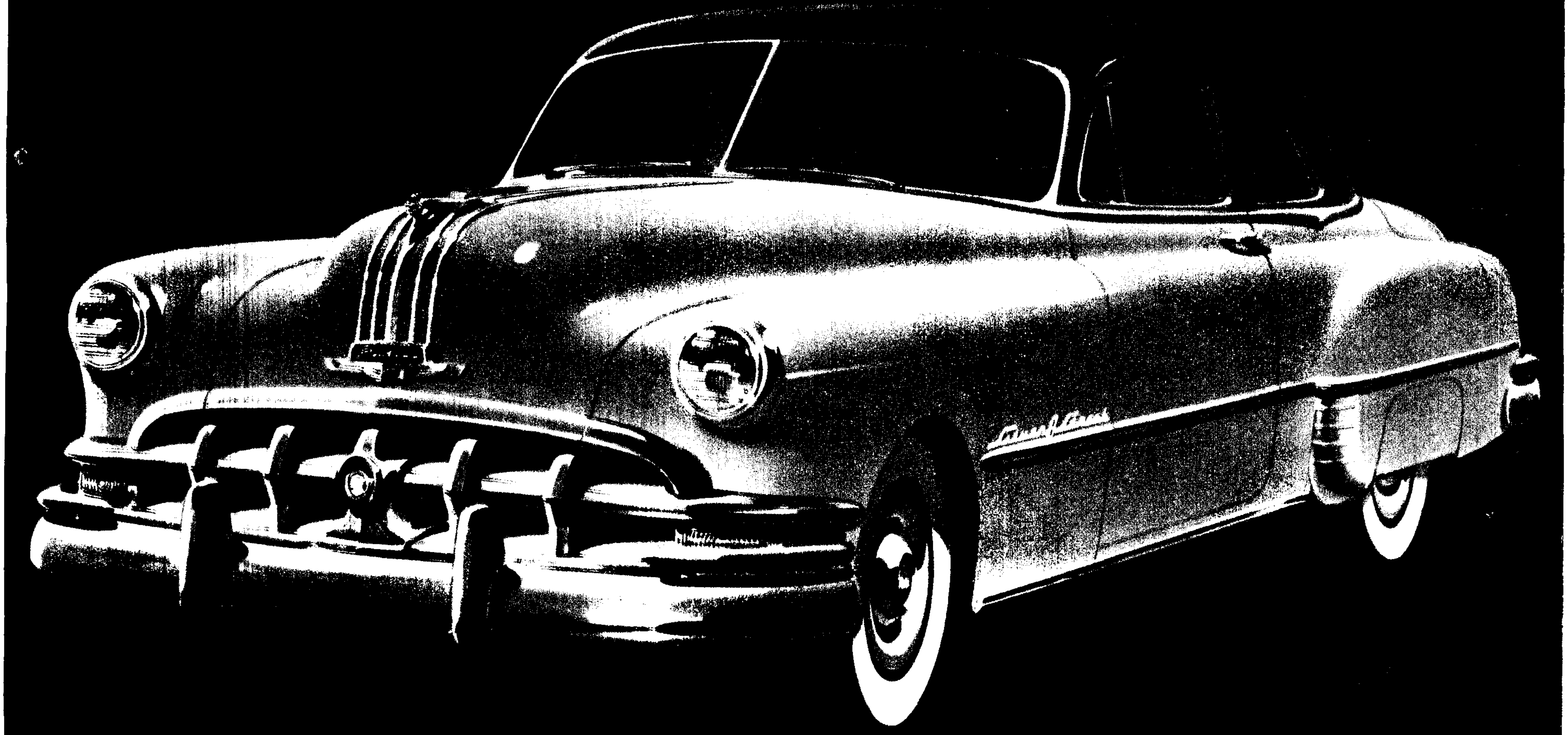

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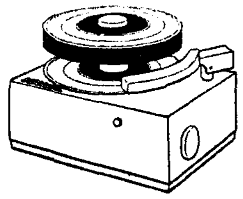

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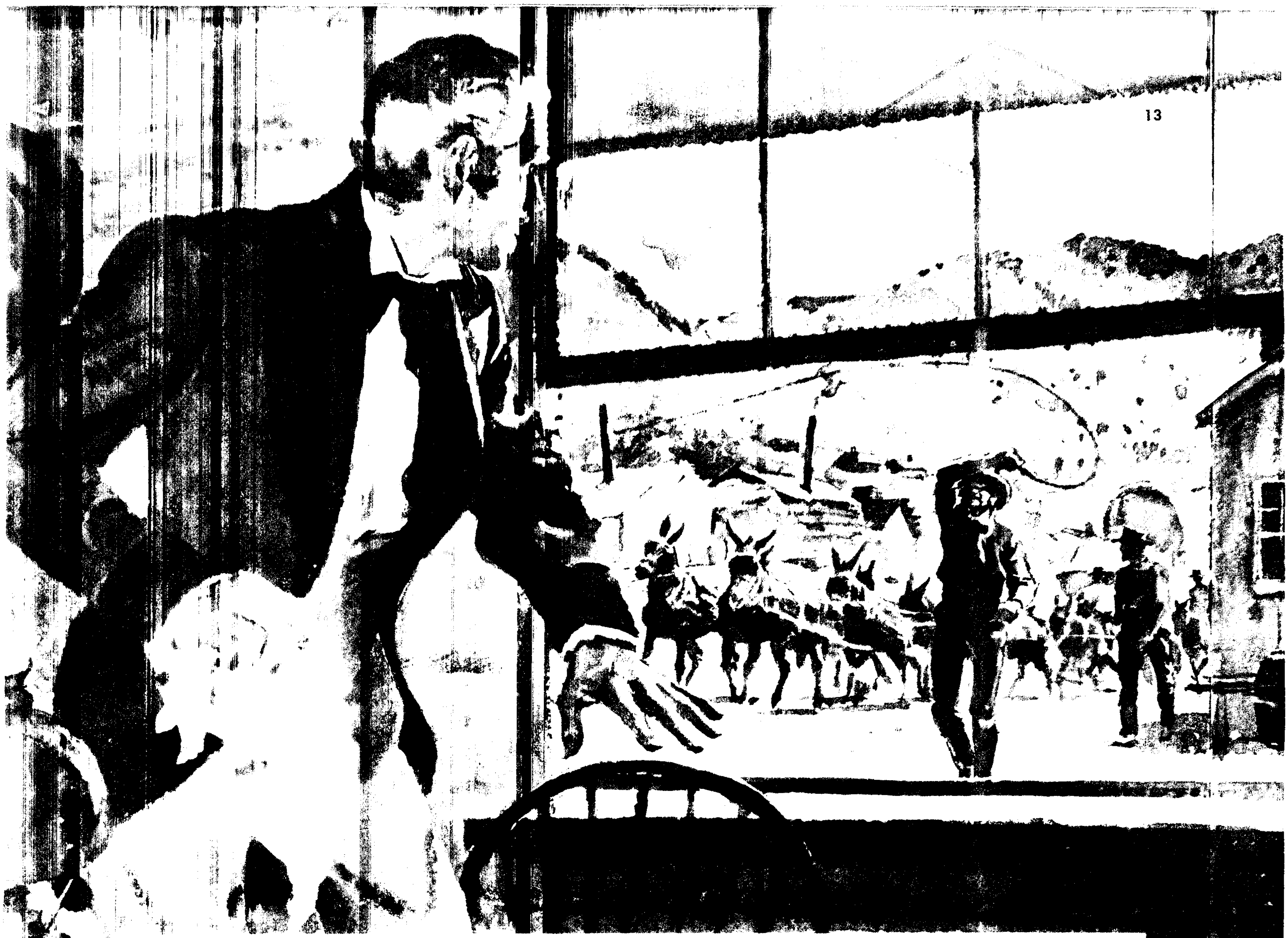


Jason's body stiffened to attention. There was a man with Billy Thursday, an assistant. There was no mistaking that easy gait

City beyond Devil's Gate

[illegible]

By LILLIAN JANET

PART ONE OF SIX PARTS

BILLY THURSDAY was seven feet tall, and it had frequently been said that his mules were cleaner than he was. Jason Feathers, standing at the window of his office watching Billy's approach up the street, thought there might be some truth to the statement. For while Billy's shoulder-length hair, his matted beard, his flannel shirt, trousers and boots were coated with dust, the sixteen mules beside which he walked were glossy with brushing. Each animal had a row of small bright bells hanging from an iron arch over its neck. The metal of the harness glistened and the leather was clean, flexible and black.

But here on the mountain, appearances were often deceiving, and Jason knew it. He knew Billy Thursday's reputation—could in fact see it reflected in his slow, erect walk and the easy way he waved the great coiled blacksnake whip to guide his team up the rutted thoroughfare. Of all the freighters who carried goods in or out of the city, none was more respected than Billy. Even Jason Feathers, who was slow in granting admiration, admitted that this was something of a tribute; for the reputation of the freighters was legend.

Theirs was not so much a business as a trust. They were known for their honesty, sobriety and attention to detail. Each one had thousands of dollars' worth of goods entrusted to his care, and yet he was bonded by no security except his simple receipt. He carried goods to the mines and delivered them. Then if there was ore to be freighted back across the mountains he loaded up at the mouth of the mine, gave the mine owner his signed receipt and started off. In a land of suspicion and thievery he went unquestioned, and there had never yet been recorded a loss of goods in transit, by either fraud or carelessness.

Jason watched the slow steady progress of the team up

The powerful story of a young man who left the ministry and all he believed in to work for the man who had ruined his life—and of the change wrought in him by a remarkable girl left alone to mine her claim in the brawling, lusty gold town they called Virginia City

the steep grade. The street, lined with flimsy cabins, canvas houses, mud-covered huts, was busy. Hurrying men shouted greetings to Billy. Jason looked at the bulky load, strapped securely to the wagon and covered with canvas. He was glad Billy had arrived at last. Rebecca would be pleased.

He turned away from the window, pulling out his handkerchief in a gesture of habit and preparing to dust his chair before he sat down. Then, as though it were a delayed reaction, he straightened and looked out again. And now he squinted into the harsh, alkali-filtered sunlight with peculiar concentration. His body stiffened to attention.

There was a man with Billy Thursday, an assistant, apparently, walking along at the rear of the wagon. The second man now claimed all of Jason's attention. He was shorter than Billy and more slender of build, but there was stockiness in his shoulders and chest. He too was bearded and coated with dust.

When the team was almost in front of the bank it halted and the two men conversed briefly. Jason turned away once more and this time sat down behind his desk without remembering to dust the chair. He placed both hands before him on the desk, palms down, a little surprised to notice that perspiration had started out on them.

OUTSIDE he heard Billy Thursday's voice shouting to the team and the creak of the wheels as it started up again. But he knew that Billy was proceeding alone now. He faced the door that led from his own office into the front part of the bank, knowing that the second man would be coming through it in a moment. For an instant his own certainty struck Jason as rather surprising. And yet there was no mistaking that easy gait, the way the lank brown hair fell forward over the eyes—even with the beard there was no mistaking him.

And then, quietly, the man stood in the doorway, and Jason was calm, sure of himself again. The man entered and closed the door but then merely stood there, leaning against it, and spoke with no preface of greeting.

"There's an item consigned to you on the wagon."

Jason's manner was offhand. "Yes, I know. A piano. It's for my wife. Billy Thursday knows it's to be delivered to my home, doesn't he?"

The man shrugged. "I suppose so."

"Then that wasn't why you came here."

"No."

Jason waited for him to go on, and with each second he felt stronger, more competent.

"Well, then?"

"I'm looking for a job."

Jason made a motion with his head toward the window. "I thought you had one."

"That was temporary."

Jason settled back in his chair and touched the tips of his fingers together. "What kind of job?"

For the first time since he had entered the room the man seemed to look directly at Jason.

"A good job," he answered quietly.

There was a void of silence while Jason pretended to consider the man's words. He knew what he was going to say, but he waited, so that the answer would acquire importance.

"All right."

As though this were all he had been waiting for, the man turned to leave. And now suddenly a feeling of desperation came over Jason, as though he had not truly had command of the scene at all.

"Daniel—" His voice was quicker and sharper than he had intended.

The man, halfway through the door, looked back over his shoulder.

"It's—good to see you again."

The man's eyes lingered on Jason for a moment, narrowed slightly. Then he left, closing the door behind him.

The City was a harridan in rags of sage and bunch grass, and it clutched at the side of the mountain with scrabbling fingers. But the City was recent, a man-made thing. Before the City there had been only the mountain, desolate and terrifying in the wilderness of deserts and dry alkali waste. It had stood so for centuries, marking the passage of silent time only by one great upheaval, a thing of horror, of fire, of boiling subterranean caldrons.

That upheaval had taken place in a time that was out of the memory of time. Steam and gases from the hot springs deep within the mountain had suddenly burst forth, rending apart the rocks and forming a great chasm. Great floods of roaring, boiling water had run into the opening, and while the mixture cooked away, some giant hand, some force of monumental whimsey had stirred into it the ingredients that in an age to come would drive men mad. Stir well and then allow to cool for several centuries. Allow time for man to work his way out of simple savage contentment and to acquire a burning thirst for this deadly delicacy. Then let him stumble upon it; watch his frenetic rejoicing. Sit back and smile then, for the mountain is his master, and he is never to escape.

They called it the Comstock Lode, and the City sat squarely upon it, hanging on tenaciously to its perch halfway up the eastern slope of Sun Mountain, highest peak in the Washoe range. A series of declivities separated the Washoe range from the great Sierra Nevada Mountains to the west. For two hundred miles to the east the vast wilderness reached in desiccated barrenness. To the north and south stretched more mountains, a seemingly endless march of gray, gloomy giants.

By June, 1860, they were calling the settlement Virginia City, this precarious jumble of shanties and tents which was then scarcely a year old. It was reached through Devil's Gate, a narrow pass in the high forbidding walls of rock. Its citizens were unkempt men in flannel shirts and grubby boots. Paiutes who still carried arrows, speculators with "wildcats," confidence men with loaded dice. It was a nightmare, an abomination, a coarse insult to all that was refinement or grace. It was an ugly festering gash upon the bosom of the luxuriant West. And it was the richest city in the world.

Jason Feathers had twelve pairs of boots. When that was said, a great deal more was said in the same breath. In Virginia City men slept with their boots on to make sure this precious item of apparel would not be stolen while they slept. For there was nothing on Sun Mountain essential to life that was not imported by laborious freight over the Sierras from California. Food, fodder, mine timbering, clothing, drinking water, all made their way to the mountain from "below."

Yet Jason Feathers went home each night to a substantial one-story frame house. He drank the best wines that San Francisco and Sacramento had to offer. There were thick carpets on his floor and he ate at a mahogany table and slept in a poster bed.

He sat now at the table where the remains of supper were still scattered over the linen cloth, and watched the man sitting opposite him.

DANIEL MAC GRATH was shorter than Jason and broader. His straight brown hair was combed back now from his forehead, but it hung long over his neck and collar. He had shaved off the beard that had been allowed to grow during the weeks he had been with Billy Thursday and the mules, but a dark stubble persisted in showing. His eyes were large and brown, strangely soft. Not handsome, Jason reflected, but there was something there—something that held vitality and appeal. He had seen it in action too often not to recognize it. How quickly boys grew into men in this part of the country, Jason marveled. Daniel MacGrath was surely not over twenty-three, twenty-four at the most. And yet his eyes seemed to tell of worlds that lay behind him.

"I don't have to tell you what the sentiment is in California," Jason was saying. "Governor Downey, all the big men are talking Pacific Republic. They want to take California out of the Union altogether. They don't want to be allied with either North or South. And can you blame them? Why, already the talk's started for a transcontinental railroad. You know what that means. It'll bring scavengers here by the carload to suck up what the forty-niners and the rest who came later have sweat their heart's blood for.

"But California's no good without the Washoe now. The discovery of silver here—that's changed the whole picture. We've got to take the Washoe out along with California. If there should be a war, whoever controls California's gold and Washoe's silver will win. If neither North nor South can grab it—if it's controlled independently out here—that'll raise our stock considerably. We'll be courted by both sides."

THE younger man looked across the space of the table at his host, studying him, wondering as he had wondered so often in the past how a driving energy, a ceaseless enthusiasm could be packed in a body so fastidious, so full of restraint. Outwardly at least there was nothing of the empire builder about Jason Feathers.

At forty-two he was youthful and handsome. He was tall and slender and his blond curly hair was clipped close to the sides of his head. His features were thin, his nose slightly upturned, giving him at times an incongruous elfin look. His pale blue eyes lacked warmth, but his mouth was full and quick-moving. He looked inherently aesthetic, but Daniel was well aware that Jason was a wellspring of efficiency. And yet there was a weakness in Jason. His awareness of it went halfway toward conquering it, but the core of it remained, and Daniel knew it. For men disliked Jason instinctively; they admired him, they envied his astuteness, some even trusted him. But none was drawn to him personally. He was a man who could inspire almost any reaction in his fellow beings except affection.

"The Utah territory's nothing but a stepchild so far as Washington's concerned," Jason went on, speaking with impassioned fervor.

"It's time for somebody else to take over." This was what had always been important to Jason. Strange that Daniel had never been able to see it. And why was Jason making such a point of it now? To excuse himself? To try to make some explanation for what had happened in Sacramento? As if anything could ever explain that away!

"Of course there's strong Southern sentiment here in Virginia City," Jason was continuing. "Judge Terry and his followers are pretty firmly dug in, and certainly they'd like nothing better than to carry the Washoe out along with the South. But Terry doesn't worry me. Actually he's helping me more than he knows. He's a loud-talking, slow-thinking blowhard. Any worrying that Washington is doing right now they're doing about Terry. He wants to be governor of the territory. Unless I miss my guess, Terry will still be fighting it out with Washington when I carry the Washoe out from under both their noses. Besides, friend Terry got rid of one very troublesome individual for me. That duel of his with the late Senator Broderick—"

Daniel's head jerked up suddenly and his face took on an angry flushed look.

Jason paused, then resumed in a gentler tone. "Oh, all right, it's all past and done with. But Broderick *was* a fool and you know it. To allow himself to be cornered into a ridiculous duel with a crack shot like Terry. What use could it possibly serve?"

"It wasn't a question of expediency. It was a question of honor," Daniel retorted.

Jason drew a deep breath, simulating patience. "Well—never mind. At any rate he's dead. And with him, a very loud and irritating voice in the cause of Union and abolition."

Daniel's eyes narrowed, became half curious.

"I never heard you admit before how much you were afraid of him."

Jason examined the glowing tip of his cigar.

"I don't consider it

(Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

In that instant, he seized her. For a moment she was too startled to struggle. Then, as realization and horror struck her she tried to pull away. He held her tighter

Are We Going to JUNK our Colleges?

That is the harsh and compelling question raised by the financial crisis now confronting U.S. educators

By BENJAMIN FINE

OUR colleges and universities are in a bad way. Today one out of every five is hobbling along on a deficit. By next year nearly three out of five may be in the red.

The plain, brutal truth is that our institutions of higher learning are not getting enough money to keep going. Many are already giving their students a watered-down education.

Inflated operating costs and lowered interest on endowments are the twin villains threatening the very existence of the independent American college as we know it. The cost of running a college has doubled since the war. Not only the faculty, but also the maintenance workers—dishwashers, carpenters, scrubwomen, electricians and so on—are getting higher pay. Food bills have shot up. So has the cost of buildings, equipment and supplies.

In the words of Dr. Henry M. Wriston, president of Brown University and head of the Association of American Universities: "American colleges and universities face the greatest financial crisis that they have experienced in the last 50 years."

What does this mean to the average American family? If you have a boy or girl at college, your bills for their schooling are twice what they would have been prewar. Most colleges used to charge $200 to $300 for tuition. Now the range is $400 to $600, with the average $500. And tuition is only the beginning. The cost of board and room, the bulkiest item for students away from home, has soared like a kite on a windy day. Pre-Pearl Harbor you could get board and room at most campuses for $10 a week—sometimes less. Today you'll have to double that for a decent place. Other fees and taxes customarily levied on students have just as sharply increased.

In a few weeks Benjamin Fine celebrates his 13th anniversary as a member of the staff of the New York Times. Now 44, he has been the paper's Education Editor for the past eight years, has long been rated an authority in a highly specialized field

As a result, the average family has been priced out of the higher-education market. No longer can we boast that any American boy with brains and a pair of willing hands can go to college if he wants to, that our classrooms are open to all, regardless of race, color, creed or economic status. Colleges are now open to all only if they have the cash.

As one father wryly put it: "The sheepskin my boy will bring home certainly won't be a cheapskin."

Many parents are just about breaking their backs to keep their sons or daughters in college. Take the case of the Richard Wagners of Riviera Beach, New Jersey. Dick, Jr., entered Rutgers University last fall. Interested in radio, television and the whole field of electronics, he's majoring in engineering.

Dick's father has a fairly good job, as jobs go. As a civil service employee, he has security and a regular pay check; he works on the railway mail train that runs between Point Pleasant and Jersey City.

A forty-two-year-old Navy veteran, Richard Wagner, Sr., served overseas. When he was mustered out, he found it hard, as most people did, to get a decent place to live. Resourcefully he decided to lick the housing problem in his own way.

For $1,000 cash he bought a lot. For another $2,645 he bought a "shell" that could be made into a four-room house. He had to borrow $2,000, on which he still pays 5 per cent interest. Handy at tools, he put in the plumbing and the electricity himself.

Last summer the Wagner family went into a huddle. Could they afford to send Dick to college? Both his parents agreed to give Dick the chance they had always wanted—but missed. They so decided, despite the fact that the savings for Dick's education had been used up during his father's absence in the war.

Mr. Wagner began working on the night shift to raise his semimonthly pay of $165. With travel and night allowance, another $20 was added to his check. But with deductions for pension and income tax, his take-home pay still amounted to just $80 a week; and on this income the Wagners discovered in short order that it is not easy to meet college bills. This is what they found it cost to send Dick to Rutgers:

Tuition—$500; books, stationery, pencils, etc.—$100; room rent—$170; food—$540; bus fare—$36; registration—$15; laboratory fee—$10; incidental costs (such as $3 for a Schick test)—$25. Total: $1,396.

But that was not all. The Wagners had to outfit their son with "college" clothes—shoes, a raincoat, a new suit, several jackets, socks, underwear, etc. Mrs. Wagner estimates the cost at $250. Other incidentals—such as spending money, an occasional movie, phone calls, doctor or dentist bills—add another $100 to make a grand total of $1,746 for the first year. The Wagners have grimly realized that three years will, if anything, be more expensive—costlier books, higher laboratory fees, more money for clothes.

Prorated over 52 weeks of the year, Dick's education takes about a $33.50 chunk out of his father's weekly take-home pay of $80. And, of course, the Wagners have to live and pay a lot of other bills. Every three months, $30 for life insurance. Another policy for $7.50 a month. Mr. Wagner's G.I. insurance for $95 a year. A monthly hospitalization charge of $3.56. Fraternal organization dues and insurance, another $24. The Wagners' automobile, $50 a year for insurance. Fire and theft insurance on the house, $40. Twice a year, $50 interest on the house loan. And so on and on.

"It seems we just can't keep our heads above water these days," Mrs. Wagner sighs. "We live from payday to payday."

The Wagners borrowed money on their insurance policies to help foot Dick's college bills this year. They've put off buying a new radio, and Mrs. Wagner has postponed a needed trip to the doctor. The Wagner budget has been otherwise trimmed; steaks are only a memory on the menu, and so are the occasional Broadway shows they used to take in.

They're not complaining, nor do they regret the costs.

Dick himself is going his best to save money. He explains: "I don't want to rob my parents of the things they need."

Around eight years ago you could go through college for $500 a year, even less, if you had a mind to and if you didn't object to a little dishwashing on the side. Today you're lucky if you can do it for $1,500 a year. It'll cost you $2,000 if you choose an Ivy League college. If you have two or three children of college age, you'll be financially strapped for a long time to come.

And if you have a daughter, you really have something to worry about. For her, instead of $1,500, you'd better figure on $2,000, especially if she goes to a "big-name" institution.

A great many people don't yet realize these hard new facts about college costs. They are still relying on Uncle Sam to foot the bill. For the last four years the federal government has subsidized the education of 2,000,000 veterans to the tune of $2,000,000,000 in tuition fees alone. The entire education cost to the government is over $8,000,000,000. Under the G.I. Bill, Washington paid $500 free tuition and gave maintenance grants from $75 to $120 a month for eligible vets.

G.I. Education Dwindling

During the immediate postwar years, nearly three quarters of the students in our colleges were veterans. But the G.I. funds are soon to end. This year less than one third of all college students are ex-servicemen; only one in 10 of the freshmen are former G.I.s.

With the end of veteran enrollment, parents will once more have to shell out. Before your son gets his college degree it will cost you from $6,000 to $8,000—perhaps $10,000, if you choose an expensive campus. And that amount will only pay for a bachelor's degree. If he goes on to study to be a doctor, a dentist, a lawyer or some other professional, you really will get in deep. Medical schools charge $500 to $750 in tuition fees. Add to that another six or seven hundred dollars for room and board, together with extras, and the total will be pretty close to $2,500 a year.

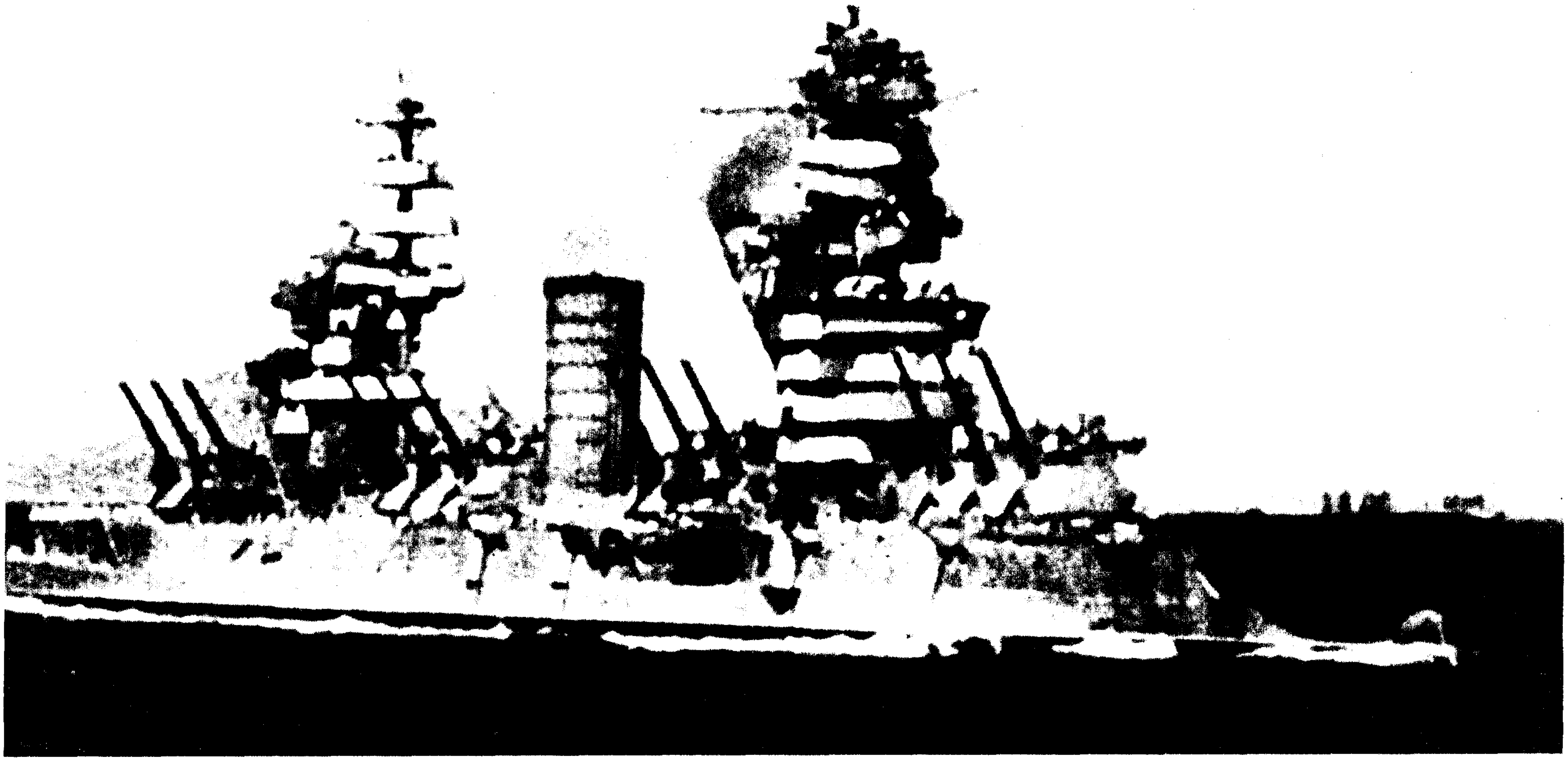
It costs more to go to a private college than to a public one. But many people still assume that state-supported colleges and universities are free. Except for a few city colleges, free education has become a myth. The public colleges charge an average tuition fee of $104 for residents of the state, $250 for nonresidents. Room and board goes above $400 a year. Combined with the other fees, the total is too high for the average family.

In a democracy the test of a man's worth should be his brains, not the size of his father's income. But many a harried parent, checking over the above list, says simply that the cost of such an education is a luxury he can't afford.

What can be done about the high cost of college?

Some boys and girls from the lower-income strata do get to college. A few of the brighter ones get scholarships. Others get part-time campus employment. Still others are able to borrow money from the college, or from special funds set up by Rotary Clubs and similar groups. But, unfortunately, only a meager percentage of

(*Continued on page* 81)



This secret photograph of Russia's Black Sea battleship Sevastopol shows recent outfitting with radar to support amphibious landings

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Russian War Maneuvers

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WARTIME CHIEF EDITOR, MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE U.S. WAR DEPARTMENT GENERAL STAFF

THE photographs which appear on these five pages of Collier's are a complicated picture puzzle of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. We do not know who took them, or why, or who smuggled the tiny microfilm prints through Europe and across the Atlantic to America. But we do know that they are authentic, for we can see in some of the pictures themselves that they were snapped on the decks of Stalin's Black Sea flagship, the Sevastopol.

That these photos reached us at all is comforting. Their mere presence is clear evidence that something is very rotten in the Communists' great slave state. The fact that we could buy them is proof that Britain's Lord Acton was right when he said, "Power tends to corrupt, and corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely." Russian counterespionage is so thorough that these pictures could never have left Russia unless the security agents of secret police chief Lavrenty Beria's little-known but all pervading MVD (Ministry of Internal Affairs) were themselves cut in on the swag.

For hundreds of minute reasons which any trained Intelligence man can see for himself with a magnifying glass, there can be no doubt that these pictures really show the Red fleet in the Black Sea. The only question as to their authenticity is this: Did the Russians "plant" them, or "doctor" them, to deceive America as to the true state of Russian forces?

The answer is no.

As the Chinese say, a picture is worth 10,000 words. There were a total of 37 of these pictures. Not even as smart a man as Stalin himself could tell a lie so convincingly sound in every detail as to bear microscopic inspection for 370,000 words. The men, the ships, the guns might be disguised, but it would take years to fake convincingly the telltale little things like markings on the ammunition, signal code flags, identification code tags on sailors' pockets, hats, uniforms, gun sights, and indentations in the shore lines—all of which can be seen in these pictures by an expert eye.

The berets the sailors wear, for instance, tell us that the pictures were taken within the last two years. We know that, at least as late as the beginning of 1948, Russian seamen wore pancake hats. By thus fixing the date, we are able to compare what we see in these pictures with what was seen on some of these fleet units in July of 1946. One of the things we see now which was not seen then is the gun-control radar. And from this we can deduce quite a number of things about the Russian situation.

First of all, it tends to confirm our assumption that the Soviets are lagging behind us in technical development. The radar we see here is more primitive than the equipment we gave the Russians under Lend-Lease in 1943. But there are four sets of it on the one battleship, indicating that the lack is one of quality rather than of quantity. In other words, the Reds may be turning out simple sets in order to handle them on a mass-production basis with the limited factory potential they have been able to build up. This would be expected if the Reds were concentrating the best of their electronic brains and materials on the atom bomb.

The second clue the radar gives us has to do with what the Russians intend to do with the Sevastopol. This Black Sea flagship is of World War I vintage, and if it were a unit in our fleet we would be inclined to use it as a control center, a floating brain. We would equip it with radar that, in design, looks like giant bowls and bedsprings. The Reds, however, have done quite differently. The radar they have put on the Sevastopol is designed to pick up targets and pinpoint gunfire at them within a narrow range of sea or land surface. Such radar would

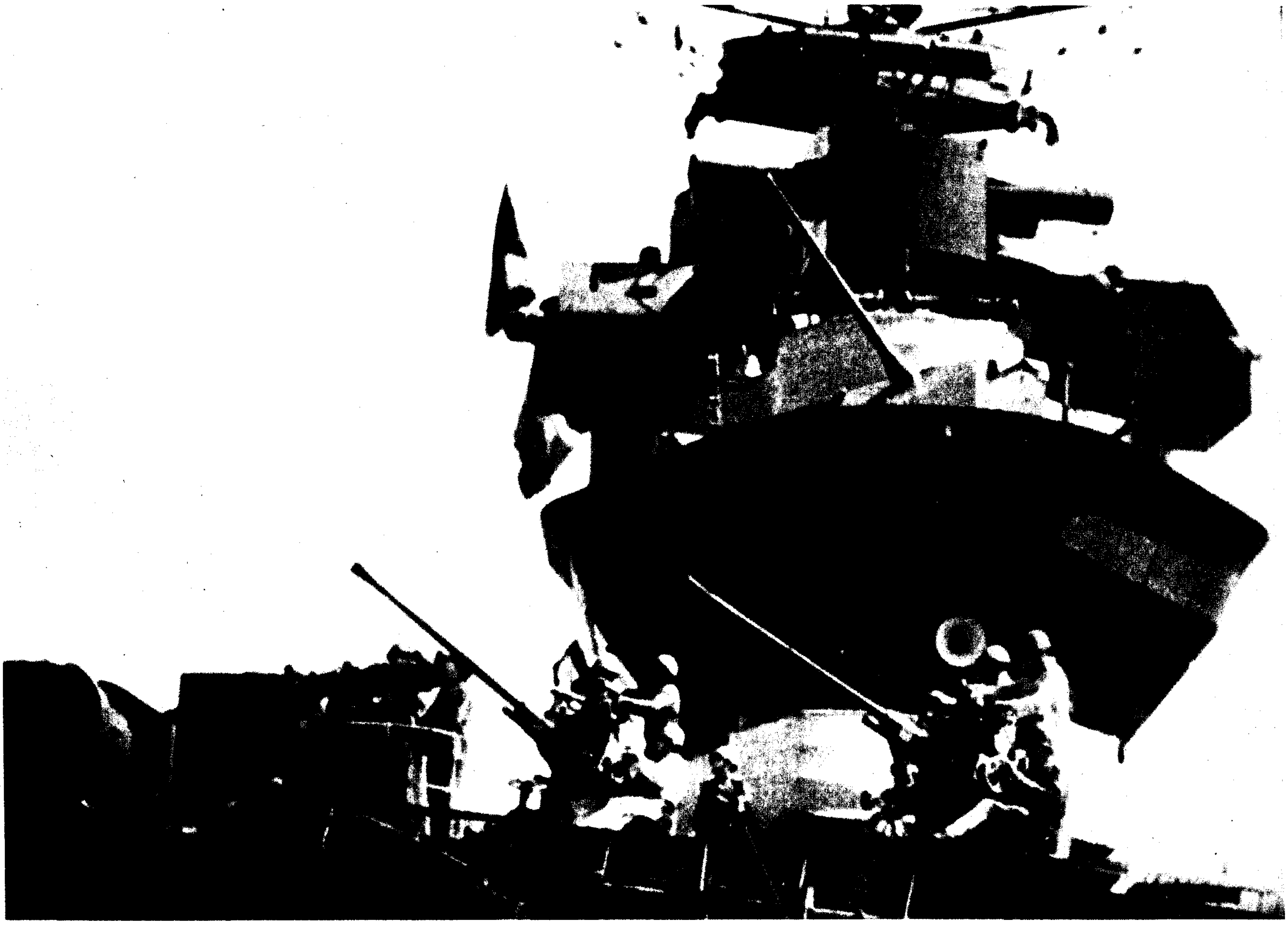
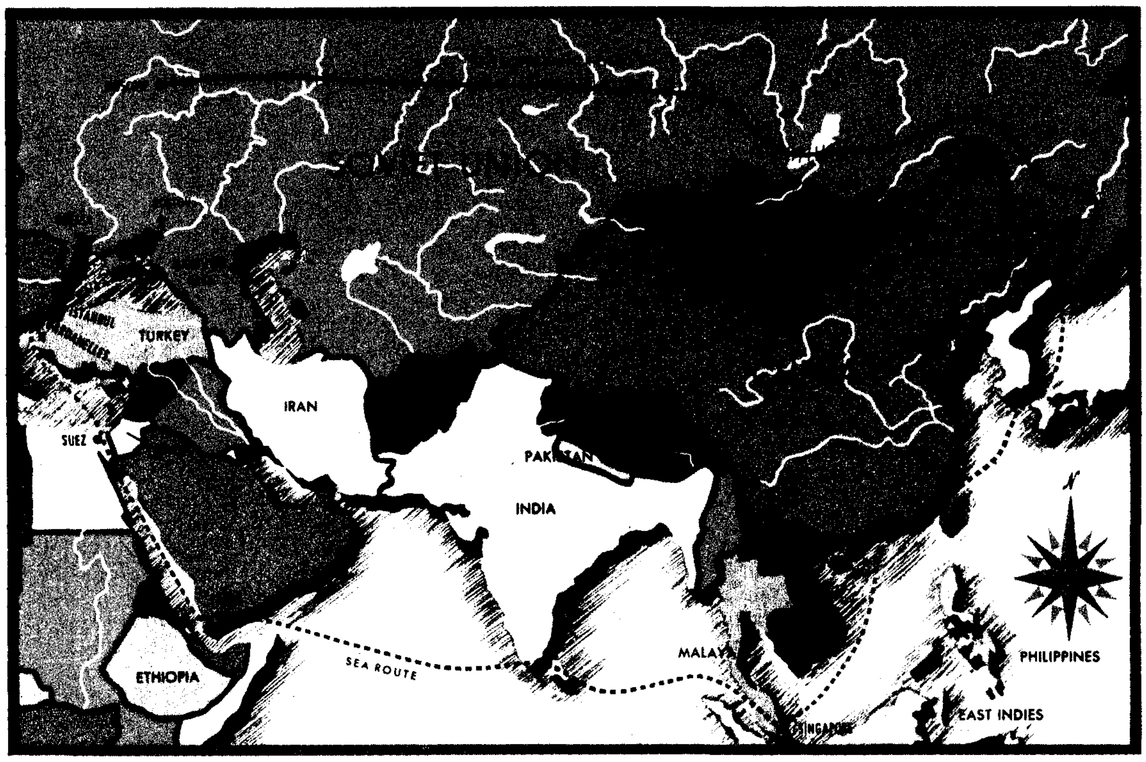


Photo of rear-turret flak guns includes view of top-secret gun-control radar aerial, more modern and shorter-waved than mast-top search type

Maneuvers off the Crimean coast lend emphasis to arguments by some strategists that a Russian drive to the East is Stalin's real aim, despite an apparent preoccupation with Europe. To make such an Asiatic empire practical, the Reds need a direct route by sea



AL TARTER

logically be used to support amphibious landings. And, in fact, these pictures reveal that the Black Sea fleet is practicing such landings.

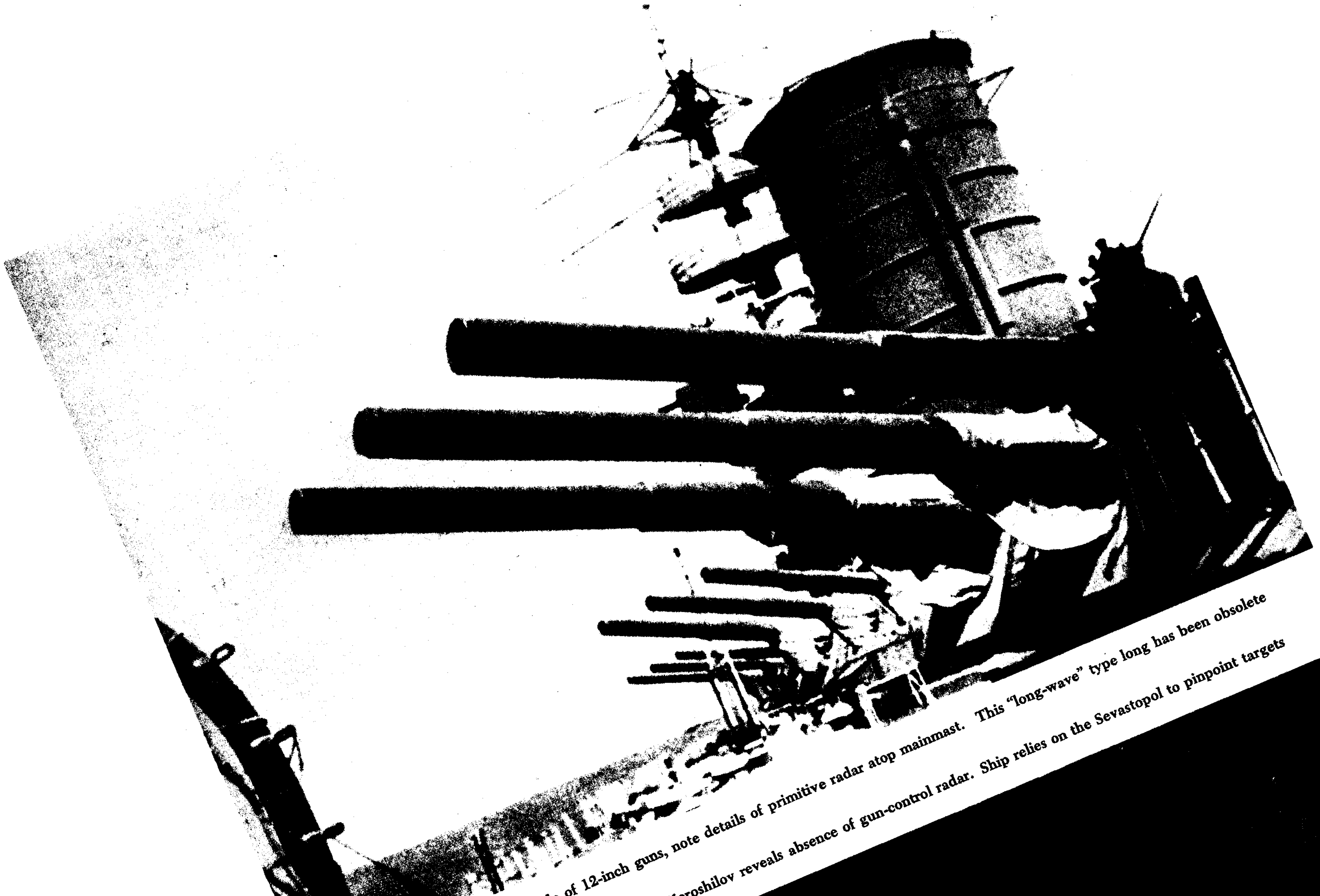
Is Stalin getting set to attempt what has been Russia's aim ever since the viking prince Rurik took over prehistoric Russia and built the first Russian navy, more than 500 years before Christopher Columbus discovered America? That aim has been to storm Constantinople (now Istanbul), seize the Dardanelles Strait, obtain for Russia a "window" on the strategic Mediterranean Sea.

Western Strategy May Be Wrong

Throughout the cold war, the West has focused its military effort on blocking a Russian drive across Europe to the Atlantic. Efforts of Turkey and Greece to join western European defense pacts last December were rebuked by Assistant Secretary of State George McGhee, who complacently advised worried Turks that America "feels no present need for association with Near East regional military or mutual defense pacts." Is this the wrong strategy?

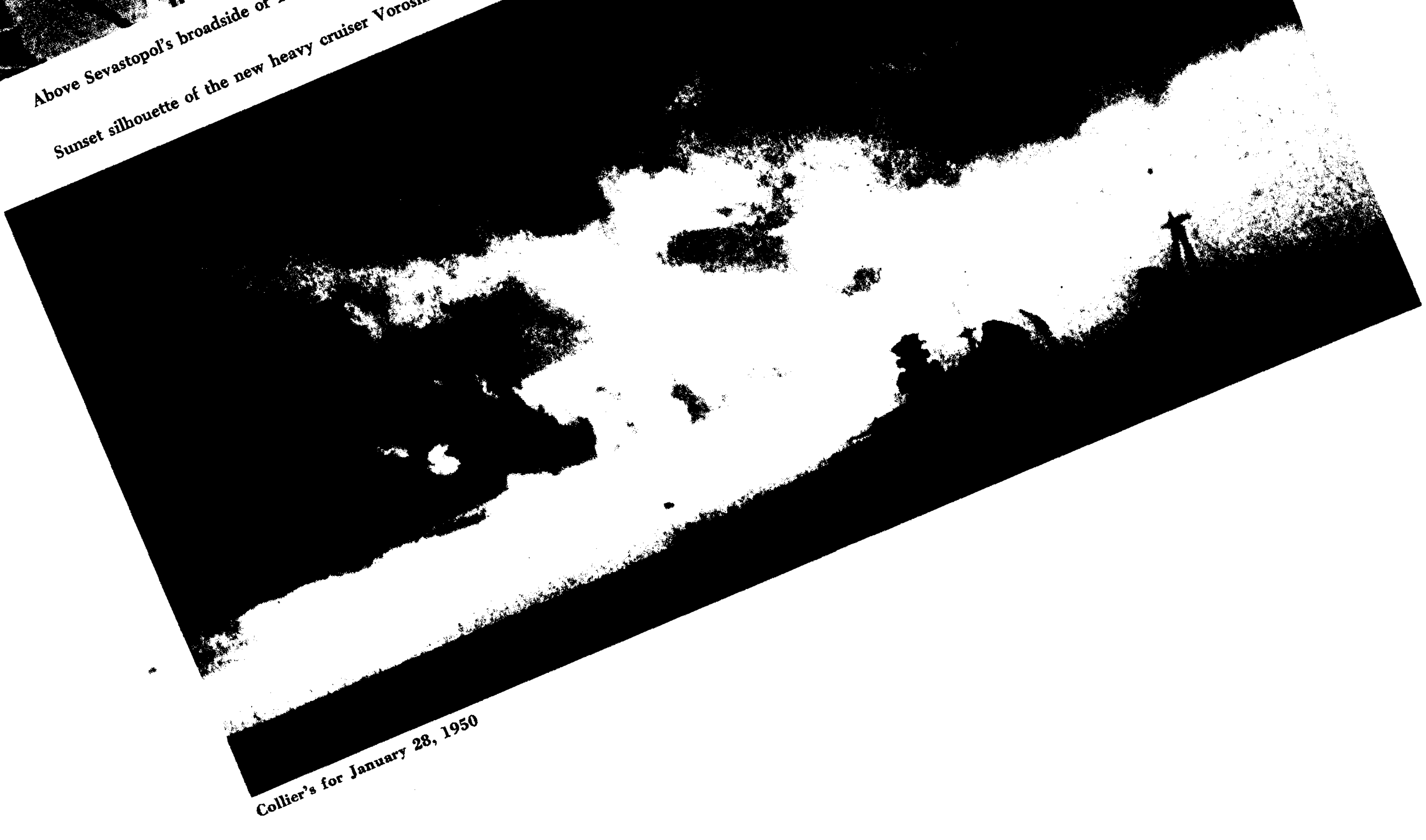
Since these pictures disclose that the Soviets have fitted out the Sevastopol for amphibious attack through the lavish use of precious radar, since we can see that they are drilling army troops rather than marines in landing assaults, as they would have to do in preparation for attack in force, there is a distinct possibility that Stalin's bluster about western Europe is bluff. It may be designed to draw attention away from the direction in which he really intends to travel.

These pictures may actually confirm some strategists' hunches that Stalin isn't so anxious to take



Above Sevastopol's broadside of 12-inch guns, note details of primitive radar atop mainmast. This "long-wave" type long has been obsolete

Sunset silhouette of the new heavy cruiser Voroshilov reveals absence of gun-control radar. Ship relies on the Sevastopol to pinpoint targets



over the wrangling states of western Europe, with their age-old and apparently almost insoluble social and economic problems. If Stalin can, instead, conquer southeast Asia with its store of vital strategic materials—the antimony of China, the rubber and tin of Malaya, the oil of the Indies, the chrome of the Philippines—then he will have hit the jack pot for Russia. He will have masses of man power to exploit: peoples even more primitive, and far more docile, than his own enslaved masses. He will have cheap sources of raw materials he now lacks at home to feed into Russia's growing industries; and also, if he wants, he can have big markets, completely controlled to Russia's advantage.

Communism's Greatest Opportunity

If Stalin could win this Asiatic empire, then Russian Communism would win a new lease on life. Stalin would have a chance to bring prosperity to the now poverty-stricken Russian peoples by duplicating what many dictators have done in the past—making his people rich and satisfied by exploiting others.

To make such an empire practical, Stalin would need direct sea transport between Russia's European industrial heart and its Asiatic markets and sources of materials. For the sea is still the fastest and cheapest way of shipping bulk freight. A fleet of only 140 Victory ships—covering the 11,000-mile voyage from Vladivostok, round Asia via Singapore, Suez and the Dardanelles, up through the Black Sea and Volga River to Moscow itself—would be able to deliver daily to Russia's main manufacturing centers many times more freight than the famous 5,800-mile Trans-Siberian Railway. What's more, they could run at peak speeds all winter, which Siberian railways and truck routes cannot.

Little clues, events which make the back news pages if they get into newspapers at all, indicate that Stalin is not only threatening Turkey, as these photos show, but has already made his opening moves against the next gateway beyond the Dardanelles—Suez. The notorious Czech munitions makers—Z.B. of Brünn—have worked quietly and at cut rates during the past two years to rearm the Israeli army with machine guns and Mauser rifles. The nationalized Czech aviation industry put back into production the crack Messerschmitt 109-G fighter planes it had made for Hitler under German occupation, and then sold them cheap to the budding Israeli air force.

In these pictures the West gets its first view of one of Russia's most zealously guarded secrets: landing craft. Even during the war, when Russia was our ally, the Red navy censor never let a picture of such a vessel slip into our hands.

It already has been suggested that these craft may be a significant clue to Stalin's intentions regarding Turkey. If that be true, then we have in these photos of Red landing drill some strong hints of how such landings might most easily be defended against.

All that we see here indicates that Russian amphibious-landing technique has not improved since the war, despite availability of full information on British-American operations in Europe and the Pacific. The antiaircraft armament fitted to the Sevastopol is ill designed to protect the precious radar she carries and the landing craft she is supposed to support. This key ship lacks even the anti-dive bomber guns the U.S. Navy would fit to an ordinary destroyer. Worse yet, the gun crews are unprotected even by improvised armor. Our most conservative naval airmen assert that, judging by this evidence, two dive bombers could sink the Sevastopol in two minutes without loss to themselves

Such diversion of Communist rearmament effort in satellite Czechoslovakia could only have been authorized by the Kremlin itself. It can be no coincidence that the vigorous new state of Israel lies just north of Suez. It is just Stalin's hard luck that his machinations thus far have failed and that Israel remains in the Western fold.

Undaunted, the Czechs have also closed big arms deals with the new state of Pakistan—the Mohammedan section of India lying nearest European Russia. Z.B. salesmen have had success in Ethiopia, which lies south of Britain's Aden base, on the Suez-Singapore route.

In the past year, they have sold to Afghanistan, the unruly mountain state between Russia and Pakistan—the one which controls the north end of the strategic Khyber Pass, gateway to India.

Mystery in Zhukov's "Exile"

When Marshal Georgi Zhukov, for years Stalin's military trouble shooter and Russia's greatest wartime leader, was supposedly "exiled" because of his role in the 1946 internal squabble about Soviet war policy, he was sent to Odessa. Odessa is the base on the western Black Sea shore from which would come the easy land drive around the western end of the Black Sea to Turkey. It would be the base from which forces would dash to capitalize upon the success of landings at Istanbul itself. Recently, it has been noticed that Zhukov also has an office in Moscow. It may well be that rumors of his "disgrace" may have been circulated to conceal the vital importance of the area to which Stalin assigned him.

In the last year, Stalin's wartime Black Sea fleet commander, Admiral Felipp Oktiabrskii, has been supplanted by Russia's top expert on amphibious landings, Admiral Nikolai Basisty.

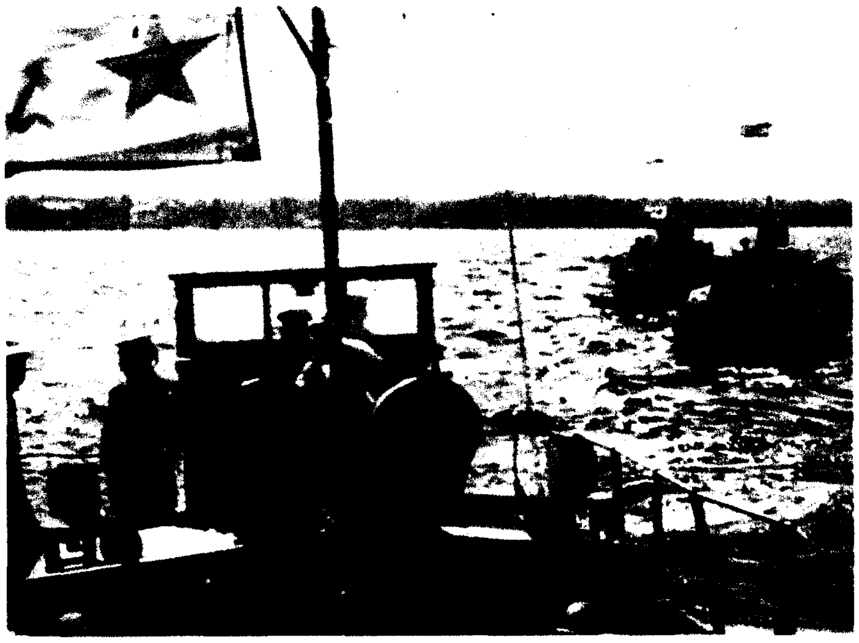
In Turkey, maintained as an armed camp by the Truman Doctrine, Russian spies and fifth columnists have been as thick as flies on honey. For the last four years the Turkish government has been trying to hush up the now notorious Aracan murder mystery, which has linked the son of Turkey's 1945 army chief of staff with the Russian military attaché.

Revelations so far have resulted in the resignation of the chief of staff and the suicide of the governor of Ankara Province.

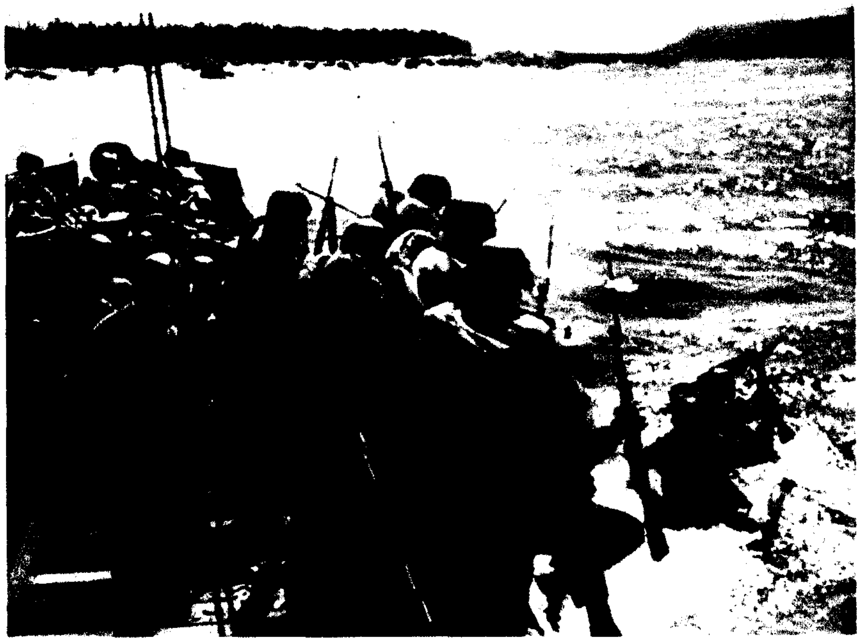
There you have the puzzle it is possible to fit together from these secret Red photographs. Is the design we have arrived at correct? No one can tell until the last piece is in place. And it is hidden in Stalin's brawny fist. THE END

New-style berets of navy crew members help to fix the date these pictures were taken. Worn on shipboard, this type replaces traditional sailor headgear, fits under steel helmets during battle

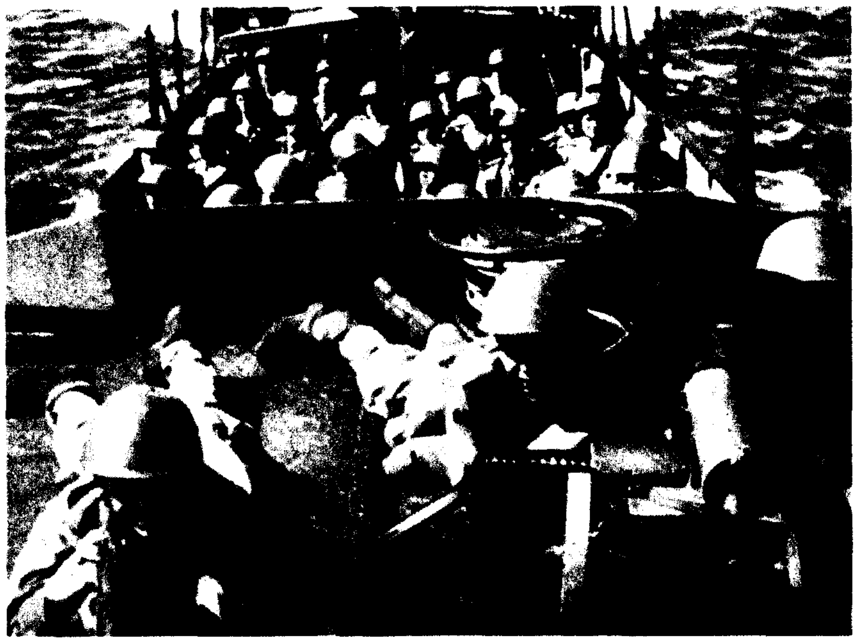
Stencils on shell cases disclose Russian industrial secrets in this close-up of a flak gunner. If films had not been smuggled out, such a slip would cost a Soviet censor's life or send him to Siberia



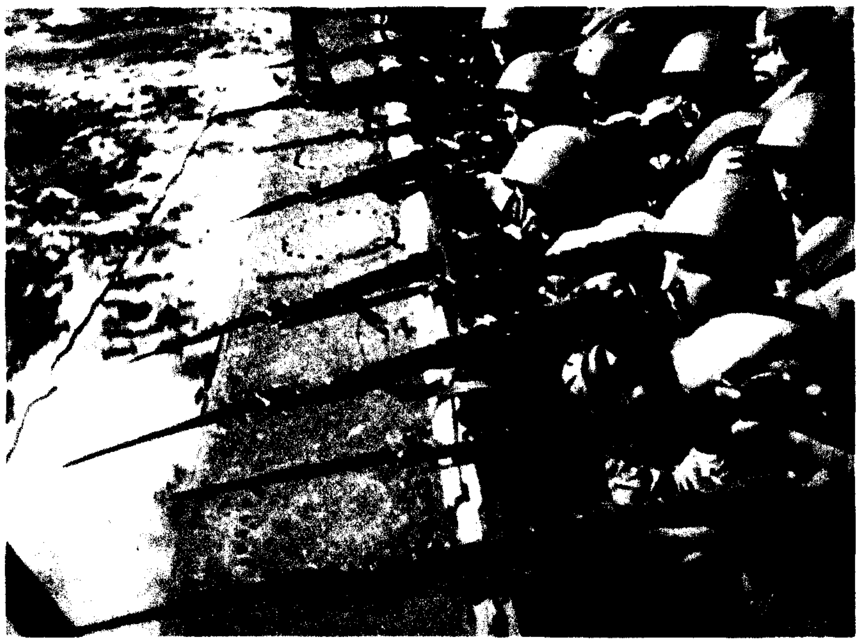
Russian landing craft, unseen before by the West, practice assault maneuvers. Apparently rebuilt river barges, they are floating coffins



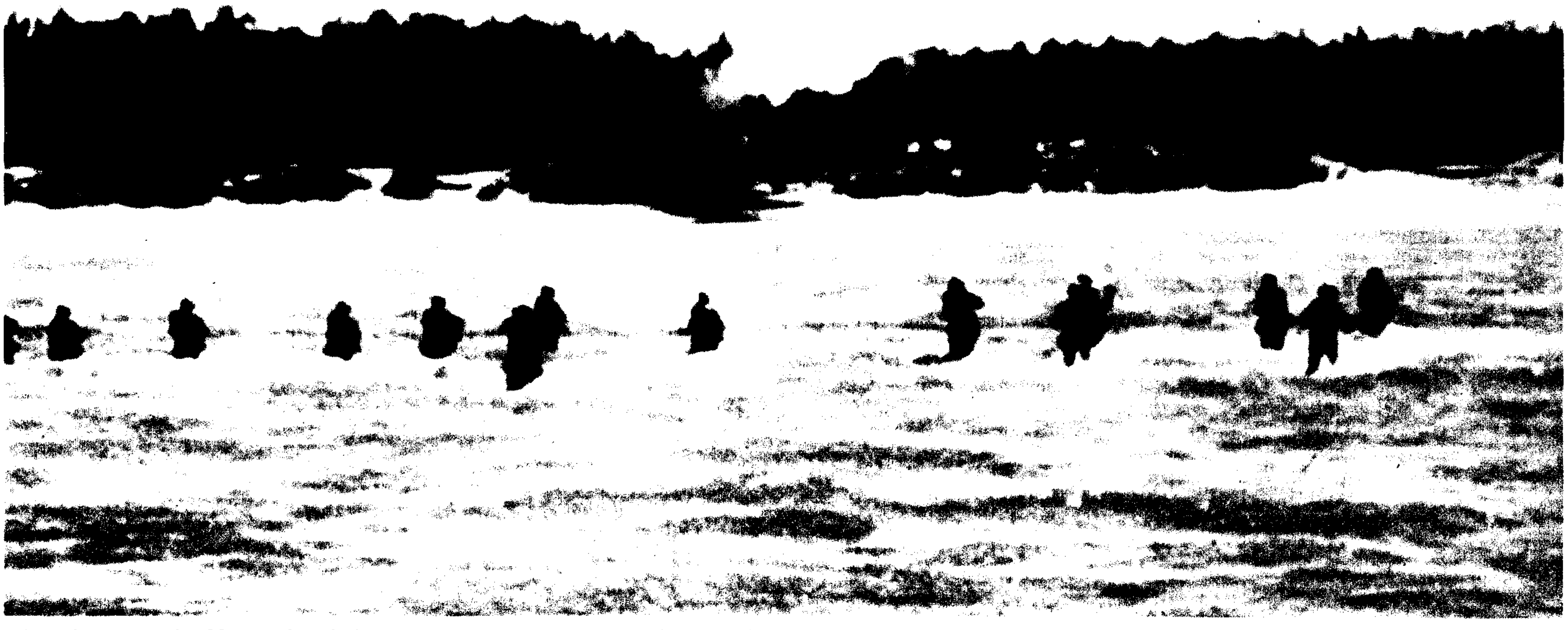
Dangerously far from the beach, Soviet infantry jump waist-deep into water. West learned long ago to get close, land troops by ramps



Crew of Maxim 1910 machine gun in exposed position on foredeck as they cover troops in landing craft whose sides offer scant protection



Peasant infantry aim modernized 1891 rifles at imaginary foe ashore. Folding bayonets serve as roasting spits, edged tips as screw drivers



Line of G-Ivans, backbone of Stalin's army, dashes through surf. Clad in faded, ill-fitting uniforms, they offer contrast to publicized Moscow garrison paraders

MISTER MILLION

The latest adventure of George [illegible] This time he's mixed up with a beaut[illegible] bathing [illegible]

By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
January 10, 1950
Air Mail

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel St. Charles
New Orleans, La.

Dear George:

George, I've got a little job for you. This one's hardly a job at all. It's really just a little thing to fill in till I can think of something for you to do.

A small item in this morning's paper has given me an idea so simple and foolproof that it startles even me. I know how Edison felt the morning the light globe worked.

But to business.

It seems that the good people of lovely Palm Isle, Florida, are shortly expecting their millionth postwar visitor, and are planning all sorts of nation-wide hoopla in his or her honor. Well, George, for years I have been trying to think of a way to get in on one of these millionth visitor things. All that wonderful publicity just going to waste. Plus the humanitarian angle. The poor person they put the arm on is always some startled housewife from Lansing with two left eyes, or a fun-loving undertaker from Philadelphia. I have suffered through countless newsreels with these stammering unfortunates, feeling great pity not only for them but for the poor publicity men involved. And I have often thought what a dandy surprise it would be for all if one of these millionth visitors could just turn out to be maybe Betty Grable.

Well, not over an hour ago, as I was spooning my muskmelon and reading about the preliminary plans for the thing, I suddenly had it. Why not? Why not indeed?

If anybody would just take the trouble to run over and find out how the count was going, do a bit of simple arithmetic, and then just shoo Miss Grable down the gangplank at the proper moment—Eureka! If she really *were* the millionth visitor, what else could they do but publicize her with great vigor, and even gratitude?

At the moment I am thinking not of Miss Grable, however—since she no longer needs any of this sort of aid—but of one of our own employees, Miss Linda Riley, the noted Olympic swimmer whom we have been grooming to provide a little long-needed competition for Esther Williams. Miss Riley is from Florida; she spent many happy childhood vacations at Palm Isle. Also, she has just finished her first picture—she hasn't been dry for months—so what could be more natural than for us to give her a small paid vacation at lovely Palm Isle, scene of her youth, And if by sheer happenstance she should turn out to be their Millionth Visitor, wouldn't she look nice in the newsreels leading the parade in her bathing suit?

George, this one's a cinch. All you have to do is hop over to Palm Isle, skulk around back of the grandstand till you pick up the count, and then shoot me a wire as to when to put Linda on a plane. Since I don't want to spoil her air of pretty surprise, she will know nothing whatever about what is going on.

But we will, won't we? Hit it, boy. Let's help those folks with their festival.

As ever,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

IDEA BRILLIANT IN EXTREME BUT SUCH CAREFUL TIMING NECESSARY THINK BETTER HIRE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER. SUPPOSE I JUST FIND YOU CASEY JONES'S PHONE NUMBER AND GET BACK TO MY WORK.

GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ST. CHARLES NEW ORLEANS LA

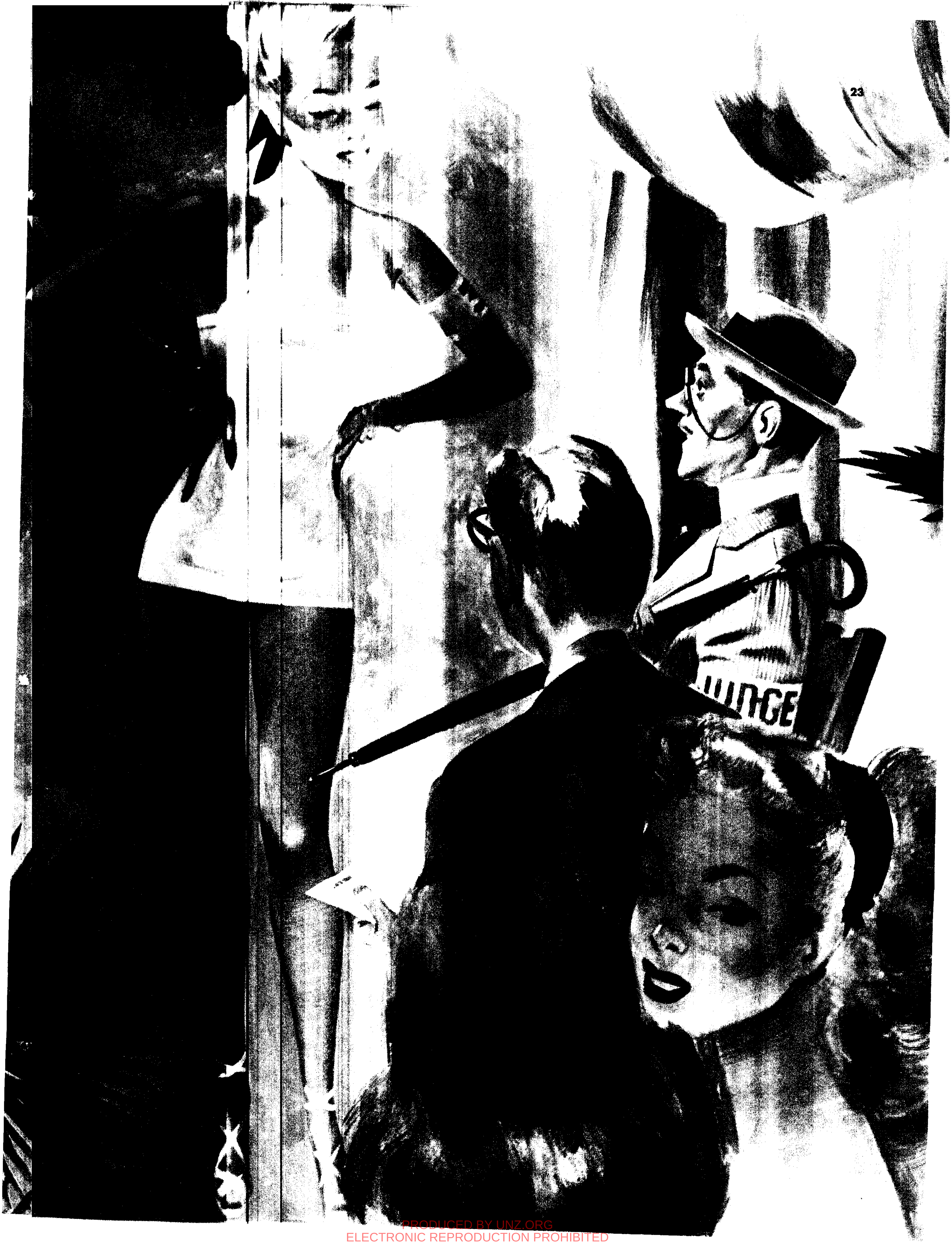
GET BACK TO YOUR WHAT? DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK, THESE SPLIT-SECOND

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILLIS


UNGE

U.N.'s *Merciful War*

The World Health Organization seeks a victory for mankind in an all-out attack on disease

By DAVID PERLMAN

GENEVA

HUB-DEEP in jungle muck, a bullock cart strains along a trail through India's Jaipur Hills. Perched in back, bouncing sorely against a drum of DDT and a Lofstrand sprayer, sits a young Canadian doctor named E. Burford Weeks. He's on his way to war against an enemy in an unnamed jungle village near Rayagada, 50 miles from Ambodala and 100 miles from nowhere. The enemy: malaria. Its toll, all over the world: 300,000,000 casualties a year, 3,000,000 deaths.

Halfway around the globe, in Staten Island, New York, a laboratory technician named Ad Harris opens a cable from Geneva, Switzerland. The message is loaded with technical jargon; translated, it's an order to invent a new weapon against an enemy that has scourged the world for centuries. The enemy: syphilis. Its toll: 50,000,000 cases a year, 2,000,000 deaths, 1,000,000 tainted babies.

Another long jump, across 3,000 miles of ocean. An American Air Force plane rests on a runway at Copenhagen, Denmark, its paint still dingy from unceasing hours of flight along the sky corridors of the Berlin Air Lift. This time it has a new mission, flying vaccine supplies for a hot war instead of a cold war. The enemy: tuberculosis. Its toll: 50,000,000 cases a year, 5,000,000 deaths.

Add up the deaths. Add up the toll of malaria, venereal disease, tuberculosis; add to that the millions upon millions of deaths from cholera, plague, smallpox, and the stranger ailments that we in America seldom know: filariasis, schistosomiasis, Bejel, kala azar. This is death on a fantastic scale, bigger than all the wars in history, bigger than the havoc of an atom bomb. This is an enemy to fight.

Today the fight is on, waged by 67 countries which have banded together in one of the most startlingly successful projects born of the United Nations—The World Health Organization.

Here is an outfit that is getting to work on a job that has needed doing ever since man came onto the face of the earth. It is attacking disease, not merely by trying to cure those who suffer, but by drying up the wellsprings of disease—by eradicating the anopheles mosquito over millions of acres of malarial land, by testing and shooting penicillin into the carriers of venereal infection, by vaccinating against tuberculosis, by teaching the peoples of the world how to rid themselves of all the pests that carry death in their bites, their stings and on the tips of their scurrying feet.

Dave Perlman is a 31-year-old Baltimorean who has reported news for the San Francisco Chronicle and covered the European beat for the New York Herald Tribune after taking his degree at Columbia in 1940. But there was a four-year time out during the war—with the infantry. He is now one of a team of three correspondents working in Europe on articles assigned by Collier's

The World Health Organization—its members call it WHO—exists today because the men who built the United Nations knew that peace treaties, economic pacts and cultural exchanges would mean little in the long run as long as four fifths of the world's people were numbed and weakened by disease, a perpetual prey to exploitation. They knew, too, that peace is insecure amid starvation; that there are uncounted millions of fertile acres in the world where food could be produced on a scale undreamed of today—if the people who live on those acres were strong enough to do more than scratch a few grains of rice from their own back yards.

American delegates to the conferences that created WHO were quick to point out some hard, practical facts. The United States, they said, imports vital products from at least 29 countries where malaria is rampant. Meager production means higher prices; means, in fact, a "malaria tax" that has to be paid on imports by every American consumer.

The annual "malaria import tax" bill to the United States is $300,000,000; and that doesn't count the millions of dollars a year that malaria still costs some of our own Southern states in medical care, lost wages and industrial cutbacks. Why shouldn't the U.S. support an international organization that could wipe out this burden, and the burdens of the other diseases that cost far more lives than warfare?

Out of this sort of reasoning came the compact, aggressive organization called WHO, with its headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. It is compact because it cannot afford to spread itself too thin. WHO has a budget this year of only $7,500,000, of which about $2,000,000 comes from the United States and the rest is prorated among the other dues-paying member nations. To keep within this modest figure, it has set up a rigid system of priority projects, confining its major attacks to six fields: malaria, venereal disease, tuberculosis, maternal and child health, environmental sanitation and nutrition.

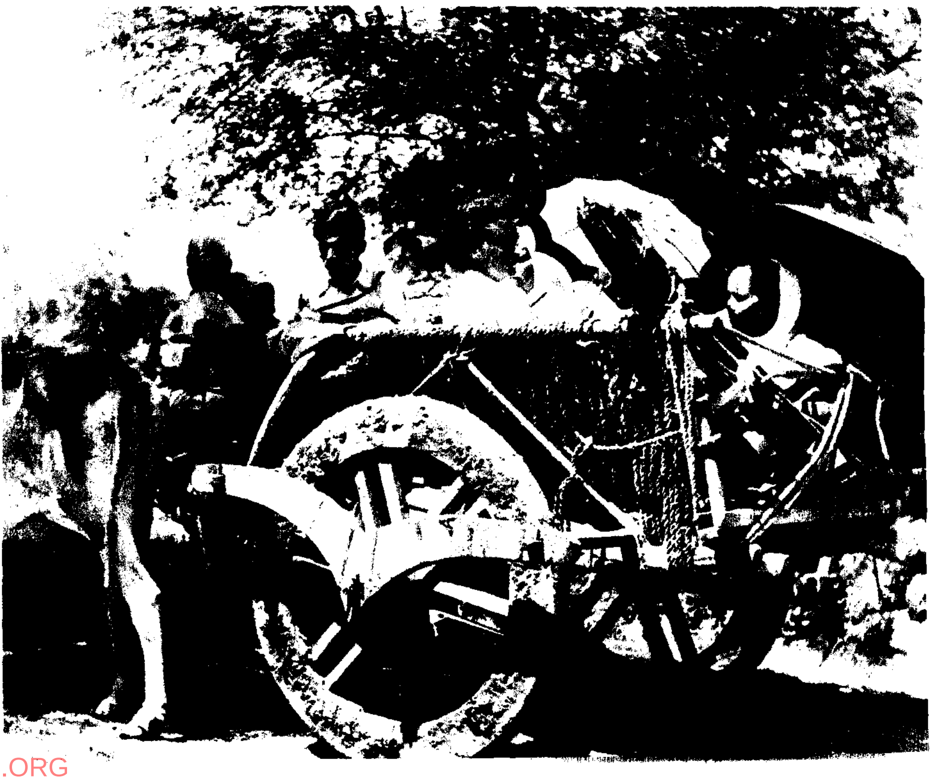
Take malaria, the greatest enemy of all and number one on WHO's priority list for action. Already, spectacular successes have been scored. Greece, for example, came out of the war with nearly 2,000,000 cases of malaria a year among its tiny population of 7,000,000. Whole villages were living on relief because the men, wasting from the disease, couldn't even trudge from their houses to their fields. Then the Greeks called for help. First came UNRRA—the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. When it was disbanded at the end of 1946, WHO took over.

The experts conferred and swung into action. They decided that only complete eradication of the malaria-carrying mosquito would conquer the disease. They marshaled a staff: Dr. James M. Vine, fifty-four, a lanky Australian veteran of epidemic fighting in Germany, was chief of the mission. Colonel Daniel E. Wright, sixty-six, one of the world's greatest malaria engineers, was drafted from the United States Public Health Service as chief tactician. Vine and Wright drafted 11 doctors, 49 Greek medical officers and 237 foremen of spraying teams. Each team included a half-dozen local Greek laborers, armed with portable sprayers that look much like the stirrup pumps carried by air-raid wardens during World War II. Barrel after barrel of DDT powder was shipped into Greece—barrels of sure death for the anopheles mosquito.

With Colonel Wright plotting the campaign on field maps, the spraying teams deployed over every malarial Greek village. They worked fast: In each village they moved from house to house, spraying every wall, every corner, every ceiling. In a single year they covered 5,700 villages with a population of 3,500,000 people.

Today more than half a million refugees are living in camps in conditions typified by the family shown in this photo, are constant prey to disease

Members of a WHO malaria team en route to a village in the Terai region of India, near the foothills of the Himalayas, where DDT spraying is under way



A Greek girl is vaccinated in an antituberculosis drive that will eventually test 100,000,000 children

Teams worked far into northern Greece, where the civil war against the Communist guerrillas was raging. One team sprayed half a village, was doing its 25th house when shells started whistling in. The Communists were advancing. The team pulled out, along with the villagers. Greek army reinforcements moved in, while from a hill outside the town the United Nations spraying team looked on. The rebels retreated the next day, and the team went back in and finished the other 25 houses.

In Crete, an island almost perpetually embattled, a spraying team was literally kidnaped for two weeks by a band of armed Communist guerrillas who came out of the mountains to demand DDT for their own malaria-ridden territory. When the team foreman demurred, the Reds marched the whole squad over the hills, stood guard while they sprayed each hidden village, and then courteously returned the men to government territory. Later, when Greek government forces reoccupied the rebel area, the troops found healthy villages and a valley ready for the harvest.

Crop-Dusting Techniques Studied

Attacking mosquitoes in village homes wasn't enough for Colonel Wright and his forces. To break the deadly cycle of disease you have to get at the breeding places too, and the nozzle of a shoulder-borne Lofstrand sprayer can't cover anything like the area of swamp. Soon a fleet of 18 old Stearman biplanes was fitted out with DDT tanks in their rear cockpits and spray nozzles hitched to their exhausts. Three Greek Royal Air Force pilots were sent to the United States to learn crop-dusting techniques, and when they returned they taught a whole squadron.

Swooping down to within 20 feet of the water level in the swamps, the planes frequently jetted their DDT behind Communist territory, but never a shot was fired at the aircraft with their Red Cross insignia. A swamp is a swamp, malaria is malaria, and during a war no one knows which side will have to bed down by a mosquito hole the next night. On more than one occasion WHO planes interrupted pitched battles on the ground to do their job. Neither the Greek government nor the rebels tried to stop them, and the guns resumed fire when the planes dipped their wings to signal "spraying completed."

From all this came concrete proof to the world that malaria could be licked—and licked fast if you have the equipment, the men and the know-how to go at it. For a long time, five thousand Greeks died of malaria each year; in the past twelve months there hasn't been a single death. And what's more, the incomes of the Greek farmers in what were formerly malarial areas have doubled because of their increased productivity.

Even more important than this sweeping record is the fact that the Greek government is continuing its malaria program by itself now, without any outside help. Greek malariologists have learned the techniques of residual spraying, the latest methods of surveying enlarged spleens among patients, the most efficient ways to gather entomological data on the anopheles.

This is the whole idea of WHO—gather the best experts in the world, the most modern equipment, the newest supplies, and bring them to bear on a single sore spot. Then, while the campaign goes on, train local experts, show the local population how to do the job itself, and finally move on to another sore spot when the local experts are able to carry on alone.

In the campaign against malaria around the world, WHO is now using newly trained Greek experts. Ironically, the first of Greece's malariologists to enlist in the global battle has become the first martyr to WHO's revolution against disease. His name is George Belios—a thin, sallow-skinned, gray-haired little doctor of forty. He may well be dead by the time this story is printed.

For four months last summer, Dr. Belios led a WHO malaria demonstration team in the jungles of Terai Bhabar, India, 20 miles from the Himalayan foothills, and one of the worst hellholes of pestilence in the world. There, he was stricken with a strange tropical disease that not even the best doctors of WHO could diagnose. A few weeks ago he went back to his home in Athens, to a long retirement, perhaps to death.

"I've never seen anything like Terai," he told me recently while on his way through Geneva. "Three hundred and fifty square miles of wet, smelly jungle with one dirt cart track running down the middle, impassable most of the time. Fifteen thousand inhabitants living in mud-walled, thatch-roofed villages—and every few years the entire population dies of malaria. Just imagine, 256 tiny villages, and every few years death empties them all."

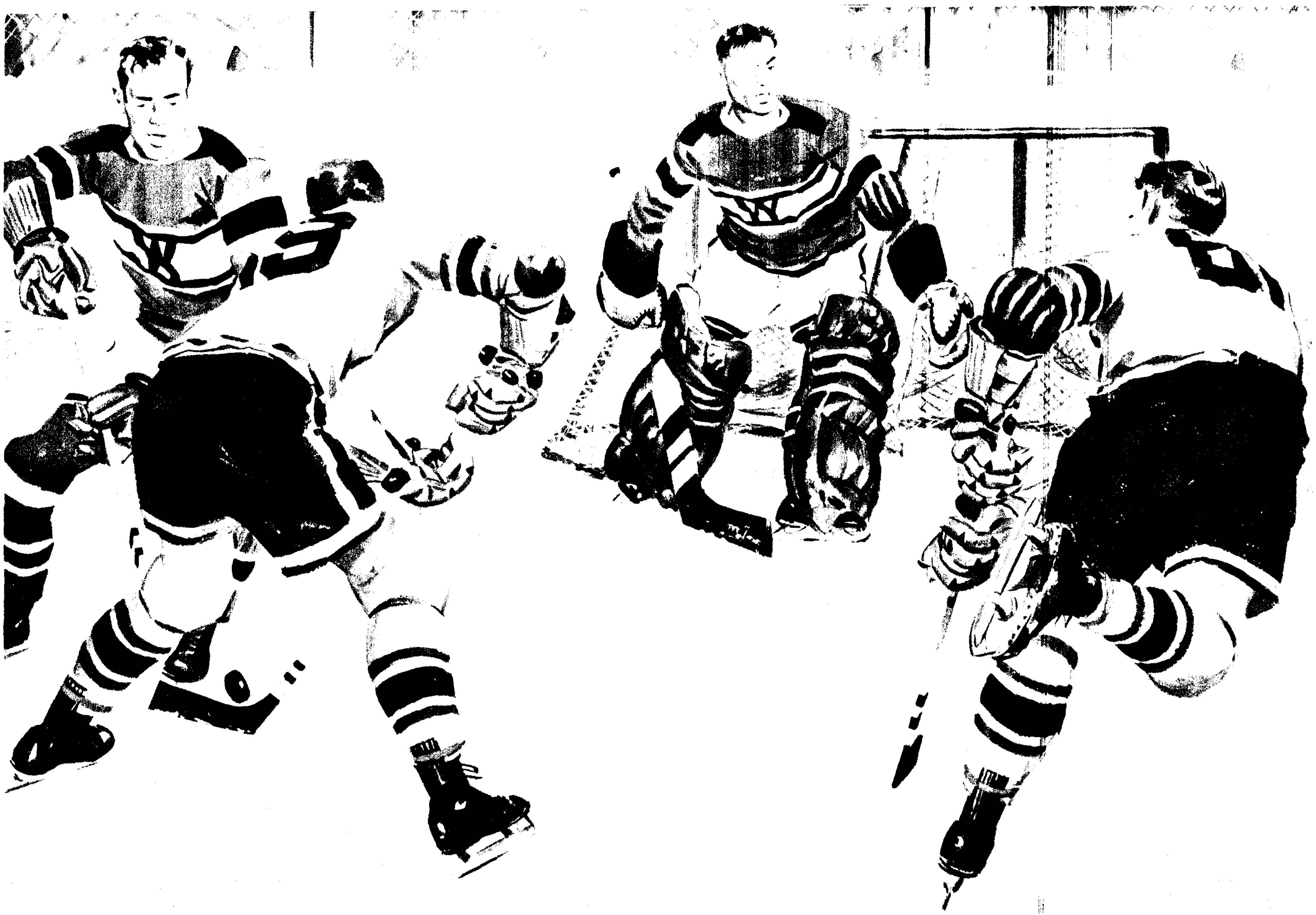
Dr. Belios, his British public health nurse and the rest of the team set up headquarters in a rundown sugar factory that had been abandoned two years ago when all the workers fled a particularly bad malaria epidemic. The team had its own labor troubles, too—tigers, panthers and pythons roamed the factory grounds, scaring away the Indian spraying squads.

Tackling the villages took tact and patience. The local Buxa tribes are a matriarchal society—which means the women run the villages. And the women didn't want foreigners spraying strange chemicals over their kitchens and sleeping rooms. Tied in with their tribal religion is the custom of plastering cow dung on the walls of their houses; each time that happened, Dr. Belios and his sprayers had to cover the dung with fresh DDT. Some villages were so inaccessible it took the team seven hours of plodding through mud just to get there—and then they'd have to wait while the Buxa matriarchs rang sacred bells and lighted holy lamps to propitiate their goddesses.

It was hard to change those habits of centuries; but once they'd done a few villages, the others came easier. Word began to spread that where the sprayers passed, the villagers were sleeping better at night; that the village cows, no longer eaten alive by flies, were giving more milk.

Then, in August, Dr. Belios came down with fever. His illness grew worse with the rain, the awful jungle heat, the dirty, monotonous food and the loneliness and lack of sleep. Finally, he left—on a stretcher.

"Those months in India were worth while anyway, whether I ever work again or not," he told me. "Even before I left, there hadn't been a single new case of malaria in any of our villages. Not a one. And that abandoned sugar *(Continued on page 78)*



Rocky knew that he had turned too far. Now he didn't know which Beavers were in front of the goal or what position they were in

Vacancy in Goal

By SCOTT YOUNG

Eye or no eye, Rocky wouldn't give up—not before they found somebody who could do the job better than he could

WHEN the Volant forward swept around the Wasp defense and feinted a shot, the goalkeeper moved with the feint and was at the mercy of the real shot an instant later. In the rail seats near center ice of the huge hockey arena George Rockaway shrank into himself as if with physical pain. The fifteen thousand city dwellers in the rink with him booed and groaned and jeered at the ease of the goal, the eighth scored against the Wasps in this game, but Rockaway sat in silence and stared at the goalkeeper with a feeling close to hatred, which he was powerless to prevent or relieve.

Many of the customers were leaving; their comments were bitter and ill-tempered for the pasting the Wasps were taking, but Rockaway was intent as the teams lined up to resume play after the goal. While the referee held the puck ready to drop, Rockaway's right arm twitched nervously, an unspoken order for one of the Wasp defensemen to move a few feet to his left. Rockaway's face was on the cover of the official program for this game. The picture showed him in his uniform as the Wasps' goalkeeper, which he had been six days ago. Now, of course, his appearance was different: there was a covering on his right eye—three strips of flesh-colored tape tight against a pad of cotton. With the other eye he followed the play below. His shoulders jerked in sympathy when a man who had been his friend for years body-checked a flying forward.

Because of his missing eye he had to turn his head to follow the return rush. The puck was passed from friend to friend and his lips moved with encouragement and exhortation and warning as he watched them.

The klaxon sounded to end the game. The Wasps had played as well as they ever had this season and for two months they had led the league; but this game they had lost 8-3 and tomorrow morning the third goalkeeper who had tried to take Rockaway's place would be back on the train for the minors. The scrapers and flooders took over on the ice. Rockaway, who had allowed an average of only two goals a game for the first forty-eight games of the season, walked through the crowd toward the dressing-room passage. From the litter of discarded programs his own face mocked him, his face with two eyes.

A rink policeman said, "Hi, Rocky," when he passed under the sign saying this passage was for players only. Arnold Forster, managing director of the Wasps, was standing by the dressing-room door. Forster had scouted Rocky as a junior thirteen years ago, had signed him to his first professional contract three years later, had become his friend in the years between then and now, and had spent these last few days frantically searching for a suitable replacement.

One after another he had tested goalies from his farm system in the big team's goal. None had been adequate. Rocky knew that Forster had been canvassing other clubs in the league yesterday and today, trying to buy a good goalkeeper. He noticed but ignored a tall kid standing behind Forster as he touched the lean, medium-tall man on the arm. "Did you get somebody?"

Forster turned. His face was commanding, with hard blue eyes and firm mouth. "Hi, Rocky. How are you? How's the eye?"

"Okay."

"How's the new baby?" Forster asked. "And Millie?"

Even talk of his wife and family seemed wrong to

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

Rocky, although in his pocket were letters that Millie had written in the Montreal hospital, telling him how sorry she was that she couldn't be with him now but that their third son looked like her for a change and that their other two boys had visited the hospital with the housekeeper and had been suitably impressed. Rocky sensed that Forster had been unsuccessful in his attempts to buy a major-league goalkeeper, or he wouldn't have evaded the subject. But Rocky had to know for sure. "The family's fine," he said. "Did you get somebody?"

Forster still didn't answer directly. He stepped aside and indicated the boy beside him, a tall, husky kid in a cheap trench coat. "Rocky," he said, "this is Ed Hill, goalkeeper for one of the junior teams we support. He's going to have a shot at taking your place. Hill, this is George Rockaway."

THE kid's voice, in greeting, could hardly be heard in the noise of splashing showers near by and the rumble of the departing crowd overhead. His face was as red as an apple and his big square hands stuck out of his sleeves and hung at his side.

Rocky stared speechless, and the kid's face got redder and redder, and he lowered his eyes. Rocky thought: I've got to say something, I'm embarrassing him, but good God, straight out of junior—

"Could I talk to you?" he asked Forster.

Forster told Hill to wait, and stepped into a small room near by, the office of the Wasps' coach, Al Jones. It was empty now. Rocky closed the door. "You're kidding," he said.

Annoyance showed in Forster's eyes. "No. I'm not kidding."

"A kid like that can't step into the league. It'd be murder. It isn't fair to the other guys, playing as hard as they can and knowing that if anybody gets a shot on goal it's a fifty-fifty chance it'll go in."

Forster sat down at the coach's desk, shoving aside a few scouting reports to make way for his elbows. "Today I offered fifty thousand for Sutherland. I offered that and four players for Jamieson. I got turned down both times. I could get either of them for delivery at the end of the season, but that doesn't do us any good now. The trouble is that the other clubs know we'll slip right out of first and probably out of the playoffs in the next few weeks unless we find a good goalkeeper. They're not going to prop us up. I wouldn't do it either, in their place."

Rocky swore in frustration and disappointment.

"Watch this kid Hill before you say anything more, Rocky," Forster said. "I can tell you this now. He's the best young goalkeeper I've seen since you were a junior. I would have sent him to a senior team next year, and to a minor pro team the year after that. I thought that in three or four years, or whenever you decided to retire, he'd be ready."

"A guy needs confidence almost as much as experience in this league," Rocky interrupted. "That kid hasn't got it. He's too damn' awed.'

"Well," Forster said, "I've tried every way I know to get someone to keep goal for this club as well as you did. I haven't had any luck. This kid is all we've got left. If he flops we'll just have to play out the season with one of those guys who've looked so bad since you were hurt."

The door opened behind them and Al Jones, the coach, came in. He was a big man, a former Wasp player himself. He'd been a star center when Rocky played his first season. For six years he'd been the coach. He looked on silent, sensing the tension.

"That means he goes in the game tomorrow night, does it?" Rocky asked Forster.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be here."

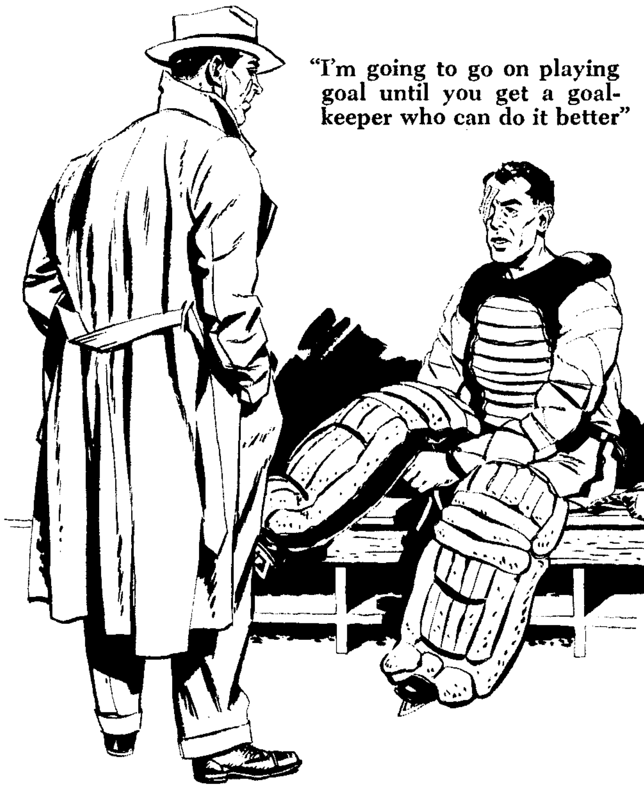
"Why don't you go home, Rocky? Rest up a couple of weeks, then get on the road and do some scouting. That's your job now. Let us do the worrying."

"I'll be here," Rocky said. He turned to the door and tried to return Jonesy's friendly glance but failed. Then he was in the corridor. The steam from the shower room and the subdued talk from the dressing room beckoned him to his friends there, but he passed the doors quickly. The young goalkeeper, Hill, flattened himself against the wall to let Rocky go by. Rocky tried to think of something kind to say to him, but he couldn't, and then he was out in the tail ends of the hockey crowd, conscious of the people who recognized him and stared at the patch on his eye and spoke of him in low voices.

In his hotel room, he began to calm down. He switched on his little radio and lay on his bed with his hands behind his head, listening to the low dance music and thinking for the thousandth time of the accident that had caused all this. The man wasn't even a hard shot. He was inside the blue line, about twenty feet out from goal. He shot. Rocky had the puck in flight. Two players hastening to cover their checks crisscrossed in front of him. He lost the puck. It hit. He'd been hit around the eyes before.

On those occasions, he'd held his hand over the good eye and tried to see through the injured one. There'd always been partial sight, even if it was only a red haze. This time there was nothing—instantly, nothing.

He'd known then, as he sank to the ice, and big Steve Spunski, another Wasp veteran, cushioned his head with a padded glove. He'd known as Spunski raised him and helped him, half carried, half skating, toward the dressing room. He'd known as he saw the tears in big Spunski's eyes, as the defenseman told him he'd be okay. Three hours later the doctor's words, saying he'd had to remove the eye, were merely the confirmation of what Rocky had known. The doctor said the sharp edge of the hard rubber puck apparently had struck when the eye was open.



"I'm going to go on playing goal until you get a goalkeeper who can do it better"

Rocky twisted on the bed, trying to shake off the thoughts that refused to be shaken off: the thought that he'd be all right now if he'd played the shot from a crouch, or if he'd ducked when he lost the puck in flight, or if the players hadn't crossed in front of him, or if the winger supposed to be covering that man had been close enough to prevent the shot. It had been a chance in a million, and his number had come up.

The telephone beside him rang. He picked it up and, after the long-distance operator's voice, he heard Millie say, "Rocky! I'm home! I'm out of the hospital!"

Just hearing her voice, he forgot everything else. "How's Junior?" he said.

She told him the news of the baby and the other boys. They were all asleep now. She was lonesome so she'd called to ask when he was coming home. She knew that there had been things to do after the operation, but she asked if that was all finished now. He said that it was, except for daily dressings, which any doctor could handle.

"Then when are you coming?"

He fumbled for his answer. He told her about the goalie tonight, and how bad he'd been. Then, haltingly, he told her about the kid Hill, and told her he wanted to stay and see him play tomorrow night.

In her few seconds of silence then, Rocky's pain increased; he knew he had no right to leave her alone at a time like this when there was nothing but his own decision to stop him from going to her. But when she spoke, he knew she understood.

"Don't worry, darling," she said. "Stay there as long as you feel you have to."

They said good night, softly, and Rocky hung up and looked a long time across the hotel room to the picture of Millie and his older boys.

A few minutes before midnight, the other players came in, the half dozen or so on the nineteen-man player roster who didn't have temporary or permanent homes elsewhere in the city. He hoped some of them would drop in to fan the breeze. But he heard their doors close, and knew that their spirits were low after three straight losses.

It was after he'd figured they'd all gone to bed that he heard another step in the hall and a tap at his door. He swung from the bed in a single, eager movement. Standing in the warm light of the corridor were Jones, the coach, and Hill, the young goalkeeper.

"Sorry to bother you, Rocky," Jones said. "But Hill here hasn't got a room. I could put him in with one of the others, but if it's okay I'd like you to take him."

"Sure," Rocky said instantly, and as he said it he sensed hostility in the kid, somewhere below his uneasy silence. "Come in, Hill. Come in, Jonesy. Sit a while."

Jonesy, turning away from the door, smiled weakly. "Sorry, pal," he said. "No time. I've got to go home and pray."

When Rocky turned, Hill was standing in the middle of the floor, still holding his bag. Rocky took it from him and put it at the end of one of the twin beds. He turned down the radio a little and surveyed the room, the family picture on the desk, the ties strung over the bureau mirror, the magazines that lay on a low table between the two easy chairs. "You've got to make a hotel room like home in this business," he said to Hill, making conversation.

Hill didn't say anything.

ROCKY, cleaning out a bureau drawer for Hill, knew what was the matter, and he knew also that, slim as the chance was that this kid would be good enough, it would be slimmer than ever if the kid thought from the start that nobody thought he had a chance at all. "I'm sorry I was that way at the rink," Rocky said. "It was just that the whole thing took me by surprise. I hope you'll forget it."

The kid moved a few steps, putting down his bag. "It's okay," he blurted. "The way you looked at me was probably right. I'm no big-league goalie."

"I didn't say that," Rocky said. "Mr. Forster told me you were one of the best he'd ever seen. He said he'd already picked you to take my job when I retired, but now you'd both have to rush things a little."

Hill paused a few seconds over that but the light faded from his eyes quickly. His voice was a protest. "Last fall he told me *if* I did this, and *if* I did that, and *if* I kept on improving, and *if* I kept my nose clean, and *if* you ever retired, I might get a chance at it. Then he phoned me today at noon and told me to take the bus into town and be prepared to stay a few days. Just before you came along, he told me I'd be in goal here tomorrow night."

"Where have you been playing?"

Hill told him. It was a junior amateur league in northern Ontario and Rocky knew the towns and their small rinks, stretched to the seams on game nights with people watching the hopeful, slam-bang junior hockey. In an attempt to understand the way the kid was feeling, Rocky remembered his own arrival for his first test with the Wasps. Rocky had been twenty-three, with three years of good minor pro hockey behind him. Still he'd been scared.

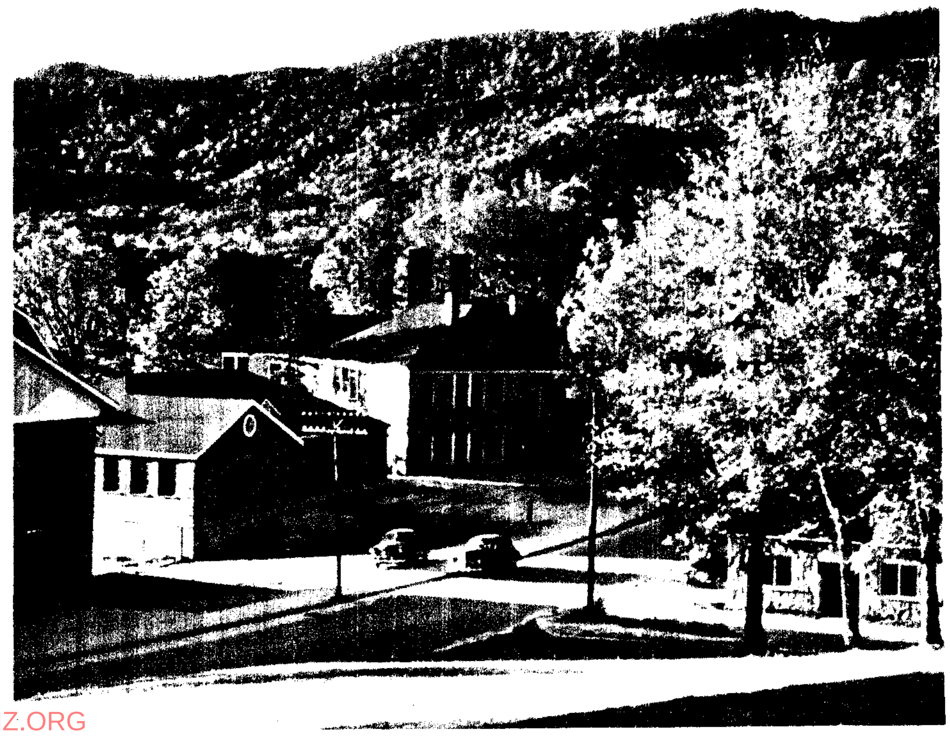
But the first night, the great Wasp goalie of that time had taken him in hand and they'd talked for hours, the veteran goalie doing most of the talking. Rocky still remembered

(*Continued on page* 55)

On a ridge of Old Screamer, on the grounds of her Laurel Falls Camp, Miss Lil entertains a group of Negro children from Clayton

Lillian and her brother, Frank Adams Smith, Ordinary for Rabun County, Georgia, relax in her study at the camp. In 1944 her friends told her she'd best close the camp because of reaction to Strange Fruit

View of the section of the town of Clayton that nestles at the foot of pine-needle-strewn Old Screamer Mountain. About 60 per cent of the county is owned by the federal government for use as a forest preserve



We're Mighty Fond of Our Miss Lil

By SAM GRAFTON

In Clayton, Georgia, where Lillian Smith lives and writes her fiery books on the Negro problem, folks determinedly overlook her crusade

LILLIAN SMITH'S books sell in the millions. But her home-town paper doesn't review them. And when Strange Fruit, the first of them, came out, the good ladies of Clayton, Georgia, carried their copies around town in paper bags.

This doesn't mean that the people of Clayton, seat of Rabun County, in Georgia's mountainous northeast corner, dislike Miss Lil. Matter of fact, they love her. As one prominent Claytonian said: "There isn't anybody in Rabun County wouldn't do anything he could for Miss Lil."

They may not be willing to pose for pictures with her. Eyes drop at the suggestion. And the promotional literature worked up by the Chamber of Commerce of Rabun County, which is fighting hard for national recognition as a summer resort, does not mention Lillian Smith's name—though she is, by far, the most famous citizen Rabun County has ever produced, and though millions of Americans have, in the last five years, read Strange Fruit, her lynch-ridden story of the unavailing love of Tracy Deen, the sad white boy, for Nonnie Anderson, the gentle Negro girl.

Clayton is a pretty town. It is high, its air is light and thin, its streets are broad, and each one ends at the foot of a mountain. It is rather like Switzerland with sweet-potato pie. You could rock on the front porch of the Clayton Hotel for a week and never know the high and serious drama being played there. Then, perhaps, you find out, and suddenly the air is heavier than you thought it was.

Lillian Smith writes bitter attacks on the segregation of Negroes, either fictionized, as in the famous Strange Fruit, or direct, as in her explosive new Killers of the Dream. When a new one comes out, Clayton is staggered. For a time "things aren't steady." You have to know the South to know what it means to be in a Southern town in which "things aren't steady." "Steady" isn't a Northern word. It belongs to people who live on the edge of an ideological chasm, over which, at any moment, there could be a drop, and because of which, at any time, the basic assumptions of life can abruptly be challenged. But—in Clayton, anyway, so far—after six or seven weeks "things get steady again."

Killers of the Dream is a high-powered essay which, among other things, goes into the relation between sex and segregation, and challenges the older Southern male with basing his fear of the Negro, in part, on his own guilty feelings over attempting sexually to exploit Negro women. It is quite a book to have been written by a resident of a tiny Southern town—and a Southern woman, at that.

Ever since it came out, the people of Clayton have been going out of their way to say, "Hi!" loud and clear and friendly-like, to Miss Lil on Main Street. They've been stopping, ostentatiously, to talk to her and to inquire after her health. In this, they have not been serving Miss Lil, though they are fond of her. They've been trying to keep things "steady," and there is something moving, and sweet, and very American about it. It is true they behave rather as if she had suffered a misfortune, or had had a scandal in the family and needed kindness. But they do it.

Miss Lil has sent copies of her new book around town, but she has not been thrusting herself on anybody. She, too, has been waiting for "things to get steady." Even though her conscience impels her to write books which a large part of the South considers to be inflammatory on the race question, and much too frank sexually, she still wants peace in the Georgia mountains she knows and loves—just as the Clayton which knows and loves her swallows its outrage over her writings and seeks for a formula to "keep things going." It is a delicate drama that is being played out between this tiny, beautiful, middle-aged woman, and the little town of 1,400 that lies a mile and a half from the foot of her mountain home.

One of the ways in which Clayton tries to handle Miss Lil is, simply, to blank her out. Torn between fondness and dismay, it tries to forget. There was a meeting of the Clayton Music Club—which is also the literature club—recently. The subject was "Georgia authors." Each lady present stood up, in turn, and read a little paper about a Georgia author. Some of these authors were not very well known. But nobody mentioned Lillian Smith.

"It was the strangest evening I've ever spent," said one woman who was present. "I felt as if Lillian were a ghost."

An odd meeting, indeed, for less than 100 miles to the southwest lies Atlanta, which has just been going through a period of real mourning over the untimely death of its own Margaret Mitchell. Miss Mitchell's Gone with the Wind, considered a magnificent piece of storytelling, has sold just under 6,000,000 copies in 13 years. Miss Smith's Strange Fruit has sold 2,500,000 copies in five years. It is to the credit of Georgia that the two books should have come out of the same state. The fact that both feminine titans of popular literature, with their dissimilar approaches, should have emerged from the same setting, bespeaks a cultural yeastiness of which any region could well be proud.

One has a feeling that someday Georgia will be proud of these facts, just as one has a feeling that someday Rabun County itself will stop worrying and start being proud of the way it has worked out a method for letting Miss Lil go on working—proud of its own reluctant share in the drama in which she has so eagerly embraced her role.

But for the doubt-filled present, "blanking out" remains the chief method by which Clayton tries to handle the problem of Lillian Smith.

"Sure I know her," said one charming Clayton lady. "I respect her tremendously." Asked whether she agreed with Miss Lil's views, her eyes dropped. "Miss Lil has had more educational advantages than I," she said demurely, "so I couldn't judge whether she is right or not." She had found her personal formula for continuing to like Miss Lil.

One leading citizen of Clayton said, magnificently and confidentially:

"I'll give you the real facts. Miss Lil is a deeply religious woman. She would never have written that vulgar sexy stuff. Her publishers wrote it. They stuck it in to make the books sell. She let them. That's all there is to it." In these terms, he, too, had worked out his private accommodation, his own way of continuing to be able to like Rabun County's famous author.

You reach Miss Lil's house by getting off at Westminster, South Carolina, and then taking a brief taxi ride of 28 miles. If you're the impatient type, you can get off at Greenville, and ride 75 miles in a cab. The girl at the ticket office in New York appeared stunned when I proposed buying a ride to Westminster. She had to look it up in the book and call the rate room for data. The porter informed me, with the tone of a man about to award a door prize, that I was the first passenger in a year to get off the Peach Queen at Westminster.

I accepted the honor modestly and rode my 28 miles alongside the farm land on the way to Miss Lil's. She lives on a mountain called Old Screamer. (It is a sign of the South's delicacy that nobody made a gag about this during my entire stay.) It is rather like New England, except that the mountain laurel grows tree-high instead of bush-high.

(Continued on page 58)

L. P. Cross is editor and publisher of the Clayton Tribune. His shop printed Miss Lil's quarterly magazine for years

Mrs. Paul Cagle, who operates Cagle's Café in Clayton, reported, "Miss Lil is well liked by people around here"

R. E. Cannon is the local undertaker and a political leader. He considers Miss Lil "a good citizen of the county"

Dr. J. L. Dover, 76, has practiced in Clayton all his professional life. He "doesn't agree," but defends Miss Lil

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

The Divided Heart

BY HAMLEN HUNT

Margaret realized there was no place for her in either of the worlds she had known. And without Warren, this new wisdom could bring her nothing but pain. The choice she must make was a momentous one

THE train that connected with the Digby boat was quite modern, but by the time Margaret had changed twice more, at Middleton and Bridgewater, she was back on a train out of her childhood. The single, high-vaulted passenger car had plush seats and hanging gaslights, and there was the sound of water slopping over now and then as the train lurched along through fields and forests and very small towns.

Margaret MacLeod began to recognize Nova Scotia landmarks. She clung to the seat with one hand—she had only been out of the hospital a week—and felt a fatigue as absorbing as pain. The other hand rested on the red leather overnight case Miss Leslie had given her last Christmas. Busy as she was with her new engagement, she had run up the stairs to Margaret's two big attic rooms, just as if they were sisters, or anyway cousins.

Margaret had originally been the Blackmores' maid—lots of Nova Scotia girls went to Boston to work. Later, when she branched out into dressmaking, Mrs. Blackmore, who knew her aunts at home in Cherry Village, said she wanted her to stay on in the big, rather shabby Chestnut Hill house, and Margaret was glad to. Most of her customers were Mrs. Blackmore's friends, and she still did sewing for Mrs. Blackmore and Leslie. And then she didn't want to go away from Miss Leslie until she had to. Margaret didn't exactly envy her, but she wanted as much of her life as she could get. Where was the harm in that?

Margaret, undoing the tissue paper and the spider web of Christmas ribbon, had exclaimed with pleasure, "Why, Miss Leslie, it's just like yours! Exactly!"

"That's why I thought you'd like it," said Leslie Blackmore, winking. She was always so quick and so lively. It was no secret to her that shy Margaret liked to follow her in everything she did. She always saved programs of where she had been, and she gave Margaret a copy of the photograph of herself that had been reproduced in the society columns when her engagement was announced.

"It worries me just a little." Mrs. Blackmore told her husband, as she addressed wedding invitations that seemed to weigh a quarter of a pound apiece, counting the tissue paper and both envelopes. The Blackmores were being extravagant over their only daughter's wedding. "What will she do next year, when Leslie's married?"

"She can stay here as long as we do," Mr. Blackmore said, heartily. "And maybe she'll be married herself soon. That Warren's pretty steady."

"But *will* she marry him?" Mrs. Blackmore wondered. "She keeps putting him off—I like him—and I have a feeling it's somehow because of Leslie."

Miss Leslie had married in June, with bridesmaids in green satin and trailing ivy, their dresses designed by Margaret, who had altered Miss Leslie's grandmother's wedding dress for her, too. Of course she had sat with the family at church and had been like one of the family at the elaborate wedding reception. When it was all over, the house fell into that desolate silence that comes after weddings and departures of all kinds, and Margaret went upstairs to try to finish a Symphony-going dress—taupe satin—for Friday morning.

Her aunts were waiting, in attitudes of tension. This was the most terrible form of homesickness—the kind that comes to you when you go home at last and don't want to be there

Warren proposed to Margaret again the night after the wedding, and she had nearly shuddered, in the reaction of losing Miss Leslie, who was going to live in California after the honeymoon. Also, although she didn't know it, she had a fever and was beginning an attack of appendicitis.

She and Warren drove out along Dorchester Bay, and stopped in front of his place. They sat in the car talking, because Margaret wouldn't go upstairs.

"You don't like it here, do you?" Warren said, defensively. "Not even with the view. Well, maybe later on, we could rent out the apartment and take on a house, but not right away, to begin with. I can't swing it yet."

"I know," Margaret murmured, and wanted to tell him she admired him for knowing so clearly what he could, and could not, do. But she was too exhausted to find the words.

WARREN had built a square cement block of a building, with a garage and shop downstairs, and gas pumps in front, like sunflowers. Over the garage was a four-room apartment, with every modern convenience, even a dishwashing machine. Margaret had looked it over, remembering the farm kitchen, with the black iron sink, and the pump, and the wood stove—all those country fixings that look so attractive in colored illustrations and on calendars. Somehow she couldn't imagine Leslie Blackmore in it.

She could have slapped herself for saying what she was thinking. "Miss Leslie's going to live in a white stone house, way up in a canyon, near Santa Barbara. She showed me the pictures. Of course, his people gave them the house for a wedding present. They cut away the rock so they can have a view all the way to the sea, twenty-five miles away, and there's a swimming pool. It's curved, to fit the side of the mountain they're on—I never saw one like it before."

She thought she was just telling Warren about it, not comparing, really, because of course she didn't expect to have what Miss Leslie had, but Warren said, "Okay. Whose life are you going to lead, now she's gone? Hers, or yours? I thought maybe you could make up your mind, now the excitement's died down."

They went on to quarrel, and it mixed in with the nightmare of going to the hospital in an ambulance early that morning, and with the days that followed.

The older Blackmores came to see Margaret in the hospital every day. They took care of most of her bills, but even so, most of her money vanished, too, and there were never much sewing to do in the dead of summer in Massachusetts. They talked of her plans.

"We want you to go and convalesce with the aunties, unless—" Mrs. Blackmore said, worriedly. She looked down at her neat kid gloves. "It's time you went home, you know," she said. "Whether you marry or not. The aunties aren't very young."

"I know," said Margaret, and was ashamed at having to be reminded. But sometimes when you got away from kindness that hadn't been very comfortable, you liked to forget it. The aunts had done their best for her, always, but they were poor and plain and the farm was nearly worn out, even when she was a child. It was next to the Blackmores' summer place. She and Miss Leslie had had a secret passage through the hedge of small, clipped evergreens.

"Your young man has been very worried about you," Mrs. Blackmore said, almost as if there were some connection between Warren and the aunties, as though she sensed an attitude in Margaret that made her think of them together. "Aren't you going to let him come to see you? Shouldn't you?"

Warren had sent flowers, he had phoned every day, but he had not come to visit her in the hospital, because she had never sent him word saying she wanted to see him. He was nice in that way. He wouldn't take any advantage of her not being able to get away from him.

"Not yet," said Margaret, crying again. "Please."

"All right," said Mrs. Blackmore, but she sounded tired and disappointed, and Margaret knew she was being worried about like one of the family. But like a distant cousin, not like Miss Leslie.

Alone, she wept and wept, until her roommate finally called in the nurse. . . .

When Margaret got out of the hospital, she found that one thing the Blackmores had worried abeut while she was so sick was telling her they had sold the big house. They all left Boston on the same day, going in different directions. The Blackmores were going to California for a trip, and when they came back they would take an apartment in town. Their things were already in storage. Warren had taken Margaret's belongings and put them in the empty apartment until she wanted them, except for her clothes, which Mrs. Blackmore had packed for her to take to Nova Scotia.

"I hope you'll get over—everything, very soon," Mrs. Blackmore said, kissing her good-by. "There's nothing like the air in Cherry Village to make things come clear. I've missed the village. Perhaps we'll retire there, Mr. Blackmore and I, one of these days, now that Leslie has her own life to live."

THE landscape grew more familiar, the fields were more stony, now and then there were glimpses of the sea. Because an unexpected return home, without money, is always depressing, Margaret turned from the view and looked at the other people in the car.

There was one girl somewhat younger than herself, in her early twenties. She was very thin and she had on too much make-up and her clothes were catalogue-style. Margaret felt ashamed, looking at her, remembering how much like that she had looked the day she left Nova Scotia to go to work for the Blackmores. She thought she was being looked at in return, but she was too tired to make the effort of recognition. It must be somebody from in or near Cherry Village, because that was the next station and nearly the end of the line.

The girl had a lot of bundles with her—a striped cardboard dress box, a shoe box, some lumpy brown paper packages. Nobody in these parts did that much shopping without good cause, so Margaret, with Miss Leslie's wedding still in her mind, saw that the girl wore a tiny diamond and knew she had been in town to shop for a trousseau.

Margaret hurt with tiredness and reluctance now. She could hardly put on her coat and lift her red overnight case into the aisle. She would have to wait for the conductor to help her off with the other big suitcases; they were (*Continued on page* 76)

ILLUSTRATED BY GWEN FREMLIN

STRIKE! Battle of the

You can enjoy an exciting week end of deep-sea fishing in Hawaiian waters

MISS HONOLULU
HONOLULU T.H.

We're Off. **Just 200 yards off the Honolulu dock, the fishing lines are set out and the boat settles down to a steady seven-knot pace. The bubbly spume of the propeller also helps to attract the big fish to the lures**

It's a Strike! **Mrs. John Bowles, still inexperienced at the sport, hooks a heavyweight and hangs on breathlessly. A 50-pound mahimahi, or dolphin, is a match for any fisherman. This one fought back 48 minutes**

By CHARLES DEXTER MORRIS

IT WAS Saturday morning on the Honolulu water front, where the flying fishes play. A boy, who had been tending a filling station in Seattle the previous evening, stepped out of an airport taxicab and looked around the unfamiliar scene. "Which way to the fishing boats?" he asked me.

"Guess we're both looking for the same thing," I answered. It was my third week in Hawaii, and already I had been out fishing several times, but never before from this part of town.

"Maybe that sign overhead will help us," suggested my companion.

The sign announced: "Big Game Sport Fishing Aboard Miss Honolulu, Captain N. R. Dawley." A friend had arranged for me to go with Dawley on a week-end expedition around the islands in search of giant marlins, dolphins and Allison's tuna.

Behind the sign, 100 yards down the dock, we could see, tugging at its hawser, the captain's boat, a trim white cruiser that looked to be something over 50 feet long, and comfortably broad of beam. At the stern were the upholstered swivel chairs from which the fishermen operate.

"Dawley is the man I want," said my new-found friend. "I talked with him on the overseas phone last night—$7.50 for three minutes—and he said if I'd catch the midnight plane from Seattle, he'd take me fishing today."

"You mean you came all the way from Seattle for a day's fishing?" I asked.

"Two days, or mebbe three. I gotta be back at the gas pump Wednesday morning."

"You must be an enthusiast!" I ventured.

"No, I'm just a beginner. Started out as a kid with a bent pin and a willow rod. Never tried my hand at the big stuff before. But I've got a brother-in-law who's always bragging about the 200-pounder he caught down Mexico way last summer—and the sooner I can match him, the easier life will be for me."

Ed Smith, the Seattle boy 2,300 miles away from home, was a striking example of the latest developments in Izaak Walton's immortal pastime. Any ardent American fisherman can take advantage of the overseas telephone and the daily airplane schedule to arrange for himself a quick fling at some of the finest big-game fishing on earth. At a moment's notice, at any time of the year, and with no more baggage than an old bathing suit, he can enjoy his favorite sport way out in the mid-Pacific, thanks to the facilities available in this modern, push-button world.

The fish are there, waiting for him along the coral ledges, and he has as good a chance as the next man of catching one that will put his name on the list of world champions.

His trip to and from Honolulu is a matter of a few hours—less than 10 by Stratocruiser from Seattle, San Francisco or Los Angeles. The big-fish season in Hawaii is all around the calendar; there is no need for expensive fishing tackle or equipment, inasmuch as the boatmen supply everything; and Hawaii demands no licenses or passports or formalities.

Just put on your most comfortable summer fishing clothes and don't worry about the weather, for it's always spring in Hawaii. Don't even bother about hotels or meals: you can bunk and eat aboard the boat, at no extra charge.

The cost? Just your round-trip airplane fare, about $300 to $400 (from San Francisco, Los Angeles or Seattle to Hawaii and back, with prospect of cheaper excursion rates as soon as the airplane companies can get government approval), plus $20 to $30 a day for the boat, if you share it with three or four other fishermen.

Ed Smith and I marched up the dock and hailed our boat. From the cabin came Captain Dawley in navy-blue uniform, his deeply tanned face carrying a welcoming smile.

"Come aboard, my friends," he said, "there's coffee ready, and a cup will do us all good. Meet my partner, Bob Hemming, and our indispensable handy man, Blackcat." *(Continued on page 73)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EWING KRAININ

Big Fish

It's cheaper than you think

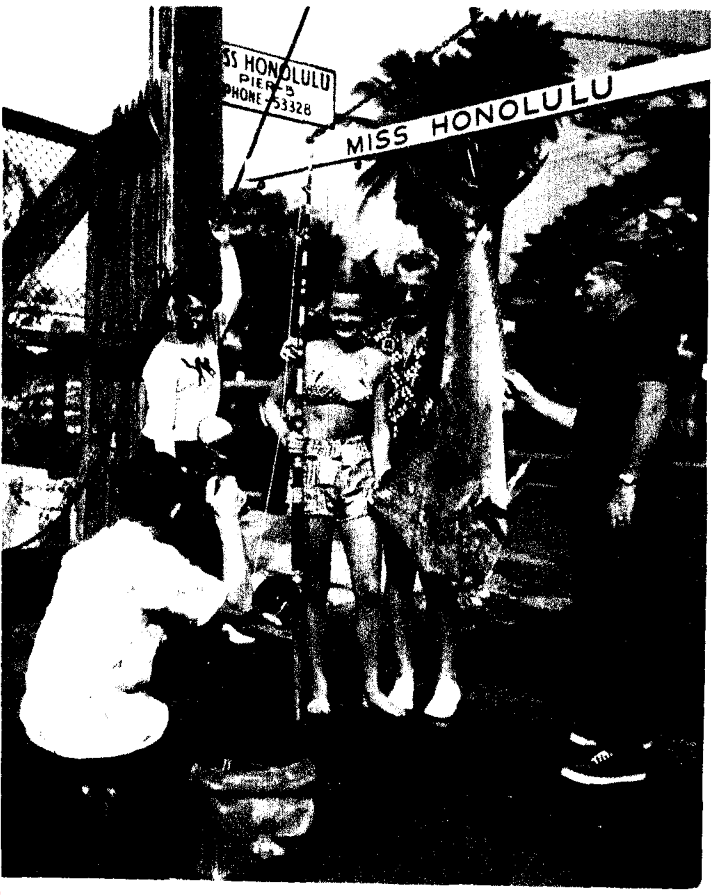
Brought to Gaff, the dolphin is hauled aboard and packed in a bed of ice, where its vivid colors soon fade to a dull brown

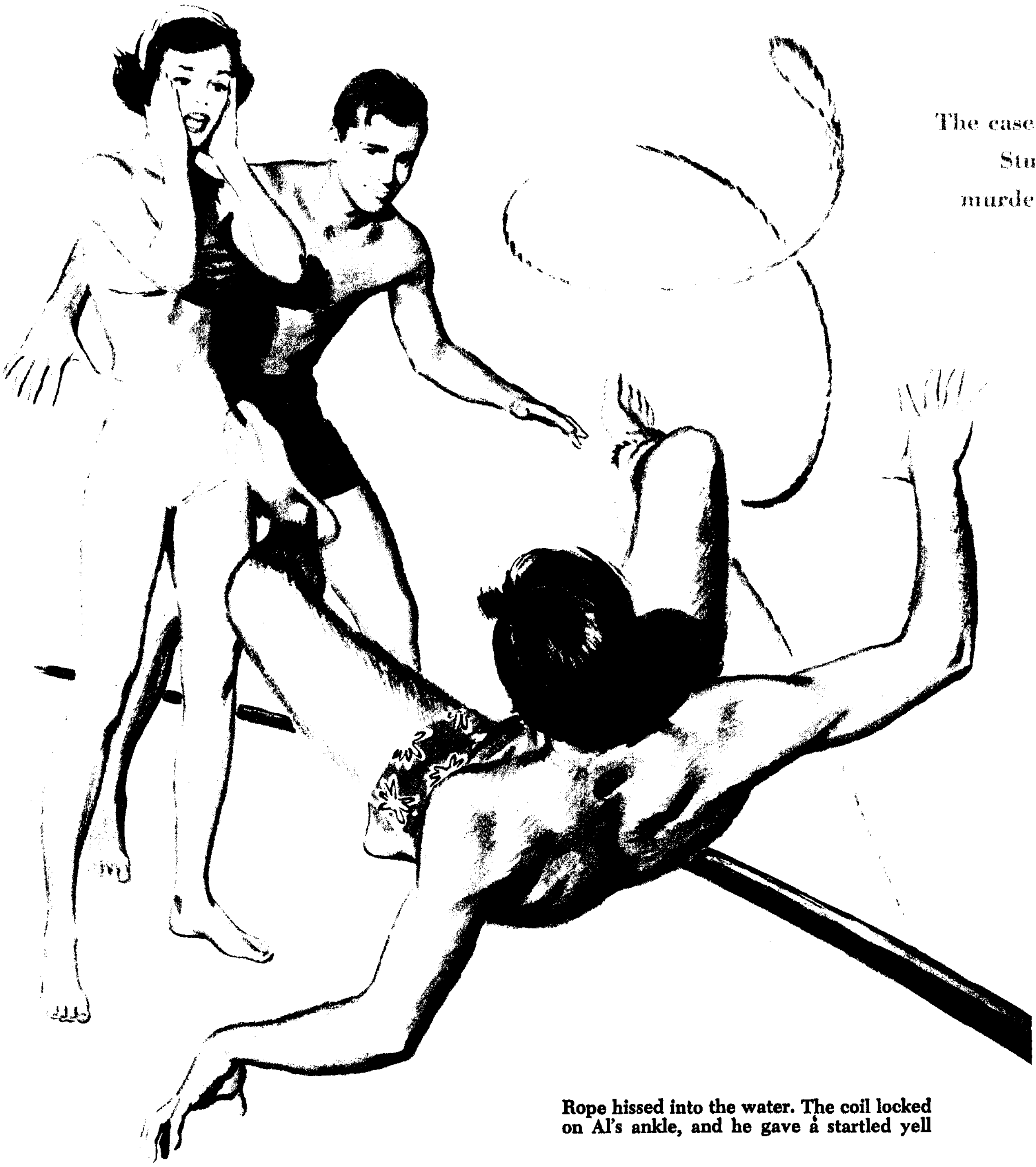
Mrs. Bowles hoists the dolphin pennant, a banner bearing a picture of the prized fish. There are similar flags for marlin, tuna and broadbill. Every fisherman's dream is to come home flying all four pennants, which calls for a broom to be tied to the mast in token of a "sweep"

Trail's End. Pennants flying, the fishing party returns in a halo of early-morning sunlight. The background is famed Diamond Head, an extinct volcano which gives Honolulu one of the world's most arresting sky lines. During the war, the Gibraltar-like rock mounted antiaircraft guns

MISS HONOLULU

On an official scale, the Big Game Fish Association records the catch was "fair," as certified by Cap Dawley and Blackcat





Rope hissed into the water. The coil locked on Al's ankle, and he gave a startled yell

Shell Game

By RICHARD POWELL

The case of the telltale sea shells—with Bill Stuart learning the astonishing truth about a murderer and about elusive Valerie Wilson

The Story: My name is Bill Stuart, and normally I am a peace-loving young art director for a New York advertising firm. But peace is hardly the word for what happened when I went to Gulf City, Florida, on vacation. My hobby is shell collecting; and one night when I was hunting for specimens along the beach, I met Valerie Wilson, lovelier than any shell but harder on the nerves. She had a glib explanation for wandering barefoot on a moonlit beach; later that night, after the girl had given me the slip, I learned that she had been at a beach cottage with one Eddie Patrono, alias Jones.

I found Eddie shot to death; and to Chief of Police Samuel Tinsman and Al Leonard, a vacationing detective sergeant from up North, it looked very much as though Valerie had done the murder. Somehow I couldn't believe it; and when Valerie showed up at my house pretending to be my wife, I went along with the masquerade. A dragnet was out for her, but the police had only the vague description of her that I had given. One thing was sure: a man who drove a gray sedan was out to get Valerie. He tried to run her down and shoot her while we were searching the beach, and I had to save her at the risk of my own neck. The truth about Valerie began to come out when Leonard disclosed that he knew her. She was a newspaper reporter on the trail of racketeers who had taken over the city government back home; Leonard was also on their trail, being employed by a reform group known as the Committee of Thirty.

Valerie believed that Patrono was killed by his employer, whom she knew as George Lawrence. According to Leonard, Lawrence was actually Champ Lane, the big boss of the city machine. Lane was a shell collector—and that seemed to bear out Valerie's suspicion, since we had found a bag of sea shells in the cottage where Patrono was killed. I made a sketch of Lane from Valerie's description; I also made one of Valerie as she'd looked the night I met her. At this point the chief of police walked into my house, picked up the sketch and said he would use it to track the girl down.

CONCLUSION

The hush that followed could have been filled in nicely with a reading of the burial service. Valerie huddled in her chair. Al stood motionless, his eyes cold and watchful. The chief studied the sketch. I waited for him to tell Valerie that it was a good likeness of her.

Nothing happened.

It was unbelievable. He was staring at a sketch of a girl he wanted for murder while the girl herself sat close to him, but he didn't make the connection. The minor differences between the sketch and the subject didn't explain his blindness. Apparently he had what psychologists call a mental block. But there was only a tiny gap that needed to be bridged in his mind. A word, a frightened move, could make the connection.

"Just what I wanted," the chief said, looking at me fondly. "And to think you could have done this sketch of Valerie Wilson right at the start!"

I tried, without any hope, to head him off. "That isn't Valerie Wilson," I said. "I was just sitting here doodling and—"

"Don't give me that, Stuart. Bandanna, white shirt, the kind of face that would go nicely in a Caribbean travel ad—you remember giving me that description of her. Well, this is it."

"But I was just sitting here sketching at random and—"

"That's the answer!" the chief interrupted. "Your mind was at work without you knowing it, Stuart. What do they call it, the subconscious? Stuart, I'm proud of you."

"We're all proud of you," Al Leonard said in a flat voice.

I made one last try. "Don't use it," I said. "How do you know it really looks like her? Might throw you off the track."

Nobody was going to head off the chief. He plowed through my objections like a bulldozer clearing out clumps of palmetto. "We can settle that easy," he said. "I'll take it to Beachcomber Court and see what they say. I'm not worried, though. Funny thing, I could almost swear I've seen that girl in the last two days."

Al said, in a voice like a file on metal, "You probably saw her in your sleep."

"Anyway," the chief said, "now I really have something to go on. Well, I'm headed for Beachcomber Court before they shut up for the night. But don't look for any real news right away. Take a lot of time to show this to every taxi driver in town, especially with some of the bums out fishing. Night, folks. Take it easy, Stuart. You look dead." He walked out with the sketch.

Al said mockingly, "Take it easy, Stuart. You look dead."

"I don't feel that good, though," I said. "Valerie, I—"

"It couldn't be helped," she said. Then she gave a faint laugh and added, "You ought to give up advertising, Bill. You have a future doing portraits."

"He has a future doing time," Al said.

"It was just bad luck that the chief came in," Valerie said.

"But that's the only kind of luck Stuart has! Everything he does is bad news for you. Well, pack up and beat it. What are you waiting for?"

"I'm waiting to be arrested," she said. "I know newspapers. That sketch, and the story that goes with it, adds up to front-page stuff. The only chance is to find Champ Lane before the chief locates the right taxi driver."

I said humbly, "We have the sketch of Lane. We can take it around tomorrow and—"

"Deal me out," Al said. "I like my way better. Nice picture you did of her, pal. Almost as good a likeness as the police photographer will get." He stamped out of the house.

I slumped in my chair and waited for Valerie to say something. She didn't. She moved quietly around the room straightening furniture and putting my sketching materials back in their box. I said, "If you want to stab *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

Getting people to "argue for a spell" is one of Judge Bill's special techniques for barring legal mumbo jumbo from his court and preserving a unique air of informality

The Law West of the Trinity

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

Texans hail Judge Bill Richburg as a twentieth-century Roy Bean minus the six-shooters. The special brand of justice he dispenses sniffs at lawbooks but pleases the customers

N a Dallas justice-of-the-peace court on the western bank of the Trinity River, a youthful lawyer slipped a lawbook from his brief case and began reading aloud. He was interrupted by the rawhide gavel of Judge Bill Richburg.

"Don't read the law to me, bud," said the judge. "It'll get me confused. And then I'll confuse you."

Judge Bill Richburg—a justice of the peace better known in Texas today than any federal jurist—is often called a modern Judge Roy Bean. He runs his court with the same informality and utter lack of legal inhibition which characterized Justice of the Peace Bean's "Law West of the Pecos." He has himself helped invite the not too flattering designation as Bean's spiritual successor by putting some big signs, "The Law West of the Trinity," on the fly-specked windows of his courtroom.

Judge Bean enforced his rulings with six-shooters, Winchesters and a noose.

Judge Richburg uses psychology and peace bonds—thousands of peace bonds.

Tucked away in the Texas penal codes is an article giving a justice court the power to place a person under a bond of any amount to keep him from disturbing the peace for a year. Failing to post bond means a year in jail—unless the governor or a district judge dismisses or reduces the bond.

Richburg has issued almost 10,000 peace bonds. Not one has been dismissed. Only a half dozen have been reduced. And he has put some individuals under bonds as high as $250,000 to insure that they will do no wrong.

Texas lawyers say there are no legal precedents for many of the things Richburg does with peace bonds—or, more often, with the mere threat of a bond. Richburg uses them for everything from settling family rows to arbitrating million-dollar lawsuits and fights between labor and management.

"That Judge Bill has more power than the whole Supreme Court!" declared one awed fellow who'd just been placed under a $150,000 peace bond. The lad had shot off one of his wife's ears and threatened to do a better job of marksmanship when he got out on bail.

Knowing the husband could never post the gigantic bond, and would stay behind bars until tried, Richburg promised, "I'm going to make you the most valuable piece of property in county jail."

Richburg's court is in Oak Cliff, a prosperous Dallas suburb of 200,000, most of whom speak of Judge Bill with pride and respect and amusement. Here he is a combination family adviser, psychiatrist, coroner, detective, free lawyer, and marrying man. He marries more than 1,000 couples a year, usually in a sound studio. Conversely, the judge is also renowned as a fearless referee of domestic troubles. He has kept more than 20,000 warring husbands and wives from getting divorces, although he advises a few couples to get a divorce, with the blessing, "Better luck next time."

Down in the Trinity River flats below Oak Cliff lies another part of Richburg's domain, West Dallas, the "Casbah" of Greater Dallas. In pre-Richburg days, West Dallas was one of the most sinful acreages on earth and a leading hatchery for Southwest criminals. It was the hide-out for such rococo outlaws as Clyde Barrow and his cigar-smoking girl friend, Bonnie Parker, and for such well-publicized murderers as Raymond Hamilton and Dagger Pruitt.

Richburg has (*Continued on page* 44)

Quiet moments like this one at home are a novelty to the fast-moving Richburgs, son Jack and daughter Mary

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ULRIC MEISEL

SUCKER TRAPS: *Plain and Fancy*

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

Continuing THE POSTAL INSPECTORS

Thanks to the sharp eyes of the Post Office Inspection Service, the number of con men who make their shady living by using the mails to defraud has fast dwindled. But many still thrive, and in tracking them down, postal inspectors find certain rackets more favored than others. Here are some classic swindles-by-mail which everybody should know about and guard against

III

A WISP of a man who had devoted all his adult life to the Post Office Inspection Service gazed into his beer, shook his head sadly, and said, "They say there's a sucker born every minute. I wish that was true. It's *got* to be more than *one* a minute."

He was reminded that postal inspectors had just about exterminated big-time confidence swindlers. That cheered him little. "Yeah," he sighed, "but farmers with degrees from Harvard are still sending for sex determiners for two and a half bucks. You hold them over an egg and if it swings one way it's a hen; if it swings the other way it's a cockerel. Works on cows, pigs, horses, anything. With a pound of lead and a ball of twine I'll make you 200 sex determiners.

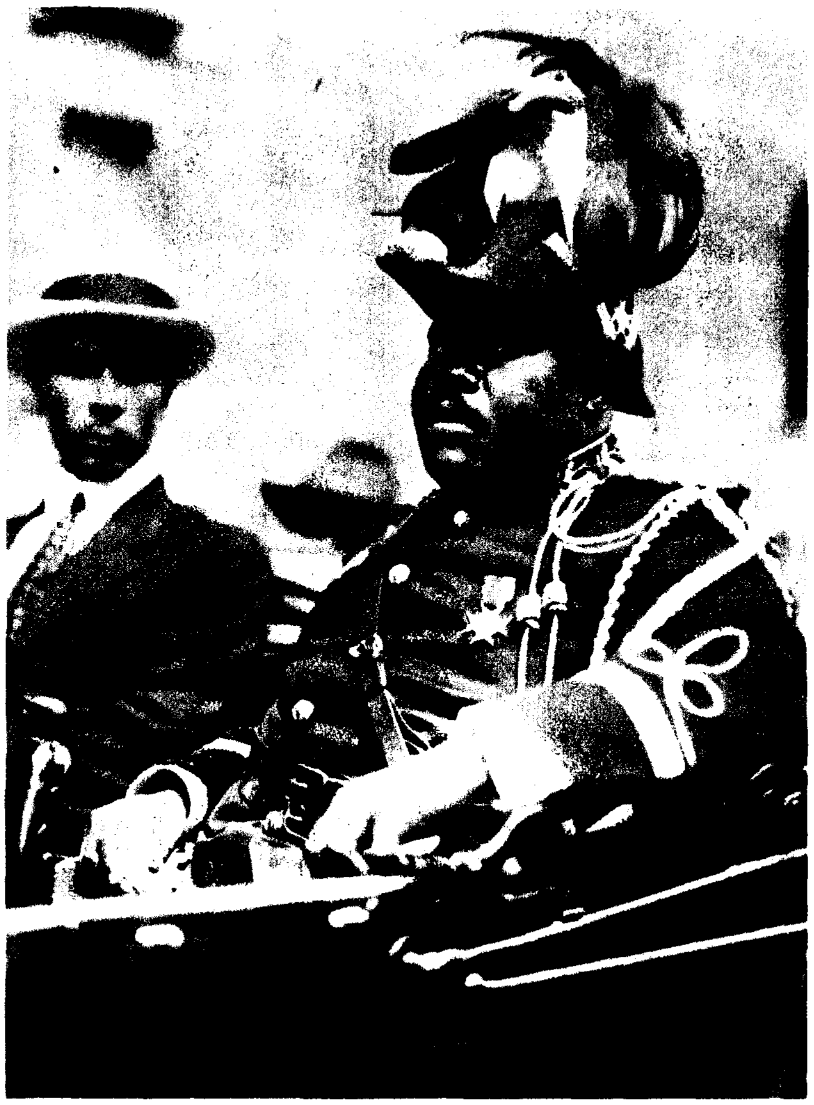
"And we just put the clout on a guy down in Georgia. If you mail him three wishes and five bucks he'll make your wishes come true. He has a pot in which he burns the wishes. He says he has a four-motor airplane and he takes the pot up 45,000 feet and burns the wishes up where the elements are not subject to the influence of the earth's movement. He can barely write his name but he owns two houses.

"And the matrimony racket! We put a dame in jail right here in Washington. She was almost seventy, yet she had so many old goats on the string that she used a mimeograph machine for her come-on correspondence.

"Do you know that the biggest con game today is the old 'Spanish swindle'?

"They're clipping Americans for about a half million a year and I know the Spanish swindle was being worked in colonial times."

The Spanish swindle is giving the Post Office Inspection Service serious trouble at the moment. It is expensive to Americans and can be physically dangerous, because if a sucker tries to pull out at the last moment he is likely to get his skull cracked. It is so prevalent in Mexico that tourists crossing the border from the United States are handed cards outlining the trick and warning of its physical and financial dangers.


ACME

Thanks to post-office sleuths a two-year prison stretch interrupted the fabulous con-man career of self-appointed Admiral Marcus Aurelius Garvey

The Spanish swindle is Big Con as opposed to Short Con, meaning that large sums of money are involved. The sucker is proving once again that the old-time grifters were right when they said, "You can't cheat an honest man." To make this swindle work you must have a sucker who wants a little the best of it and is willing to cheat to get it.

Such was a well-to-do Californian who, last summer, was clipped by the Spanish swindle in all its classic proportions, plus one. He got the usual letter in poor English. It came from the usual Mexican who was in jail for bankruptcy. Naturally the prisoner had heard of the Californian from mutual friends "who must remain anonymous." These friends spoke exceedingly well of the honest Californian—and on that pertinent note the honest Californian was invited to do a little cheating.

It seems the Mexican knew he was to be arrested so he spirited a false-bottomed valise filled with $235,000 American to the border. It was checked in the customs house there. The Mexican had been caught before he could get away and sentenced to three years. As proof, attached is the sealed and stamped verdict of the court, signed by the three judges, and a news story of the trial. Now this was the proposition:

The Californian must bring to Mexico City $10,000 in cash. This was to bribe the turnkey who had mailed the letter. The turnkey would turn over the claim check for the bag containing $235,000. The Californian was to keep half of the $235,000 for his favor—providing he also agreed to care for the Mexican's beautiful twenty-year-old daughter while Daddy was serving his time.

The Californian, his mind filled with half of $235,000 and all of a beautiful señorita, lit off for Mexico City as quickly as he could get to his bank and withdraw $10,000. In Mexico City he went to the suggested hotel and was immediately contacted by telephone. A man came to see him. Then negotiations broke off. There was something amiss at the jail. Suddenly a mysterious telephone call and the words, "Be in your room at meednight."

The Californian, who had begun to worry that he might lose out on the half of $235,000 and the señorita, was relieved. He anxiously awaited the midnight caller. The caller came. He proffered a claim check. The American was no fool. He carefully examined the check before turning over $10,000. His caller hissed, "Maria Theresa weell join you een Los Angeles," and disappeared into the night.

At the border, believe it or not, the check was honored and the Californian gleefully slid back into God's country. As soon as he thought it safe, he pulled over to the side of the road, opened the bag and discovered the most expensive set of Mexican newspaper clippings he had ever seen.

Unlike most Spanish-swindle victims, the Californian went to the postal inspectors. They didn't laugh as he told them the familiar story. When he had finished, an inspector asked, "Didn't you get a card when you crossed into Mexico, sir?"

The man reached into a pocket and withdrew a card. "You mean this?" he asked. The inspector winced only a little and nodded. The man glanced at it for a moment, whistled, and without embarrassment said, "I'm sorry I just didn't get a chance to read it. You see I was in a hurry."

The post-office inspectors are itching to go into Mexico and probably will do so as soon as they can convince Mexican police officials that such things are really happening and are not grotesque *Yanqui* jokes: "Señores, how could anybody be so stupid? It's a joke, no? Or maybe the *Yanquis* who were stuck are just a little bit crazy, yes? You know. The hallucinations."

One Celedonio Sevilla and his wife Delfina worked the Spanish swindle in reverse. They operated from New York and had six girls typing letters to lure rich South and Central Americans up here. Inspectors Leslie A. Hiller and Francis Boyle steered a suspicious Latin through the necessary evidence-gathering steps. Señor Sevilla is now doing seven years. His señora got a three-year suspended sentence.

It is conceded that through the ages love has caused a good deal of trouble. The Post Office Inspection Service is no exception and is currently rounding out about a century of open warfare against the "lonely hearts swindle," a racket that's always good for a laugh unless you happen to be about eighty and get taken for your life's savings.

Allen McArthur, alias Ashur McAvoy, had the lonely hearts swindle so organized that he had to lay out a schedule. He traveled around the country like the New York Yankees, playing each town for about three days and occasionally playing a double-header in larger cities.

Like most lonely hearts grifters of either sex, McArthur followed the columns of publications which are devoted to "the interests of the unmarried" and intended for the introduction of matrimonially inclined ladies and gentlemen. He would write letters to matrimonially inclined ladies and then lay out his route.

If he got to Racine, Wisconsin, on Monday he would meet his prey immediately, setting himself up as a rich salesman from California. Tuesday he would lose his traveler's checks in the morning, and Tuesday evening he would show his lady a telegram from the home office: "Half-million-dollar deal pending. Essential you be here within 48 hours." The remainder of Tuesday evening would be a tender scene during which he would permit her to talk him out of his manly *(Continued on page 48)*

SERVED TO

"Hap" Arnold*

AND HIS CHARMING WIFE
AT EL RANCHO FELIZ, SONOMA, CALIFORNIA

Your Taste will tell you why!

*HENRY H. ARNOLD

Former Commanding General of the Army Air Forces. Holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Clarence H. Mackay Trophy. Author of "Air Men and Aircraft" and "This Flying Game."

YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE...

"finest beer served ...anywhere!"

Your Taste will tell you why!

Internationally Famous

Pabst Blue Ribbon

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER • Copr. 1949, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Mister Million

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

DEALS NEVER WORK. SOMEBODY'S WATCH IS ALWAYS SLOW.
GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ST. CHARLES NEW ORLEANS LA

NO WATCH NECESSARY. JUST COUNT UP TO SIX. ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX. THEN DOWN THE GANGPLANK. GOT IT? IF YOU HAVE TO COUNT ABOVE SIX, USE THE FINGERS ON YOUR OTHER HAND. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

OKAY FUNNYMAN BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU. FEEL THIS WILL BE WORST NAUTICAL DISASTER SINCE LUSITANIA. GEORGE.

HOTEL FLAGLER
Palm Isle, Florida
January 13, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I am here, and so far I must admit the thing looks like a breeze.

Getting the information we needed was surprisingly simple. It always astounds me what you can get in this world just by asking for it. No trouble and skulduggery. I merely called up a member of the *committee*, informed him that I was Mr. Jonathan Green from Mason City, Iowa, and that we were planning a similar celebration at our next year's Corn Festival. Just how did you go about choosing a millionth visitor?

Why it's simple, Mr. Green, he said—glad to have you with us. All you usually do, if no exact records have been kept, is just to estimate it. Some communities, just for luck, add seventeen and multiply by two. In any case, and a thing you may not have thought of, you have to set some definite time for the arrival of your millionth visitor, so that the reporters and newsreel men can be on hand. In our celebration here, for instance, we have decided that our Millionth Visitor will be the tenth person off the noon boat on the 16th.

Well, isn't that interesting, I said, and if you're ever up our way drop in and see us. The latchstring is always out at the Green home in Mason City.

Anyway, that's the deal. Get Linda on the 7:00 A.M. plane from Los Angeles on the morning of the 15th. That'll put her into Miami at 11:40 P.M., the night before the festivities, and leave enough leeway to take care of possible delays. I'll meet her at the airport, bed her down in Miami overnight, and have her positively tenth in line on the noon boat over to lovely Palm Isle.

I hate to admit it, but you have finally thought up one that can't miss.

Your reluctant admirer,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL FLAGLER PALM ISLE FLA

LINDA LEFT THIS MORNING. COULD THAT GUY YOU TALKED TO HAVE BEEN KIDDING? I DETECT YOU GETTING OVERCONFIDENT AGAIN, WHICH ALWAYS MAKES ME SHUDDER. WHEN YOU GET HAPPY I GET MISERABLE. IF YOU MESS THIS ONE UP I WILL HAVE YOU DRAWN AND DIMED. DRAWING AND QUARTERING WOULD BE TOO GOOD FOR YOU. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

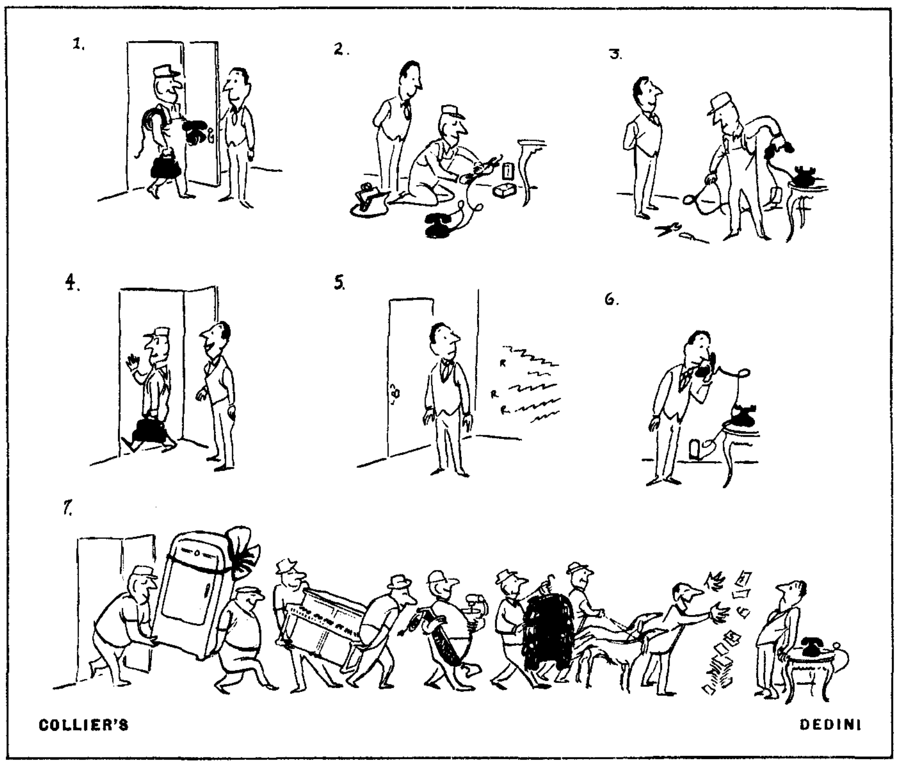
AS USUAL YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME. OTHER MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE RECEIVED SUBSEQUENT CALLS FROM A MISTER HENRY HUMBER OF KLAMATH FALLS, CY BREEDLOVE FROM OKLAHOMA CITY, AND WALLY WASHBURN FROM WALLA WALLA. ALL TOLD ME EXACTLY SAME STORY. NO CHANCE OF UPSET. WILL WIRE THE MINUTE WE LAND. GEORGE.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

MAN THE LIFEBOATS. THERE HAS BEEN A NASTY ACCIDENT. DON'T OPEN TOMORROW'S PAPERS WITHOUT FIRST TAKING STRONG SEDATIVE. BELIEVE ME IT WAS NOT MY FAULT. AIR-MAIL LETTER FOLLOWS EXPLAINING ALL. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL FLAGLER PALM ISLE FLA

YOU KNUCKLEHEAD. YOU HAVE UNDOUBTEDLY CLABBERED BEST IDEA I'VE HAD IN THIRTY YEARS. WHAT WENT WRONG THIS TIME?
DICK.



HOTEL FLAGLER
Palm Isle, Florida
January 16, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Now, Dick, try to take this calmly.

All I can say is that at 11:59 we were three feet from fame, and at 11:59¼ we were dead.

The only possible thing that could have gone wrong went. Linda got in on schedule, I got her to bed and up on schedule, I got her breakfasted and on the noon boat on schedule, and started her down the gangplank exactly tenth in line. At this point the odds were at least a million to one that there was no way in this world for Miss Linda Riley to avoid being Palm Isle's Millionth Visitor. There was no chance of anything going wrong except what did.

Just ahead of her going down the gangplank was a prim old boy in a Milan straw hat, a rolled umbrella, and a straw suitcase. As we neared the end of the gangplank he stumbled slightly, looked back, saw Linda, and before I could move a muscle he had stepped politely aside, ushered her off ahead of him, and stepped ashore himself into the arms of 10,000 flash bulbs. Buried under Linda's infernal luggage there was absolutely nothing I could do to prevent it. Linda is enjoying just what she expected—a quiet vacation, and Palm Isle is going nuts over their Millionth Visitor, who has turned out to be a Mr. A. C. Clendenning from New London, Connecticut.

But all is possibly not lost. As soon as I get this communiqué off, I will rush out of this hotel and somehow work Linda back into this festival. They certainly need something to balance Joy Boy.

And maybe I've got it! One of the events later this afternoon is to be a beauty contest to choose a Festival Queen to reign with Mister Million during this time of frivolity. Perhaps I can purchase Linda a skimpy bathing suit, and induce her to enter.

More later. And keep cool.

George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL FLAGLER PALM ISLE FLA

DO NOT BOTHER TO BEAT A DEAD HORSE. JUST TAKE YOUR MEDICINE. COMMIT SUICIDE. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

COME COME. PERK UP. WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS. LINDA PALM ISLE FESTIVAL QUEEN AND SO LOVELY BESIDE OLD SPARERIBS THAT ALL PUBLICITY PLAY GOING TO HER. THIS AFTERNOON SHE WAS IN MORE NEWSREELS THAN BOULDER DAM. ALSO TERRIFIC PLAY ALL PAPERS. MAYBE WHOLE THING LUCKY DEVELOPMENT.
GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL FLAGLER PALM ISLE FLA

LINDA INDEED IN ALL PAPERS AND NEWSREELS. IDENTIFIED AS MISS GENEVIEVE SMYTHE, PSYCHOLOGY MAJOR FROM VASSAR. HAVE YOU GONE COMPLETELY NUTS? DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

OH YES, I MUST EXPLAIN THAT. I MEAN ABOUT THE SEEMING ERROR IN THE CAPTIONS. I MANAGED THAT ONLY BY QUICK THINKING. HOW DID I KNOW WHO THE OLD IDIOT WAS? AIR-MAIL LETTER FOLLOWS EXPLAINING ALL. AND DON'T WORRY. I'LL WORK IT OUT. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL FLAGLER PALM ISLE FLA

ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'RE GOING TO WORK IT OUT AT A DOLLAR A DAY IN THE HOLLYWOOD JAIL. I HAVE A FEELING THAT THIS IS THE TIME. DICK.

HOTEL FLAGLER
Palm Isle, Florida
January 18, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, here's what happened. I mean, why Linda had to temporarily become Miss Genevieve Smythe. After I tell you, you'll thank me.

When I decided to enter Linda in the beauty contest I knew that drastic measures would be necessary, as there are *literally* thousands of good-looking girls walking around this place in bathing suits that would be tight on a mosquito. So I went to the bathing-suit store and told the clerk that an eccentric niece of mine was going to the French Riviera, and did they have anything in beach togs that might gain her a little attention over there? Well, she said, we have the Bikini, or Atomic, model. I have seen the Atomic model, I said, and I am sure that she would not wish any such old-fashioned Mother Hubbard; do you have anything newer, possibly one having *something to do with germ warfare?*

I finally chose a small white number that would have been inadequate on a girl of five. You could have pasted the entire suit on a letter and mailed it, and they would have delivered it without question, thinking it was a stamp. But Linda looked just lovely in it, being a great girl for fresh air.

During the contest I stood off to one side of the runway where I could get a good view of Hilarious Harry, sitting uncomfortable and flustered among the judges. When he saw Linda he stiffened like a man who had grasped a live wire. One of the *committee* members was standing beside me and with a merry smile I asked him if he knew anything about who their Mister Million was.

Why yes, he said—ha, ha, ha,—that's the funniest part of the whole thing. That's old Arthur Clendenning, the crusty old bachelor, who's head of the Eastern Motion Picture Review Board. He's back of all that movie censorship back East. And now—ha, ha, ha—look at him!

I grasped the runway for support. Clendenning's the guy up there who's driven us nuts for twenty years. He thinks the last *decent bathing suit* was the one worn by Annette Kellerman.

And there was Linda strolling by on the runway smiling at him from head to toe. The thought of her winning the contest, and being presented to Clendenning in that white raveling as a representative of Federal Pictures, was a shattering prospect. We would never again have got another Federal Picture into the Eastern seaboard with a crowbar.

Fortunately up to that time the contestants had been identified only by numbers. Ripping out an old grocery list, I scribbled a frantic note and slipped it to Linda as she came down the runway steps. "If anybody asks you who you are, you are Miss Genevieve Smythe, young psychology major from Vassar. I'll explain later."

And that is why Miss Genevieve Smythe is suddenly famous all over the land.

But don't worry. I'll work it out.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL FLAGLER PALM ISLE FLA

GEORGE I BEG OF YOU DO NO

IMPORTED
By appointment to His Excellency the Governor General of Canada
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
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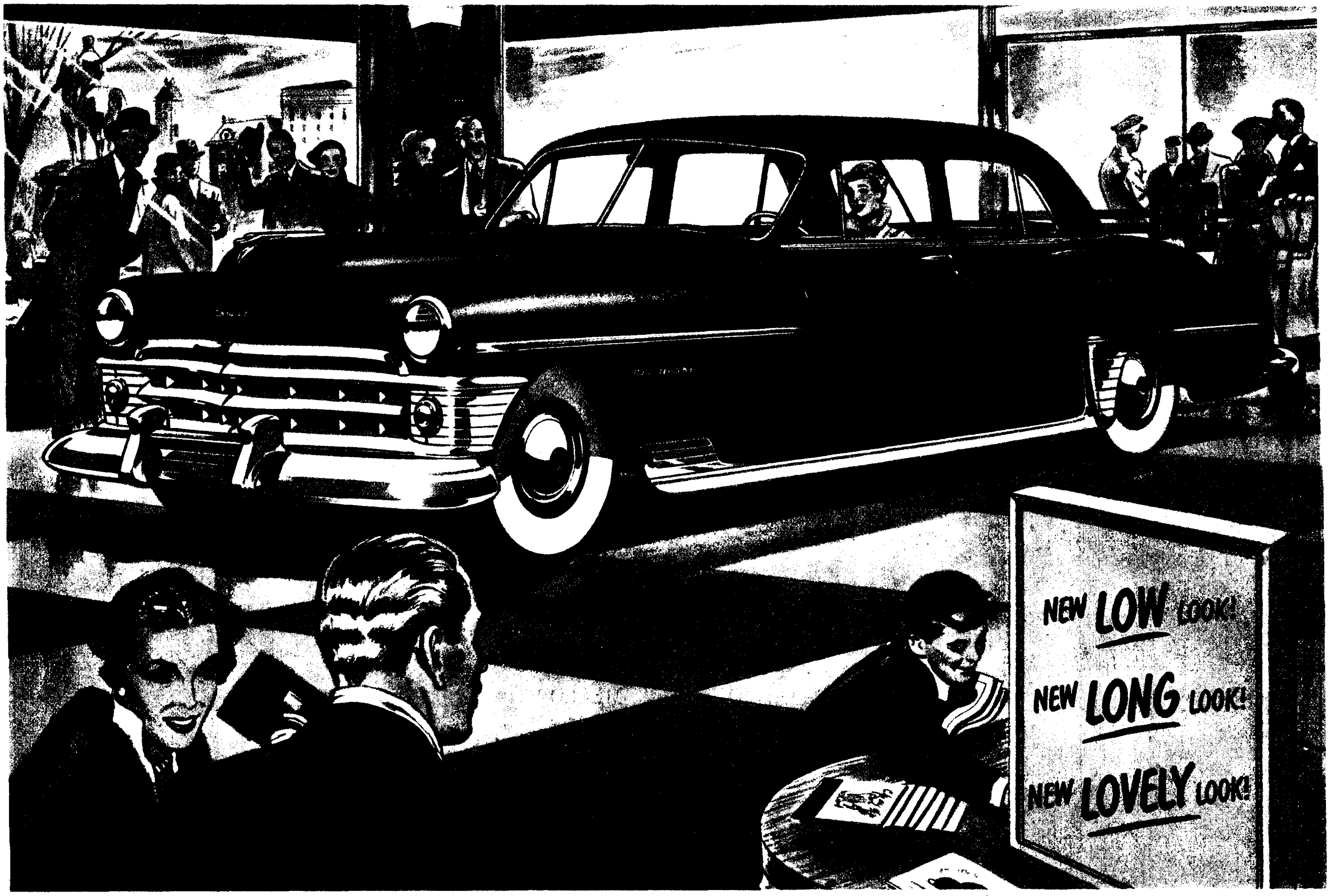
Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y.

SEE THESE BEAUTIFULLY STYLED NEW CARS AT YOUR CHRYSLER DEALER TODAY

PUNCH LINE FOR 1950

New...New...New CHRYSLERS with all-new beauty inside and out!


NEW LOW LOOK!
NEW LONG LOOK!
NEW LOVELY LOOK!

They're Now On Display . . . Come, see them today! . . . cars of *surprising* new beauty . . . cars *deliberately styled* to look new all the way through! New longer, lower, lovelier lines . . . stunning new interiors, new nylon fabrics. Yes . . . it's *today's new style classic!* And Chrysler's kind of beauty is the beauty you really appreciate —because it reflects the sound engineering and the solid comfort inside. Again there is room to spare for your head, your hat, your legs, your shoulders. Again seats are chair height! Again—the Chrysler is designed for easiest handling—for safe vision—for ease of getting in and out. See it, drive it and you'll agree, it's the smartest and most comfortable, the safest and sweetest performing car today. (19 beautiful new body styles available.)

MORE. THE MINUTE CLENDENNING GETS BACK HOME HE REVIEWS OUR WHOLE NEXT YEAR'S PRODUCT. FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF. JUST LEAVE. TAKE LINDA AND GO ANYWHERE AT OUR EXPENSE. BELIEVE THERE'S A PLANE LEAVING THERE LATER TONIGHT FOR OUTER MONGOLIA. TAKE IT. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

COULDN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE NOW. HAVE BEEN MADE MEMBER OF ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE. WHOLE SITUATION CHANGED. DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE TILL YOU GET AIR-MAIL SPECIAL LETTER NOW ON WAY.
GEORGE.

HOTEL FLAGLER
Palm Isle, Florida
January 19, 1950

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, as usual, our seeming catastrophe is turning out to be just about as lucky a thing as ever happened to us.

You know, Richard, the more you study the lives of great men the more you learn two things. First, they're lucky. An ordinary man goes out to plant a geranium—he digs a hole, plants the geranium, shovels the dirt back in, and that's that. He's got himself a geranium. A great man goes out to plant a geranium—he digs a hole, and strikes oil.

Also, great men don't seek jobs; jobs seek them. They go in and sit down to listen to the ball game, and all of a sudden there are all sorts of people stamping around the front porch demanding that they run for governor.

That's the way it's always been with me. I came over here to get Linda a little publicity, and a problem that's plagued the whole movie industry for twenty years is dumped in my lap. I never have any trouble with the job I'm supposed to do; it's these infernal executive duties that crowd in. Getting Linda publicity right this minute is no problem. All I'd have to do is unmask her, hit the drum once, and we would have publicity by the barrel. But if I did that, the only way we would ever get another picture into certain Eastern states would be to paint a mustache on it. Every time I turn around here, old Clendenning unthreads my needle.

So I guess the only thing to do is first take care of Clendenning. Nobody else has been able to convince him that he's an old idiot, so I guess I'll have to.

Giving Mr. Clendenning his hypodermic will of course not be easy. I have seldom seen a man with less talent for relaxation. When he isn't presiding like a starched ramrod at the various festival functions with Linda, he sits on the hotel porch all day formally attired in fresh seersucker, collar, tie and hat—one of what the younger group here refers to as the waxworks set.

They all get up at dawn every day, eat a breakfast that would kill a harvest hand, and then sit on the hotel porch. None of them goes near the water, evidently thinking it poisonous. Just what fun they get out of this sort of thing I can't imagine, but it seems they have all been doing it every winter for forty years, so there must be something to it.

At any rate, my problem is to get Mr. Clendenning down off that porch and into a decent frame of mind. Somehow he must be shown that movie people are dandy folks, and modern bathing suits like Linda's healthful and wholesome.

My plan is simple in the extreme. I have found that saving a man's life tends to give him a certain sense of gratitude, and in reading many accounts of rescues at sea, I have yet to read of a drowning man criticizing the costume of the lifeguard.

I will therefore hire myself a small, inexpensive skiff, saw an adequate hole nearly through the bottom, and then invite Mr. Clendenning to come along with Linda and me for a nice boat ride. I will tell Linda to wear her bathing suit under her slacks, as we may have a chance for a dip. I will tell Mr. Clendenning nothing.

When we are several miles offshore I will casually kick out the plug, and let nature take its course. Paddling desperately around, I will shout to Linda that I think I can keep up all right, and to save Mr. Clendenning. She will then naturally throw off her outer raiment and tow Mr. Clendenning briskly to shore. There is hardly any chance at all that we will drown him; the only hazard is that Linda will tow him up onto the sand at such a rate of speed that he will scratch his elbows.

At any rate, once ashore all Mr. Clendenning can possibly say is, My goodness, these new bathing suits do give a rescuer wonderful freedom of the arms, don't they? Another ounce of wool on that dear girl and I would have drowned like a gopher. Oh, what a fool I have been!

By this time I will have paddled brokenly to shore, and I will step up and divulge Linda's real identity, with the camera shutters snapping like popcorn.

"So after I finally convince him I'm not after his money, guess what I find out? He doesn't have any!"

COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

We will then shake hands all around, Mr. Clendenning will go back East and okay all our pictures, and we will all live happily ever after.

What's the matter with that plan? No other publicity man in Hollywood would even have thought of it.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL FLAGLER PALM ISLE FLA

IF YOU SO MUCH AS SAY HELLO TO CLENDENNING I'LL HAVE YOU DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THAT PLACE BEHIND A USED ESSEX. DISTRIBUTION END OF THIS FIRM NEEDS NO HELP FROM YOU. CANCEL THE WHOLE RIDICULOUS PLAN AT ONCE AND LEAVE CLENDENNING STRICTLY ALONE AND GET LINDA OUT OF THERE. IMMEDIATELY.
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

TOO LATE TO FLEE. LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN HAS RECOGNIZED LINDA AND IS THREATENING TO BLOW WHISTLE ON US. MAINTAINS WE HAVE DEEPLY WRONGED LOCAL BEAUTIES. IMPERATIVE CARRY OUT BOATING EXCURSION IMMEDIATELY. WE EMBARK AT TEN THIS MORNING. WILL WIRE YOU BY NOON WITH GLAD TIDINGS OR MY OBITUARY.
GEORGE.

CHIEF OF POLICE
PALM ISLE FLA

ONE OF OUR MOST VALUED EMPLOYEES, A MR. GEORGE SEIBERT, REGISTERED FLAGLER HOTEL YOUR CITY, HAS SUFFERED COMPLETE MENTAL COLLAPSE. SEIZE AND HOLD HIM FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS. AND WATCH OUT. HE'S TRICKY.
RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES, INC.

CITY JAIL
Palm Isle, Florida
January 21, 1950

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Well, of all the ungrateful things! How about getting me out of here?

Actually, it isn't too uncomfortable. I have been giving the boys a little help with the publicity plans for their annual Policeman's Ball, and they have just moved me to the bridal suite with the ocean view. But for some reason they refuse to let me out till they hear from you. So let them hear, Richard, let them hear.

But perhaps you would first like a few details about this morning's busy goings on. By now you have no doubt seen the papers, but there often are a few things the reporters don't get quite right. Thank the Lord.

In the first place, it was not my fault that things didn't work out quite as I'd originally planned. Everything went strictly according to the original script at first. I got the boat, sawed the hole, got Linda, got Clendenning—she introduced me as her Uncle George from Kalamazoo—and we took off.

As we cleared the breakwater I first thought that maybe I'd overdone it slightly. The broken concrete I had piled in the bait tank was making us ride a little low in the water. However, I didn't let it bother me. There was seepage through the crack I'd sawed, but I thought we'd stay afloat long enough for the plan to work.

As the first ocean rollers hit us, Mr. Clendenning, sitting in the bow clutching his straw hat, said, "Do you think this is safe?"

"You are just as safe," I replied, "as you would be in your mother's arms." I saw no reason to add that my own dear mother once stepped on a roller skate with me in her arms, practically knocking my brains out on the corner of the kitchen stove.

Sure enough, we were hardly a mile offshore when tragedy struck. I turned to smile back at Linda, and discovered that she was rapidly turning as green as her beautiful taut slacks. "I think maybe I'm getting sick," she said.

"Good Lord!" I cried, and jumping up to aid her I stepped on the place I'd sawed in the boat and stuck my leg into the Atlantic Ocean up to the hip. In so doing I somehow managed to hit my head on the side of the boat, and passed out colder than a trout.

When I opened my eyes, revived by the water, Mr. Clendenning was swimming about as briskly as a goldfish, holding Linda up with one hand and slapping me in the face with the other. The man swims like a barracuda. I noticed that he had even removed his tie and shoes. "Pardon me," he said, "but it's an emergency."

"It's quite all right," I said. "I think I can get in all right now," shucking off my own clothes down to my swimming trunks, "and if you'll strip some of that chartreuse foliage off Linda, you can probably tow her in all right."

"Linda?" he said.

"I'll tell you later," I said.

"Do you think we should?" he said.

"Sure," I said, "it's an emergency. And besides, she probably has her bathing suit on under it."

"All right," he said. And treading water, he peeled off Linda's water-soaked clothing like a man repairing an atomic bomb. Under her slacks and sweater she did have on her bathing suit, such as it was. During the disrobing she didn't let out a peep, incidentally, being at the moment a very ill girl.

"Now," I said to Clendenning, "put your left arm around her, and let's see if we can make it in."

He did, and we did.

When we finally got to the beach, I was too weary to be of any help whatever, and Mr. Clendenning, his eyes round as buggy wheels, gathered Linda up in his arms and carried her up through the bathers onto the dry sand. Then we all sank down exhausted, and suddenly there were about five million people milling around us, the lifeguards wrapping us in blankets, photographers taking pictures, doctors arriving, the jealous newspaper guy jumping up and down denouncing Linda as a ringer. Then Mr. Clendenning, who is really a pretty fine old boy, took a deep breath and faced the newspaper guy.

"Whatever this young woman has done," he said, "she has just very nearly drowned, and for the moment I would suggest that you keep a civil tongue in your head."

At that I revived rapidly, and told Mr. Clendenning and the reporters that all Linda had been trying to do was have a small incognito vacation; I had been sent along to see that she wasn't bothered by autograph seekers, and we had certainly meant no harm to anyone.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Clendenning. "No one knows better than I how difficult it is for a person of prominence in this world to enjoy any privacy, even on a vacation. May I assist you to your hotel, Miss Riley?"

You have never seen such a changed man. Impaling the assembly with a glittery eye, he calmly took Linda's arm and escorted her with great dignity across the strand to the hotel. No man can save the life of a girl like Linda, and hold her, however ill, in his arms, and ever be quite the same man again. Particularly if he is not used to that sort of thing.

You see, Dick, that's where the luck I was talking about comes in. Last night before all this happened, as I was sawing the hole in the boat, I chanced to see Mr. Clendenning, in a bathing suit straight out of a Mack Sennett comedy, creep down to the shore, plunge in, and take off like a man equipped with an outboard motor. Amazed, I finished my work, and then hastened up and had a short talk with one of the more ancient desk clerks. "Why, yes," he said, "Mr. Clendenning is an excellent swimmer. But, like many of our older guests, he prefers a somewhat outmoded suit, and therefore swims at night, thus avoiding much adolescent ridicule."

Well! And that's when I switched the plot. Because if there's one thing that gives a man a greater sense of gratitude than saving his own life, it's giving him the privilege of saving your life, particularly if you are a girl like Linda. And that is why I slipped Linda the small mickey in her breakfast orange juice.

And for all this my reward is to get clapped in the sneezer. Truly it does not pay in this world to have unusual ability.

What did I do when your gendarmes seized me? What could I do? I called my attorney, Clendenning. He is even now preparing a suit that will curl your hair—I believe he mentioned false imprisonment, defamation of character, and barratry.

Actually, of course, I haven't called him at all, but I might if you don't get a key and a bonus over here with great speed. These concrete floors could give a man arthritis.

As ever,
George.

THE END

Pontiac
BODY BY FISHER
For all five
Chevrolet
BODY BY FISHER
Cadillac
BODY BY FISHER

Oldsmobile
BODY BY FISHER

it's
Beauty by Fisher

Feast your eyes on the fresh 1950 models of all five General Motors cars—and you will find that beauty wears many forms, proudly bears many names.

Each of these handsome automobiles is a masterpiece in its own right, unmistakable on the highway. But one important feature they gladly share: *Body by Fisher.*

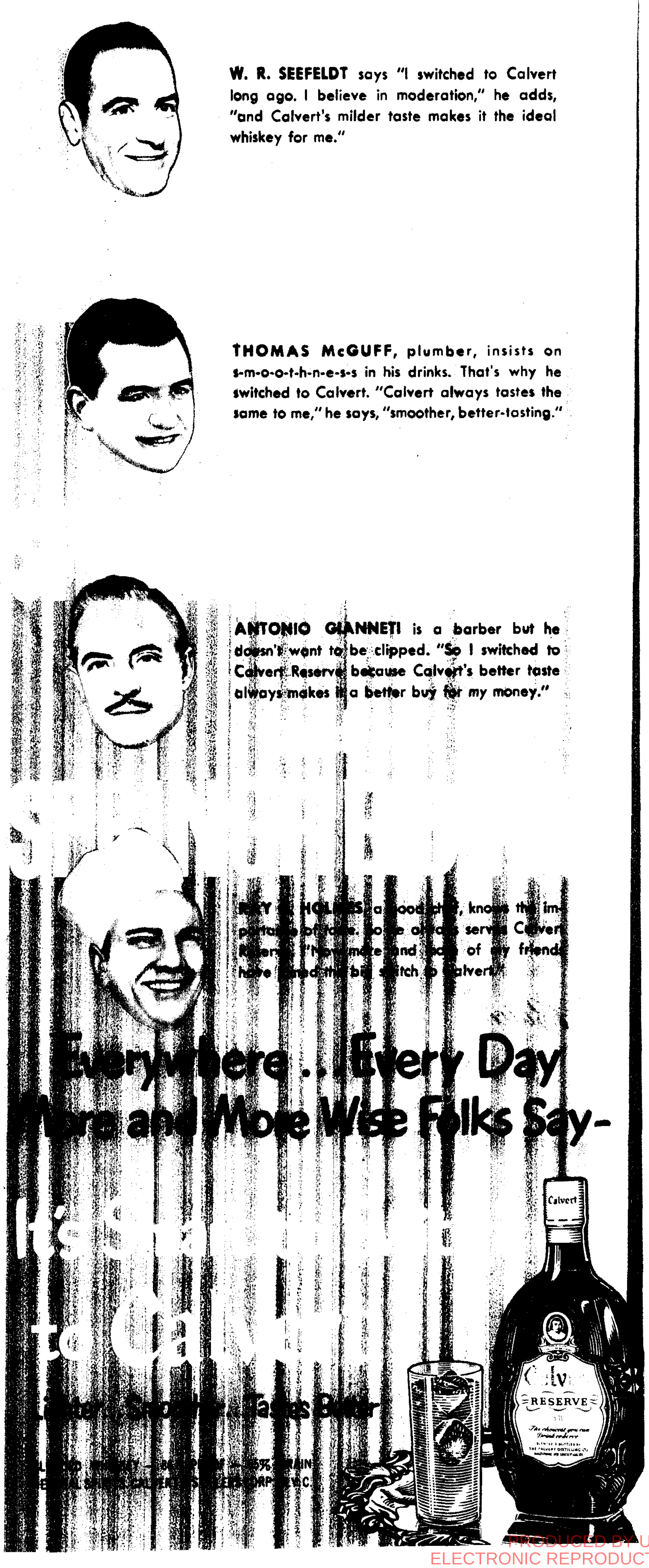
For into each Body by Fisher go fine materials, masterful engineering craftsmanship that has set the standards of an industry for 41 years. Thus, Body by Fisher gives you many advantages.

It gives you high visibility—fashioned in safety *plate* glass. Deep, embracing comfort. Interior finish and upholstery with a richness beyond its price class. And, of first importance, it gives you an underlying solidity and substance, a ruggedness of construction that makes every General Motors car so safe, so staunch on the road, so *lastingly* beautiful!

Buick
BODY BY FISHER

Body by Fisher

—BETTER THAN EVER!


W. R. SEEFELDT says "I switched to Calvert long ago. I believe in moderation," he adds, "and Calvert's milder taste makes it the ideal whiskey for me."

THOMAS McGUFF, plumber, insists on s-m-o-o-t-h-n-e-s-s in his drinks. That's why he switched to Calvert. "Calvert always tastes the same to me," he says, "smoother, better-tasting."

ANTONIO GIANNETI is a barber but he doesn't want to be clipped. "So I switched to Calvert Reserve because Calvert's better taste always makes it a better buy for my money."

RAY [illegible] HOLMES, a good chef, knows the importance of taste. [illegible] always serve Calvert Reserve. "Now more and [illegible] of my friends have [illegible] the big switch to Calvert."

Everywhere ... Every Day More and More Wise Folks Say–

It's S[illegible] to Ca[illegible]

Lighter . Smoother . Tastes Better

[illegible] WHISKEY—86 [illegible]—65% GRAIN [illegible] SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C.

The Law West of the Trinity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

cooled off West Dallas, mostly with peace bonds. Every known or suspected criminal in West Dallas has a "Richburg sword" hanging over his head—a peace bond which is forfeited if he gets into mischief.

There are now fewer murders annually in West Dallas than in a fortnight in the old days. "Those folks just don't seem to shoot as straight when they're under peace bonds," Richburg explains it.

Sheriff Bill Decker of Dallas County tells how he once arrested a West Dallas man and asked him: "Aren't you under peace bond?"

"No, I ain't got no Richburg trouble, Sheriff. Honest, I ain't got no Richburg trouble."

A West Dallas housewife, inclined toward homicide, told a deputy sheriff, "I would have sure blown my husband's brains out if it weren't for my Richburg trouble. I'm under a $200 peace bond. And it just ain't worth it to kill a varmint like my husband."

Richburg, a heavy-shouldered, dark-haired fellow of forty-six, whose kindly brown eyes don't match his stern mouth, tries an average of 5,500 cases a year. Sometimes he has three or four cases going at once.

Housewives often interrupt their shopping to stop by his little court, sit on the cane-bottomed chairs and watch the uninhibited judge administer his modern version of frontier-style justice. The courtroom is always crowded. Children on their roller skates come gliding by the bench, shouting, "Hi, Judge Bill!"

Richburg developed a passionate hatred for formalized "lawbook justice" during a dozen years as a district court clerk.

Now, when he tries a case, he throws out of the window all the traditional rules of court procedure.

For example, a girl charged with trying to take a double-edged ax to her next-door neighbor, an elderly Baptist minister, was brought into Richburg's court.

"Court rules suspended," Richburg announced. "You folks argue for a spell. Say anything that comes to mind."

Preacher Versus Lady With Ax

The room sounded to the rolling baritone of the minister and the indignant contralto of the young woman. The trouble involved the question of who was to repair a rotting four-foot fence which separated their properties. The preacher said the girl had lost her temper and charged at him with the ax. He said further that she'd cornered him, and that he'd been compelled to crash through the fence to escape.

"I made a gate where there wasn't a gate, Judge," he testified.

The woman denied she had pursued the minister: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, Judge!"

Richburg retorted, "Yes, the wicked flee when no man pursueth. But the righteous flee a hell of a lot faster when an ornery woman pursueth with a double-bitted ax."

He put the woman under a $200 bond not to disturb the peace, explaining:

"Under this bond, you're just like a calf on a long rope. If you don't behave, I'll be pullin' in on that rope. And it'll cost you $200."

The girl made her bond, and has been at peace with the preacher and all other neighbors ever since.

By letting the contenders in a court case "argue for a spell," Richburg says he learns more about the real facts than he could in hours of formal testimony. He pretends to be a legal ignoramus, but actually can hold his own with some pretty shrewd legal minds. He had two years in law school, but quit after he married a Dallas nurse, Miss Edna Turnipseed, and started raising a family.

Richburg spent a decade and more as a district court clerk. During that career he stored up a powerful resentment against justice based on fine, technical points of law. Elected justice of the peace six years ago (he hasn't had an opponent in the last two elections), he has since done nothing in the orthodox legal way.

Judge Bill was called in at the inquest of a convicted murderer, slain soon after his escape from a penitentiary. The convict was killed while resisting the arrest of one of the best pistol shots in the Texas Rangers. Richburg's written verdict: "Suicide."

Bawdy Juke Records Testify

A deacon complained to Richburg that a tavern near his church was playing lewd songs on a juke box. The judge corralled the deacon, the proprietor of the tavern and a number of the establishment's patrons for a "court of inquiry," put the juke box on the witness stand and began playing the bawdy records.

During one particularly spicy record, someone snickered. "Contempt of court!" bawled Richburg. "Ten dollars and costs!" He fined the tavern keeper on the juke box's "evidence."

Three elderly women filed a complaint against a pretty girl neighbor. They claimed the girl offended them by hanging her silk stockings and unmentionables to dry in her front yard.

Half-Baked

While seated in my fireside chair
Throughout the winter months,
I'm heated either here or there,
But never both at once.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

When they all came before Judge Richburg, he said, as usual, "You ladies argue for a spell."

The three women pressed in for the verbal attack. Their screeching brought yowls from an infant in the front row of the courtroom. The baby's mother moved to a back row and began to breast-nurse the child. In a corner a repentant brass-knucks barroom fighter was standing, by Richburg order, reciting a rough Richburgian version of the Texas laws on aggravated assault. A man who had beat up his wife with a three-legged milking stool was in another corner, chanting: "I will not *whup* my wife no more."

The girl with the laundry in the front yard said only that clothes caught the sun better in the yard mornings. Richburg puffed calmly on his characteristic cigar. Finally, he pounded with the gavel and bellowed to a deputy sheriff: "Courtroom's gettin' crowded. Seems like they is some present that I've done sentenced. Take a bunch to jail, Sheriff." To the brass-knucks fighter and the wife beater, Richburg said, "You two hush." Then he asked the three old ladies:

"Testimony shows the defendant owns her home. Do you three ladies agree on this?"

"Yes," answered the three complainants.

"Then, honey," said Judge Bill to the girl, "you can put up a flagpole in your front yard and hang your undies from the top of the flagpole, if you want to. Next case!"

Richburg lectures criminals scathingly and profanely. Yet even the toughest seem to take a Judge-Bill-knows-best attitude. West Dallas has a language of its own. And Judge Bill speaks it.

For instance, when one of West Dallas' dowdy, hard-working wives comes to the judge to complain of brutal treatment from her mate, Judge Bill's line of questioning may go like this:

"Is he *jicking*?" This is West Dallasese for drinking heavily.

"Yes, sir, Judge Bill."

"Is he clowning?" This means acting like a mischievous and murderous fool.

"Yes, sir."

"You slow-trailing him?" Richburg advises wives against shadowing their erring husbands—particularly if the husbands happen to be gun-toting West Dallas characters.

After this exchange, Judge Bill will call some tavern or grocery store in West Dallas and say, "This is Richburg. Tell Leroy I want to see him right away. Pass the word."

In a matter of minutes, usually, Leroy will appear in court, and the trouble will be thrashed out between Leroy and his aggrieved wife. If Judge Bill figures Leroy for a dangerous type, the husband will probably leave the court with "Richburg trouble" or go to jail if he can't make bond. Or the wife may get "Richburg trouble." The judge doesn't always hold wives blameless.

A Horse on the Witness Stand

Richburg's court is the most popular in town because he gives immediate action. A woman complained that a horse dealer had sold her a riding horse which was "unsafe even for rodeo performers to ride." Richburg called in the dealer. He moved court to a horse pasture on the edge of Oak Cliff and "put the horse on the stand." That is, the riding qualities of the horse were tested. The dealer won the case.

No bench-bound judge, Richburg solves many small crimes because "I know every thief in Dallas." He holds court anywhere and "don't worry none about jurisdiction."

A shooting feud is brewing between a goat owner and his neighbor in a slum section of town. The goat owner hasn't been tending his pestiferous animals. So the neighbors have started to stalk both the goats and their master with shotguns.

Judge Bill drives up before the first shot is fired. He collects all the shotguns, personally ropes all the goats, then holds court in the back yard. In very earthy language he lectures the feudists. Finally he exiles the goats to the country.

While he is speaking, a man from the corner grocery store comes with a message:

"Judge Bill, your office is on the phone. They say they got three couples in your office just a-rarin' to get married. And you got a coroner's job to tend to first out on Highway 80. Right at the cutoff. Dead woman. Car crash. And your office said, too, Judge Bill, that they got a courtroom full of fightin' married folks—all waitin' to tell their troubles to you."

And He Finds Time for Home Life

This sort of schedule is typical for Richburg, but nevertheless he manages to wedge in a happy home life with his wife, nineteen-year-old daughter Mary, and twelve-year-old son William Jackson. By getting up very early, he has even found time to rebuild his sprawling, old-fashioned home, putting on new asbestos sidings, laying new hardwood floors, and constructing servants' quarters.

Richburg gets no rest on his two-week annual vacation, for during this fortnight he tries to see how many states he can visit in a camping-out tour by auto.

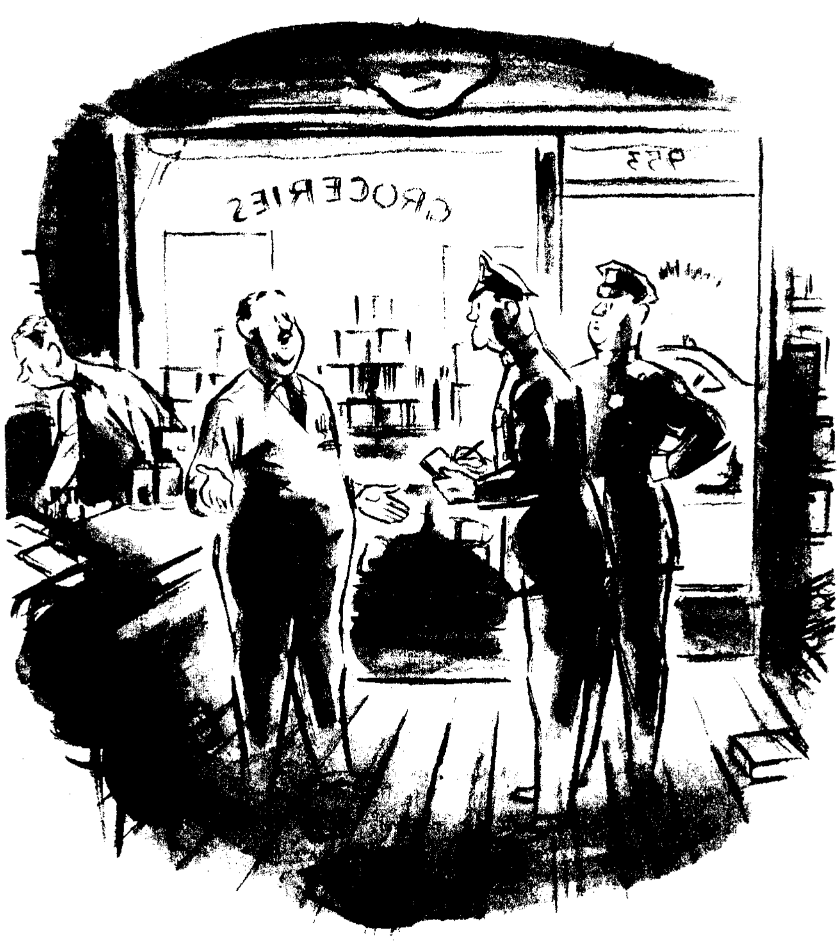
One of the neighbors vows that all the Richburgs move at a pace not unlike the characters in a movie where the reels are unwound at top speed. "Still," he says, "Judge Bill is never too busy to stop and give you a good piece of advice."

In the case of the messenger who interrupted his goat-judging deliberations, Richburg made a characteristic response.

"Tell 'em I'll come a-runnin'," he said. "Sure wish, though, I had time to wash the goat off my hands."

And The Law West of the Trinity got into his shiny, well-kept 1939-model car, and was on his way to another hour's chores: to pronounce a death verdict, read three marriage ceremonies, and referee the endless wars between the sexes.

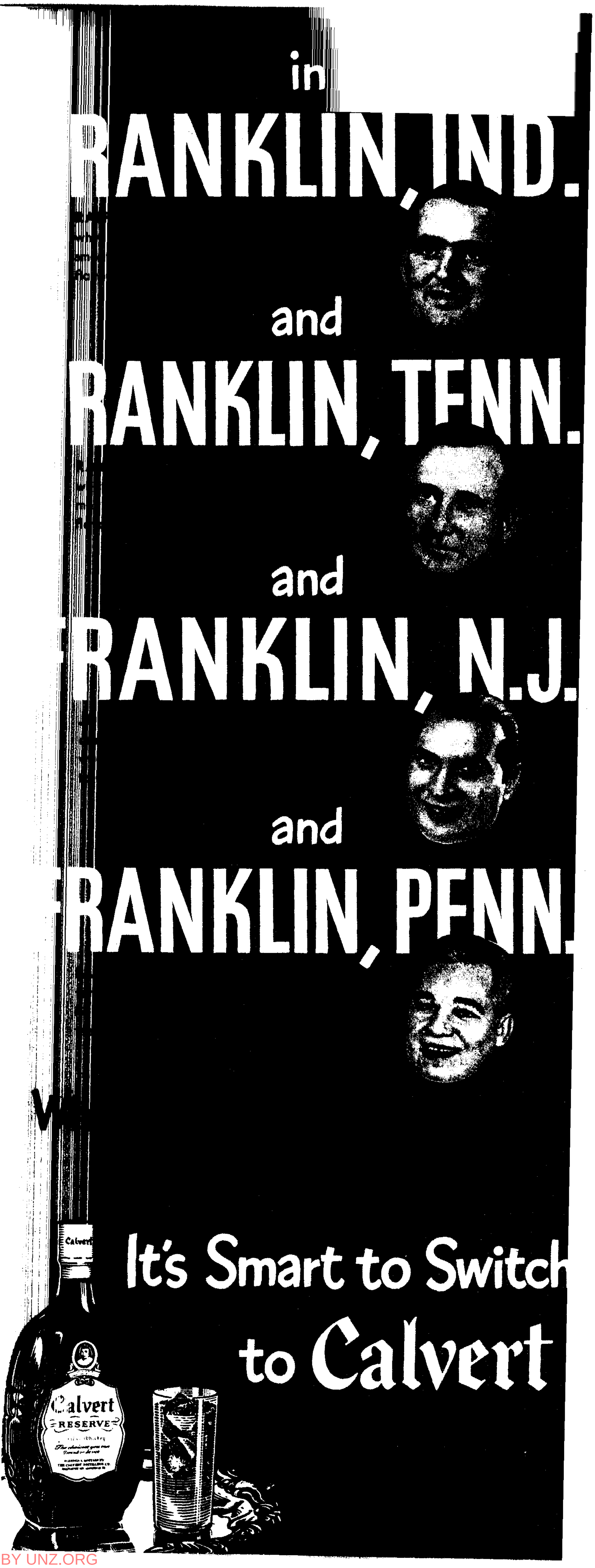
THE END



COLLIER'S

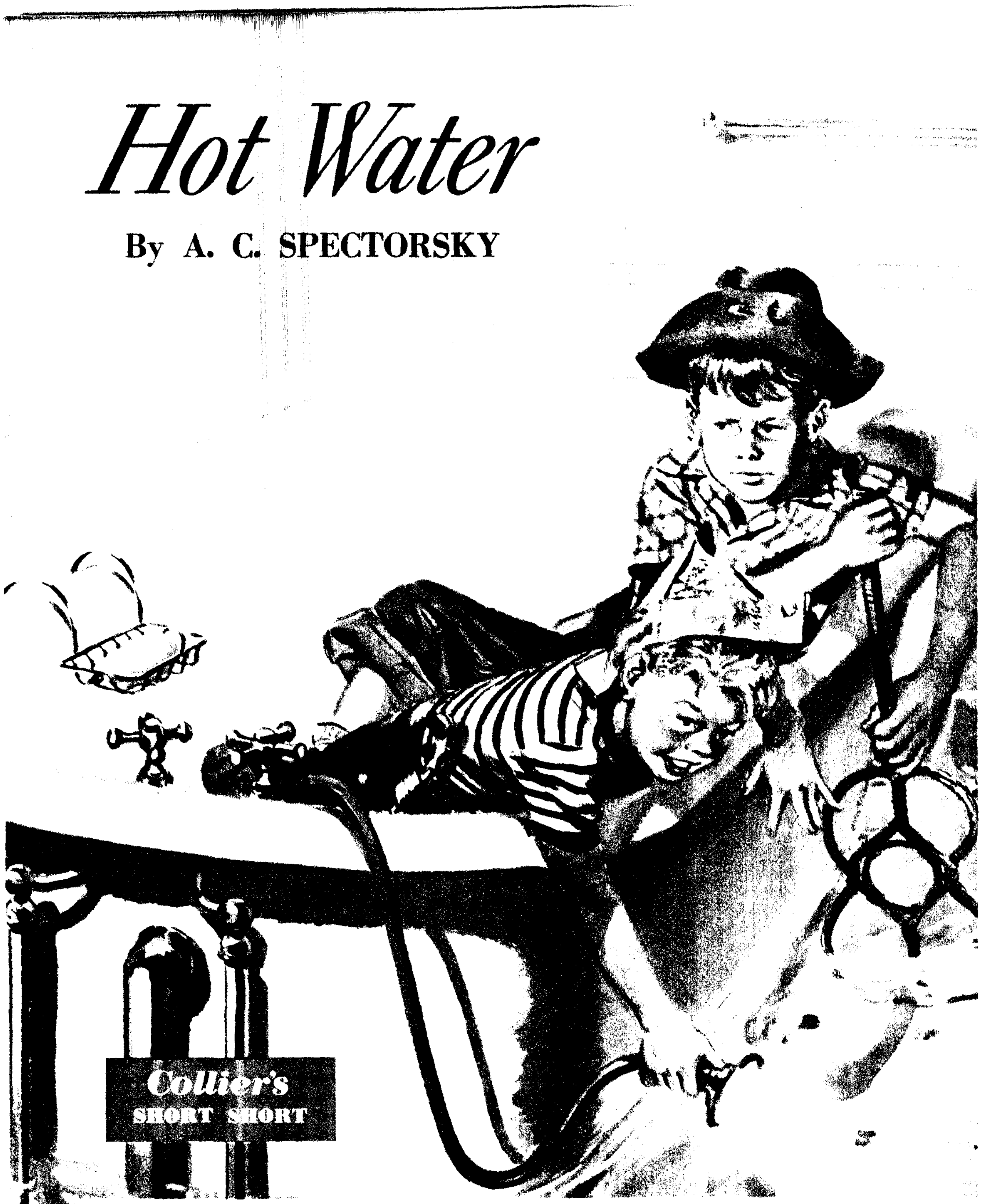
"I think it was a juvenile-delinquency job. The only things missing are the tops from 800 boxes of cereal"

LEONARD DOVE



Hot Water

By A. C. SPECTORSKY



LEAP to the poop deck, a thrust with cutlass, and the pirate died, writhing. It was horrible, Little Joe Stickley, aged six, decided, and it had been well worth the gymnastics of being killer and victim by turns.

The poop deck where he now lay was a stair landing; from it he could see his seven-year-old brother, Cappy, in the crow's nest at the top of the steps, receive a mortal wound from a bloodthirsty lascar. As Cappy came tumbling down to the poop deck, Little Joe thoughtfully rolled aside to make room for the body.

Suddenly the door of their father's office on the floor below burst open, and Big Joe, Dr. Stickley, came striding out into the hall.

"What are you doing?" he asked quietly.

"Nothing, Pop," Cappy said.

"Where's your Aunt Isabel? Wasn't she going to keep an eye on you while your mother went marketing?"

"Here I am," Aunt Is said, coming in from the back porch. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all," Doc said, his voice rising. "The children are tearing down the house, that's all. During office hours, too!"

"Well, who can blame them? It's been pouring all day and they haven't any other place to play." Aunt Is said, and then, to the boys, "You get on upstairs and stay there. And don't get into mischief, do you hear?"

Alone in the upstairs hall, with the rain drumming on the Victorian roof over their heads, the boys looked at each other, their expressions conveying shared feelings of hurt and betrayal. Something was needed to balance the books, a misdemeanor which would, retroactively, earn the already-meted-out punishment and, if they got away with it, leave them and their elders fair and square. Playing with water in the bathroom was forbidden and seemed therefore just about right.

Doc was in his office; Aunt Is was busy potting winter begonias on the back porch; Minnie Dooley, the maid of all work, was in the attic sorting old clothes; and August, her husband and the Stickleys' handy man-gardener, was in bed in the basement with a strained back. The coast was clear. Cappy and Little Joe tiptoed furtively into the bathroom and locked the door. As soon as they'd done so, they noticed that Minnie had left her old-fashioned, split-bamboo carpetbeater there. They also noticed that Doc Stickley had painted the feet of the old bathtub black. Seen from the side, the white tub seemed to be floating in midair without any means of support. To Cappy and Little Joe it looked just like a boat.

They climbed into the empty tub, Little Joe, with rare foresight, bringing along the carpetbeater.

"Let's have the oar, mate," said Cappy.

Little Joe passed him the carpetbeater and he began to paddle with it. Then Cappy had an inspiration: what they needed was real water.

They stuffed towels around the sill and lower sides of the door, attached the rubber shower hose to the bathtub tap, and got back into the tub. Then, with the hose hanging over the side of the tub, they started to fill the bathroom. It filled slowly, but the boys were in no hurry.

"We got a real boat," Little Joe said.

"In real water," said Cappy.

They took turns paddling, listening to the water swish with each stroke, until the open end of the hose was completely submerged. Then, like mariners cast adrift who abandon hope, they stopped paddling. It was utterly silent in the bathroom.

MEANWHILE, on the floor below, Doc Stickley was having his own crisis, precipitated by Mrs. Gorell, one of his patients. Mrs. Gorell was elderly and of a nervous temperament. Whenever she became excited the muscles of her throat would contract in a spasm and she would be unable to talk. She would grasp her neck and swing her head from side to side.

Cappy and Little Joe thought she was wonderful because she wore a black patch over one eye. They had decided that she was a pirate's mother, and accorded her their rapt attention, until it became clear that Mrs. Gorell wanted Doc Stickley to fit her with a glass eye in place of the patch.

Mrs. Gorell had come for her first fitting of the new eye. She was quite calm. Unfortunately the ratchet that held up the table's headrest slipped as she reclined, the headrest fell with a bang, and Mrs. Gorell's head fell back with it. She screamed and tried to struggle up, but Doc Stickley held her down. "Relax!" he said, firmly, and adjusted the headrest with one hand while he held her down with the other.

Suddenly Mrs. Gorell began to gesture wildly at the ceiling right above her. It was turning brown, and bulging. A drop of water formed on the bulge. (There was, by now, a six-inch layer of water locked in the bathroom immediately over her.)

Doc Stickley didn't know about the bulge. Mrs. Gorell's struggles and hoarse croakings upset him and he shouted, "Lie down, keep still, close your eyes, for Pete's sake, lie down!" meanwhile leaning on the poor woman's shoulders. But she struggled on, silently, her good eye staring madly upward, her mouth shaping inaudible words. Suddenly Doc Stickley gave up for the day. As he turned from her in disgusted irritation, she leaped up, and her place on the operating table was immediately taken by a crashing avalanche of dripping plaster. Mrs. Gorell stood with her mouth open trying to scream. Doc Stickley shouted, "What have you done, damn it!"; then ran to the office door and threw it open.

"Isabel!" he yelled. "Where are the children?"

Aunt Is tracked them down a moment later. They sat in silent terror while she rattled the knob of the bathroom door.

"You boys open that door at once!" she cried.

"If we open up, you'll be sorry, Aunty," Cappy said.

"Never mind me. You open that door."

Little Joe waded to the door, unlocked it and swung it open. A small cascade swept over Aunt Isabel's ankles and made a waterfall on the stairs. She let out a good loud yell. Doc Stickley, in the hall downstairs, heard her and shouted at the top of his voice, "What in Heaven's name is happening?"

Minnie Dooley, in the attic, also heard the commotion and raced down to the second floor, crying, "Praise be to the Lord, Ogst is oop," (August is up), her husband's recovery seeming to her the only possible occasion for so much excitement. When she got to the first step of the next flight on her way to the basement, her foot lighted on Little Joe's favorite toy, a cast-iron superbomber with tricycle landing gear. Minnie rode down the stairs on the bomber and made a three-point landing in a heap at the bottom. Cappy and Little Joe, cowed and terrified, were close behind her, on their way to hide in the cellar. When they drew up alongside Minnie, Little Joe suddenly stopped, stricken by the sight of his ruined toy.

At this point Mrs. Stickley came in the front door. She saw Minnie lying on the hall floor; Cappy standing over her, white-faced; Doc Stickley dancing with rage in his office doorway; Mrs. Gorell behind him, openmouthed; Isabel sitting on the top step laughing and crying; Little Joe, clutching a wingless fuselage to his heaving chest, a look of tragedy on his face, and water all over the place.

"Good God, what's happened!" Mrs. Stickley cried.

Little Joe looked up with tears in his eyes. "Minnie broke my bomber," he said. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DARLING

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WITH THEIR INCOMPARABLE CEL-U-TONE FINISH

Sucker Traps

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

reticence about taking loans from women. Wednesday morning she would go to the bank, withdraw $200 and he would leave, vowing to return. He would be headed for the next city on his schedule and his next victim.

McArthur became a matter of such interest to the Post Office Inspection Service that it trotted out its highly successful "co-ordinator system." This consists of choosing one agent and saying in effect, "Get that guy if it takes 10 years." Every agent in the country is told to pour all tips and information to the co-ordinator. In the case of McArthur, Inspector Adolph Anderson was *given the assignment.*

Anderson inserted the following ad in Cupid's columns:

> I am a widow, 48 years old. I have a farm and my friends say I look fifteen years younger. I have $8,000 in the bank. I will marry the right man. (Signed) Mrs. Alice R. Carroll, P.O. Box 65, Stillwater, Minn.

Agent Anderson got 224 answers from matrimonially inclined gentlemen between the ages of thirty-seven and seventy-seven, including one from Colombo, Ceylon. One of the answers was from a gent whose technique and handwriting closely resembled McArthur's. Anderson, writing as Mrs. Carroll, made arrangements to meet McArthur in Chicago at a specified hotel.

In Chicago, Anderson took two adjoining rooms—on the tenth floor to discourage McArthur from jumping. Anderson enlisted the aid of a Chicago policewoman, Mary Parker. Mary got a phone call from McArthur and made a date to meet him in her room. Anderson had a stepladder in the next room, so he could listen through a transom. McArthur arrived, went into his pitch and on a cue word from the policewoman Anderson stepped in and made his arrest.

McArthur looked at his captors and laughed. "I knew this thing was fishy as soon as I walked in the room "

"Why?" asked Anderson.

"This dame here was too glad to see me. Usually they are so damned coy you get sick."

In McArthur's bag Anderson found almost 100 letters from women in 11 states. These letters and the policewoman's testimony got McArthur two and a half years for using the mails to defraud.

Baldness Was No Handicap

Maurice Paul Holsinger ran a so-called correspondence club. He was an odd-looking creature with a head like a billiard ball. Yet he got $1,200 in a Washington lonely hearts swindle, and made touches of $3,000 and $4,500 in Philadelphia. And many more. The inspectors had a perfect description of him, easily traced him to his different hotels, occasionally even knew what railroad he used to depart town. But they couldn't nab him.

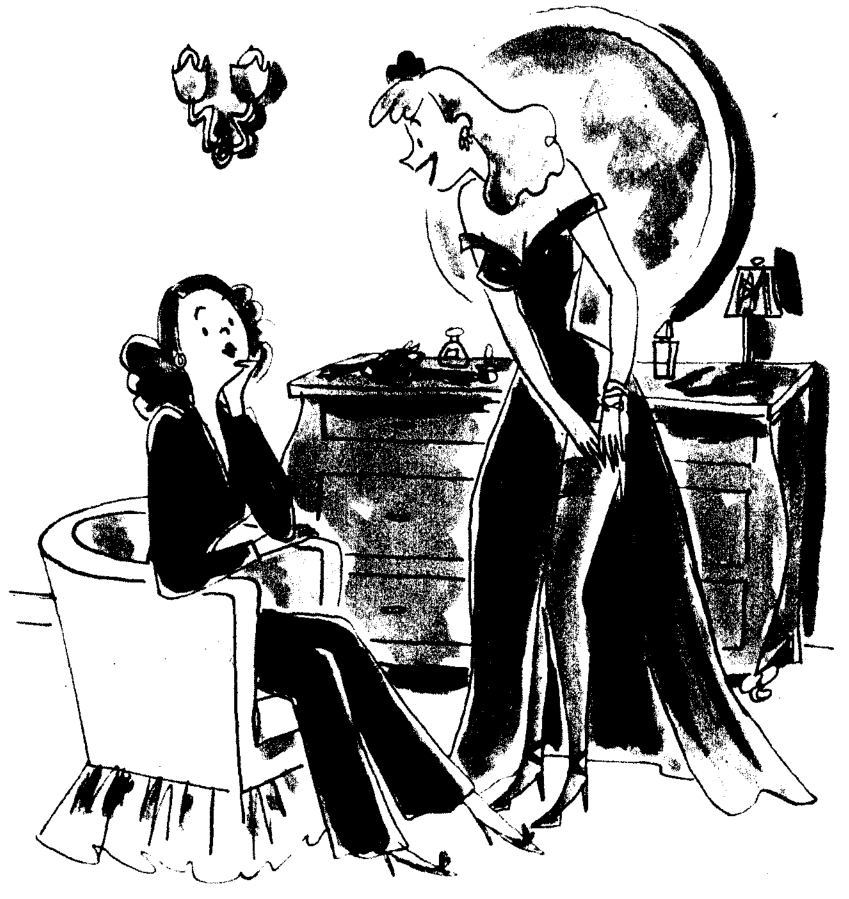
In Hollywood they traced him to a wigmaker's where he had bought a wig for $220—not a toupee, but a lady's long, flowing wig. Then they discovered he had bought two expensive fur coats. It became apparent that he was doing his traveling dressed as a woman. After that it was routine and easy. The information was spread and agents all over the country were alerted. Soon the next Holsinger victim squawked, in Kansas City, and in no time at all Holsinger was hauled off a plane at Des Moines to wind up with from 20 months to five years in jail.

It will come as no surprise to womankind that the male of the species can be had.

IT'S AN ILL WIND

LOCALE	THE ILL WIND	THE GOOD
Oakland, Maryland	A bank employee dropped a sack holding 9,000 pennies on the street.	He recovered 9,002.
St. Louis, Missouri	Lightning struck a house.	The doorbell, out of order for a year, thereafter worked perfectly.
Brazil, Indiana	A deaf hitchhiker was in an auto crash.	He recovered his hearing.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	A burglar tried to enter a home.	Before he was frightened off, he opened a window which had been stuck tight for years.
Crown Point, Indiana	There was a violent terrestrial eruption on a farm.	Rich silt loam was thrown on 50 acres.
Denton, Texas	A student sprained his ankle, delaying his registration at college.	Later, he became the 5,000th registrant, and received valuable gifts.
Santa Barbara, California	A burglar stole $100 worth of merchandise from a store	He left behind safecracking tools worth $300.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



"I'm going to hook this guy with psychology. I told him I was worth a quarter of a million dollars"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

And easily, too. Which brings us to Mildred Hill, the peer of them all. Mrs. Hill worked from 1942 until 1945 without a single complaint and clipped hundreds of men who were "matrimonially inclined." Mrs. Hill was the mother of 10 children, was sixty-four years old in 1945, and looked a great deal more like Whistler than she did like his "Mother." Yet she kept from 30 to 40 males on the string simultaneously, using her vast brood as stenographers.

Business reached such a point that she had to buy a printing reproduction machine to get out her correspondence. She told the lads she was twenty and sent them pictures of a daughter who was about twenty. Occasionally she would send a picture of a currently popular pin-up girl. She operated out of a house within a 50-cent taxi ride of the Inspection Service's Washington headquarters.

When Mrs. Hill had established contact with a gentleman (always at least 500 miles from Washington), she bled him white with pleas for railroad fare, clothes, medical treatment for herself or "dear old Mother."

Eventually the Lothario came on to Washington for the happy day. He was met by Mrs. Hill, who represented herself as her own mother. Daughter had been called to Florida suddenly by sickness in the family but would be back in a few days. If the chump could be separated from a little more money, he was; otherwise a telegram arrived from Florida announcing daughter's impetuous marriage to a prosperous soda jerk. The gentleman went home, sadder but not necessarily wiser.

Frequently Mrs. Hill went out to inspect a prospect for her daughter's hand—at his expense. She told him how pleased her daughter was and how delighted she herself was. Then she braced the lovelorn old goat for furniture or an operation or something and got back to Washington.

She went to Chicago to meet one of the suitors in July of 1945. Just before she got there the gentleman called Washington to talk to his lady love. He was told she was in Chicago. An hour later Mrs. Hill, playing mother, showed up and started her spiel, saying daughter was still in Washington. The gentleman listened patiently, excused himself and hollered copper. Mrs. Hill got from 20 months to five years.

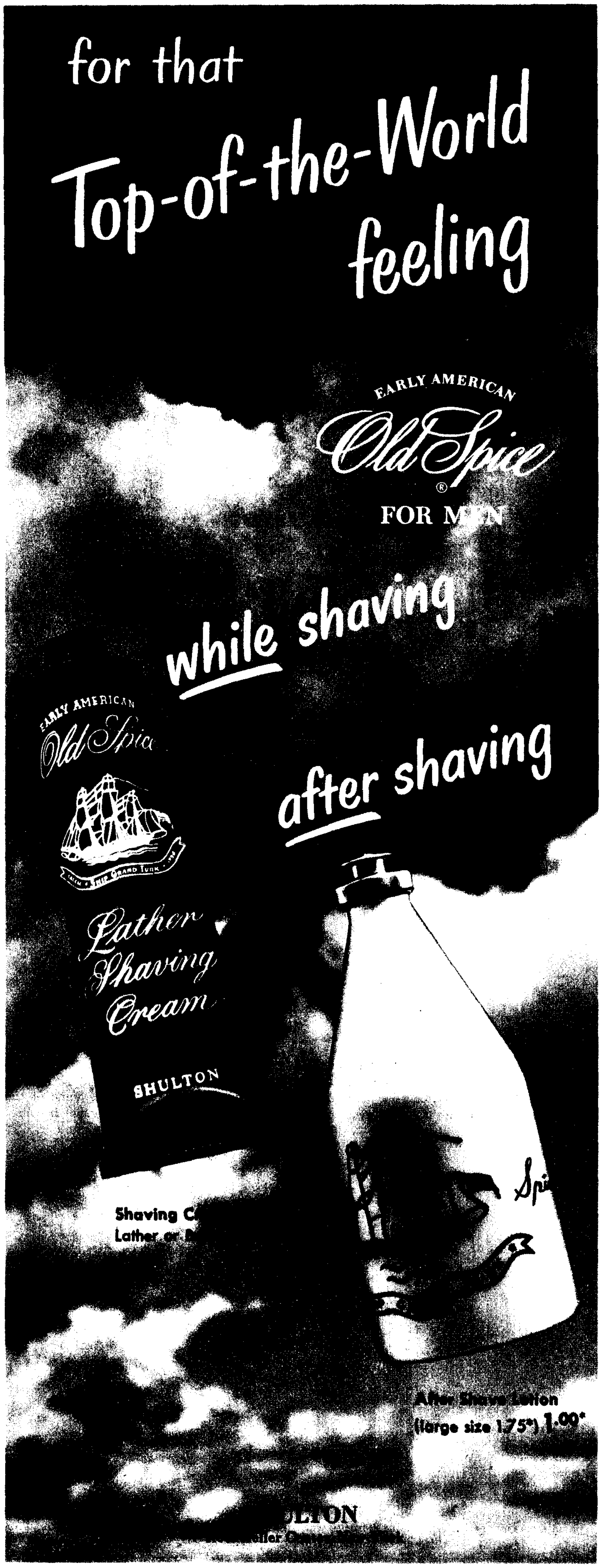
Shortages are a great stimulus for confidence operators. As soon as something becomes hard to get, the Inspection Service sits back to see where the first racket will develop. In 1946, Robert Lyman Seibert, alias Paul J. Black, advertised nylons at OPA prices with a 35 per cent discount on large orders. Seibert sat in a dingy New Orleans hotel room and collected $11,000 in one week. The Inspection Service keeps an eye open for obviously fraudulent ads and it didn't wait for any complaints to nab Seibert. It is pertinent that Seibert used a news magazine read almost exclusively by Broadway and Hollywood sophisticates.

Houses on Paper Only

The housing shortage has also had its uses. Howard Clements and Charles Richman, operating in an ornate architectural office in Philadelphia, concentrated on robbing poor Negroes, who turned over life savings as down payments for houses that never went beyond a drawing board. In less than a year the two men cleared $150,000.

They went their separate ways in March, 1946. Clements was arrested in Miami Beach in 1947 while working on a half-million-dollar program to build houses in the Dominican Republic by pouring concrete over large, inflated balloons. Richman had secured the services of a Negro churchman who introduced him to Negro pastors who were bilked of $28,000 on a scheme to build churches. Richman and Clements each pleaded guilty and got a year and a day for their $150,000 Philadelphia swindle. Richman also got a year and a day to run concurrently on eight counts in his church frauds.

Uneducated Negroes make soft touches for con men, what with their devotion to voodoo doctors, hex peddlers, spiritual advisers, and vendors of good luck guaranties. But no con man gave the American Negro more of a shellacking than the late and utterly fabulous Marcus Aurelius Garvey, Provisional President of the African Re-



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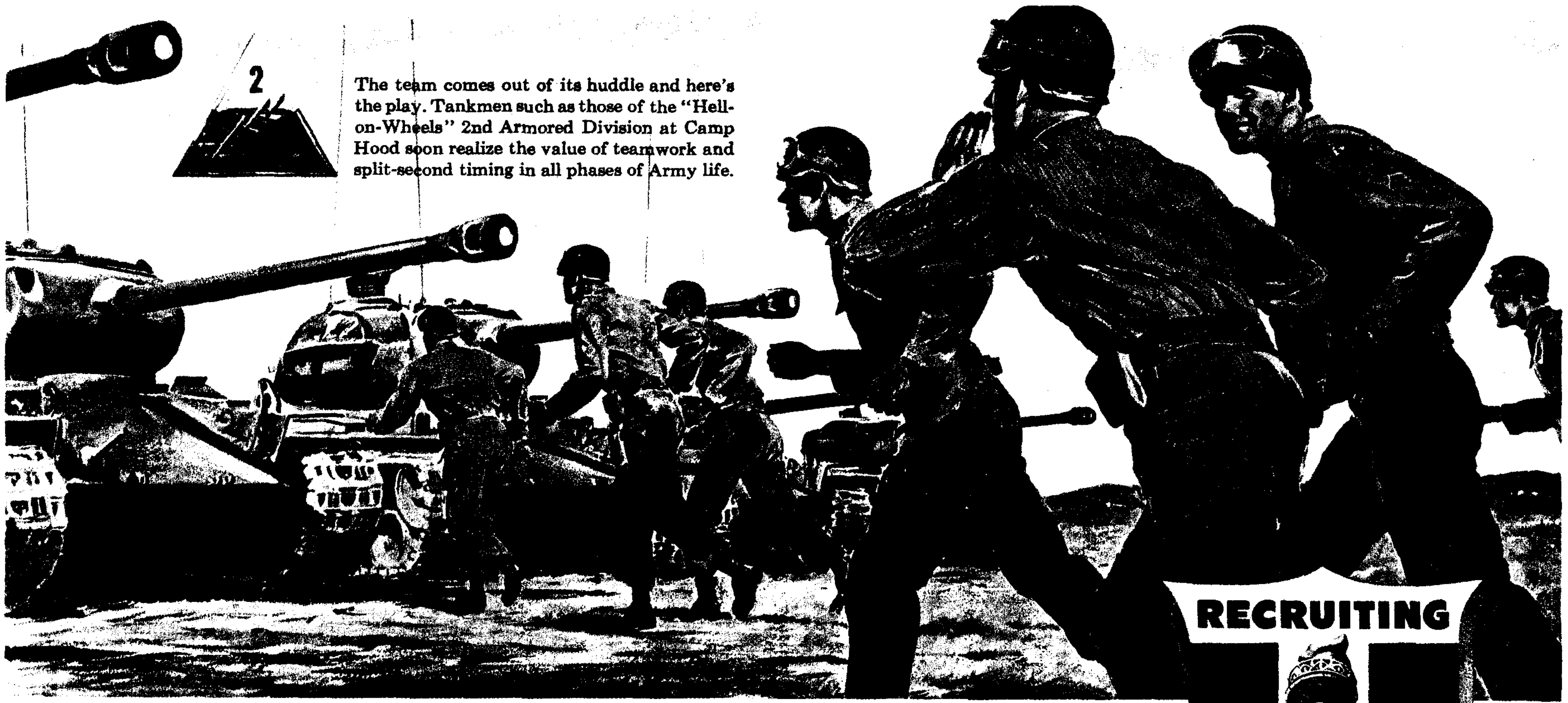


The team comes out of its huddle and here's the play. Tankmen such as those of the "Hell-on-Wheels" 2nd Armored Division at Camp Hood soon realize the value of teamwork and split-second timing in all phases of Army life.

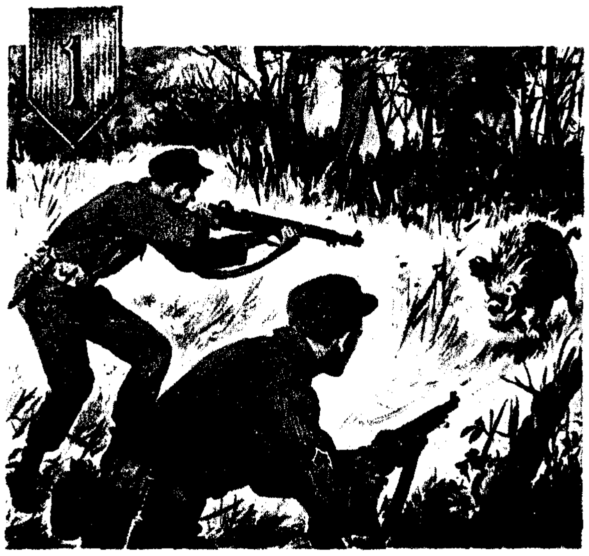
RECRUITING

U.S. ARMY

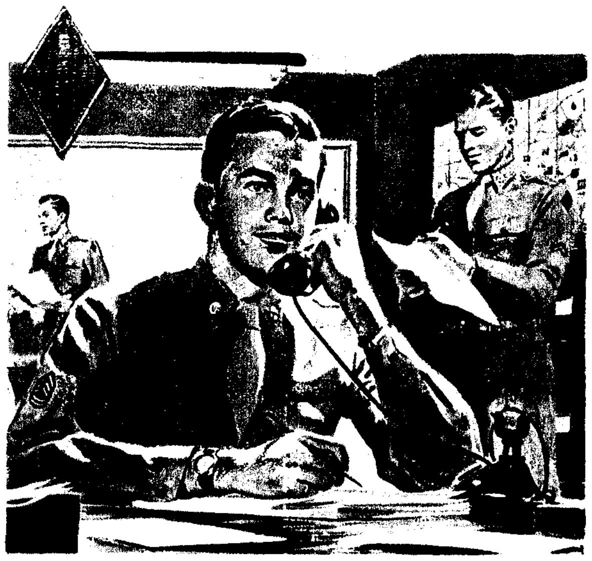
U.S. AIR FORCE

Operation Peace

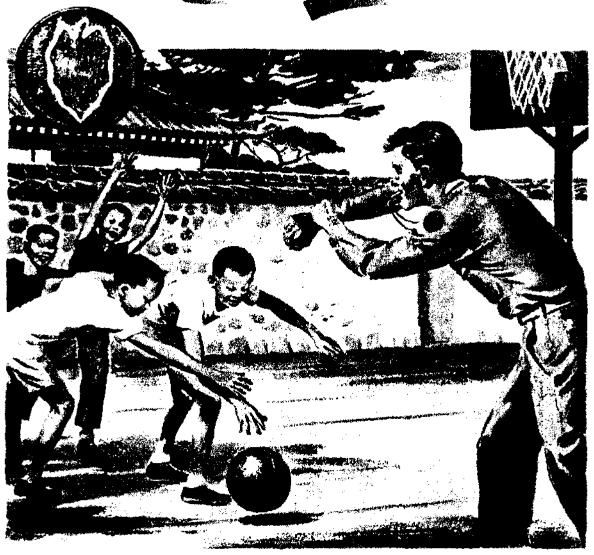
A quick look at life in today's streamlined Army Divisions. Meet the skilled technicians and soldiers who make an important career out of professional service to their country.



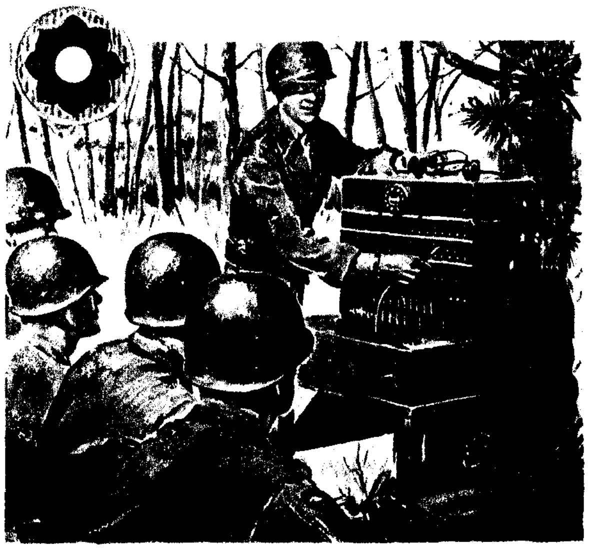
Takes a keen eye and quick reflexes to hunt wild boar! These Regulars in the top-notch 1st Infantry Division in Germany enjoy this thrilling sport, because their training and physical *conditioning keep them in A-1 shape.*



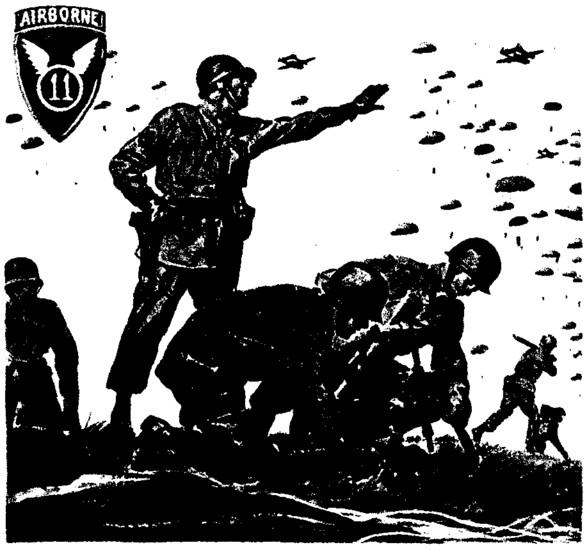
Great opportunities to develop executive and managerial ability make an Army NCO's career worth while. Here, at Fort Jackson, home of the famous 5th Infantry Division, *Regular Army men become skilled in planning and leadership.*



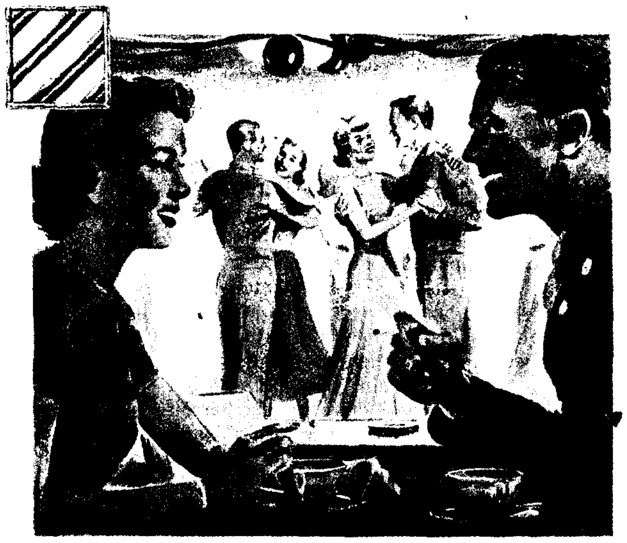
Lessons in sportsmanship come naturally from our soldiers—help unofficially in the Army's task of bringing democracy to occupied lands. This soldier of the 24th Infantry Division in *Japan takes pride in his after-hours role.*



Complex equipment means our modern divisions must have specialists—in communications, fire-power, many other fields. Here at Ft. Dix, home of the 9th Infantry Division, *telephone fieldmen study a complicated switchboard.*



Leadership, initiative, quick thinking are recognized and rewarded in the Army. The non-commissioned officer of the 11th Airborne Division directs his men as they set up mortars and machine guns after a drop through space.



Your soldiers work hard . . . but also have time for play. Dances like this one, attended by enlisted men of the 3rd Infantry Division, are common at all Army camps and posts. Army athletic teams also offer recreational opportunities.

public, Admiral of the Black Star Line, President General of the Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League, Inc., Commander of the Nobles of the Sublime Order of the Nile, Knight of the Distinguished Service Order of Ethiopia and No. 45567 at the Atlanta Penitentiary.

Garvey was going to lead his fellow blacks out of the humiliation and poverty of America back to the prosperity and dignity of Africa. He had an education in England behind him when he came here in 1914. He cut a flamboyant figure in Harlem with his unbelievable uniforms, impressive insignia, and God-given gift of gab.

Garvey told the Negroes that he would get 7,000,000 of them back to Africa. For this purpose he sold stock in the Black Star Line. The line operated under difficulties, one of which was the complete absence of ships. This was remedied in time by the acquisition of a leaky old tub fit only to run excursions up and down the Hudson River. The boat was short of seaworthiness, safety devices and trained personnel but it boasted the best jazz band in New York City.

Eventually the line had three small boats running to the West Indies. One of them, the Yarmouth, carrying 800 tons of whisky to Cuba, foundered in what was undoubtedly the drunkenest shipwreck in history.

The steamship line was only one of Garvey's efforts to assist his black brethren. He headed the Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League, Inc., which had 4,000,000 members who paid dues of 35 cents a month. Ten cents went to the distinguished leader. In 1921, Garvey arbitrarily announced a $1 levy on all members of the association.

Garvey took a few fliers at publishing newspapers and magazines, all devoted to his dream of an independent African Republic with an army, navy, merchant marine and parliament. Garvey, as Representative of the Black People of the World, appeared before the League of Nations.

Many of Garvey's fellow blacks knew him for a charlatan and appealed to the post office for help. Inspector Frank Shea investigated and decided that the 30,000 to 40,000 who had bought stock in the steamship line had been defrauded through the use of the mails. In 1924 judge and jury upheld Shea's theory and Garvey got five years in Atlanta despite a comic-opera trial in which he acted as his own counsel.

Titles Lavishly Bestowed

While out on bail pending appeal, Garvey ran off the Fourth Annual International Congress of Negro Peoples of the World. (Diligent research fails to show when or where the first three of the annual conventions were held.) Garvey, in fantastically gaudy dress, led a giant parade to mark the convention. He also presided over a mammoth court in which he freely handed out titles to dukes and duchesses, knights and ladies of his "republic" across the seas.

Garvey went to jail in 1925. He was released in 1927 and immediately deported to Jamaica. He toured Europe with his plan, but the plight of European Negroes was not so dire as American so he made little progress. The crowning blow came when he hired Royal Albert Hall in London and advertised a mass meeting. The hall seats 10,000. Less than 200 people appeared. Not one to be discouraged easily, Garvey went into one of his spellbinding speeches. From the back of the hall came a piercing Cockney wail, "The blighter's balmy, he is." That concluded the meeting.

Garvey preyed on the impoverished; the Spanish swindle and other Big Con games are pulled on men with money who want considerably more without working for it—but consider Walter Hohenau, a cheap thief with a record in Germany, who wound up with the scientists of the world at his feet and the rich men of Houston, London, Paris, Rome and Berlin pouring at least $1,000,000 into his pockets.

In 1927, Hohenau announced that he had split the oxygen atom to secure hydrogen gas, which meant he would revolutionize the fuel and power industries of the world. Ships could run on sea water, autos on tap water, homes would be heated from the water supply, and so forth. Hohenau gave a couple of demonstrations of a gadget that looked like a coffee urn surrounded by coils which led to a cabinet. Attached to it were a voltmeter, an ammeter and a small electric engine which produced some intriguing noises that sounded like a door buzzer, which is exactly what it was. This gadget did make a fine, hot hydrogen flame. The gas feeding this flame came, via a hidden tube, from a hydrogen gas tank in Hohenau's cellar.

Hohenau tossed himself a big banquet in Houston's best hotel. He demonstrated his gadget, then made a brief speech. In impressive German-accented words he announced, "I am but a scientist and know nothing of money. I am conservative by birth and by training, but I am told that more money will be made by this invention than any invention in history. Some friends have organized for me the Hydro Production Company—and for you, my good friends of Houston, I have saved out some shares." His good friends of Houston immediately bought $20,000 worth of shares and pledged another $60,000. The pledges were met within 24 hours.

WIDE WORLD

Mildred Hill landed in the cooler when postal authorities caught up with her matrimony-by-mail racket

The Texans agreed to meet Hohenau in Palm Beach, where he had outfitted the yacht of a rich man with his gadget. When they arrived in Palm Beach there was, of course, no Hohenau. The Texans learned he had gone to Mexico City. A posse was dispatched to wait on Hohenau and persuade him of his error in the traditional Texas manner. In Mexico City the Texans immediately located Hohenau. He was the guest of the President of Mexico, who had been much impressed by Hohenau's gadget. Hohenau could not be seen because he was guarded 24 hours a day by 10 Mexican Secret Service men. These guards had been assigned by the President to thwart the agents of the American fuel trust who Hohenau said would be coming from Texas to steal his invention.

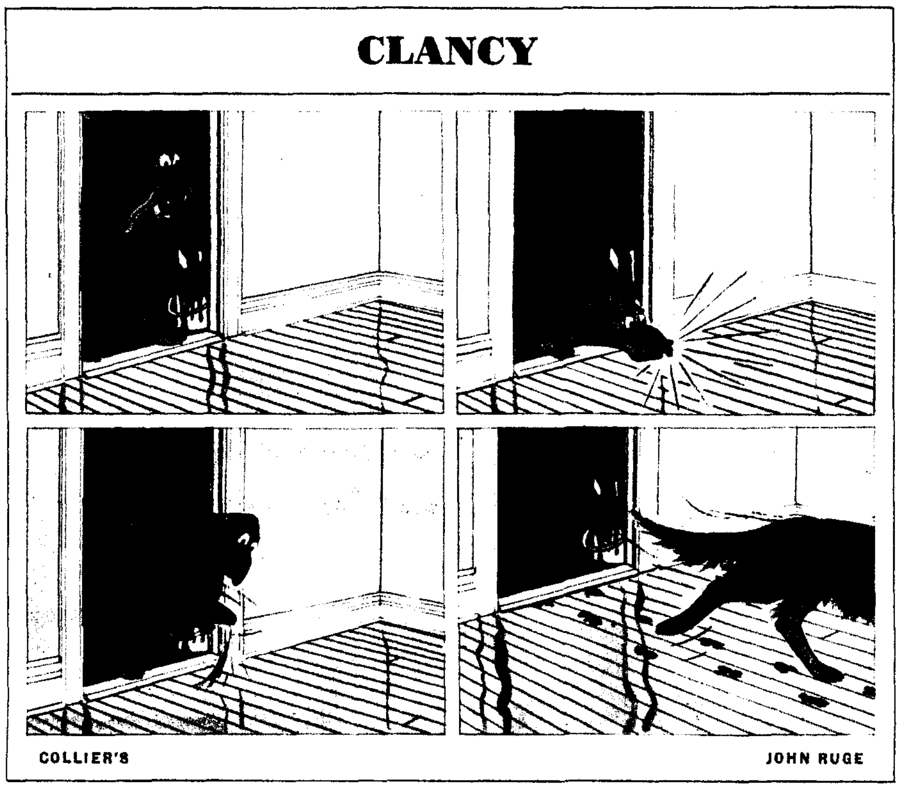
Hohenau sent his wife back to Germany and followed her shortly. He set up a laboratory in Malchow, near Berlin, switched back to his real last name, Jonas, and privately admitted he was really Count von Hohenau. He was quiet for a year or so, then he put on a demonstration and made a five-minute speech before the International Fuel Conference at Geneva. Leading scientists from all over the world cheered him, and other scientists sent cables of congratulation. He went to Paris, England and Rome, and clipped the suckers without end or mercy. Mussolini's government lavished attention on him.

At home in Germany, Hohenau appealed to President von Hindenburg for Secret Service protection, for he was afraid his past record would catch up with him. The Germans, ever thorough, took a picture of Hohenau through a peephole while he was talking to Von Hindenburg. They also got his fingerprints from a planted glass of wine. These fingerprints showed "Professor Jonas" to be Walter Hohenau, wanted by the United States postal inspectors. They also showed him to be Frederick Jonas, who had done two terms in German jails, the first at the age of fourteen.

The Germans promptly jailed him and the post-office inspectors joined the police of Italy, France and England in begging for him. While the matter was being debated, Hohenau escaped, killed a German prison guard, and was recaptured. The Germans then returned him to jail and more or less threw away the key. The inspectors had nailed five of his accomplices in Houston but they were not prosecuted because of the absence of the main witness and criminal. Hohenau's current whereabouts are unknown but his file is open in Washington.

On a smaller, but infinitely crueler scale was a gentleman who mailed out a pamphlet in the early thirties that began thus: "A small voice crieth on Christmas Day directing our Mr. Minnec to prepare an all-coverage contract that would protect men and women against sickness, accidental disabilities, old age and death."

"Our Mr. Minnec" was Giovanni Mogavec Minneci, born in Palermo, Italy, in 1895 and since 1908 a resident of Chicago. Minnec had been in trouble with the gendarmery since 1922 and had twice been convicted.



It was a gem of the "small print" racket. Mr. Minnec was peddling insurance for a dollar a month. There was no examination, so the old, the ill and the feeble-minded were easy prey. In large type Minnec's company promised thousands of dollars in case all conditions were met. These conditions were set forth laboriously in type literally so small that it could not be read without a magnifying glass. The tiny type named the diseases which were not covered by the policy and mentioned every disease known except the contagious. It was a statistically proven fact that 97 per cent of all who died between the ages of forty and eighty died of an illness mentioned in the small type. Even with that slight edge Minnec protected himself by adding that if claims exceeded receipts, members would be assessed to cover the loss.

How He Evaded Death Claims

Occasionally a policyholder would have the bad taste to be killed in a manner not exempted in the small print, but Minnec was no man to resign himself to the fates, as a Utah family discovered. The insured, a grader, was crushed to death by his horses in a spill. Minnec refused to honor the claim, pointing out that the death certificate mentioned "crushed lungs" as the cause of death and the small print clearly stated that there would be no payment for death caused by "lung trouble."

One of Minnec's salesmen was killed crossing a street. The widow's claim was turned down by Minnec because he stated the man should not have walked across the street. The woman went to the police and Minnec paid out the largest single claim his company ever met—$320. In a short period Minnec collected $75,297.11 and honored claims totaling only $4,112.45.

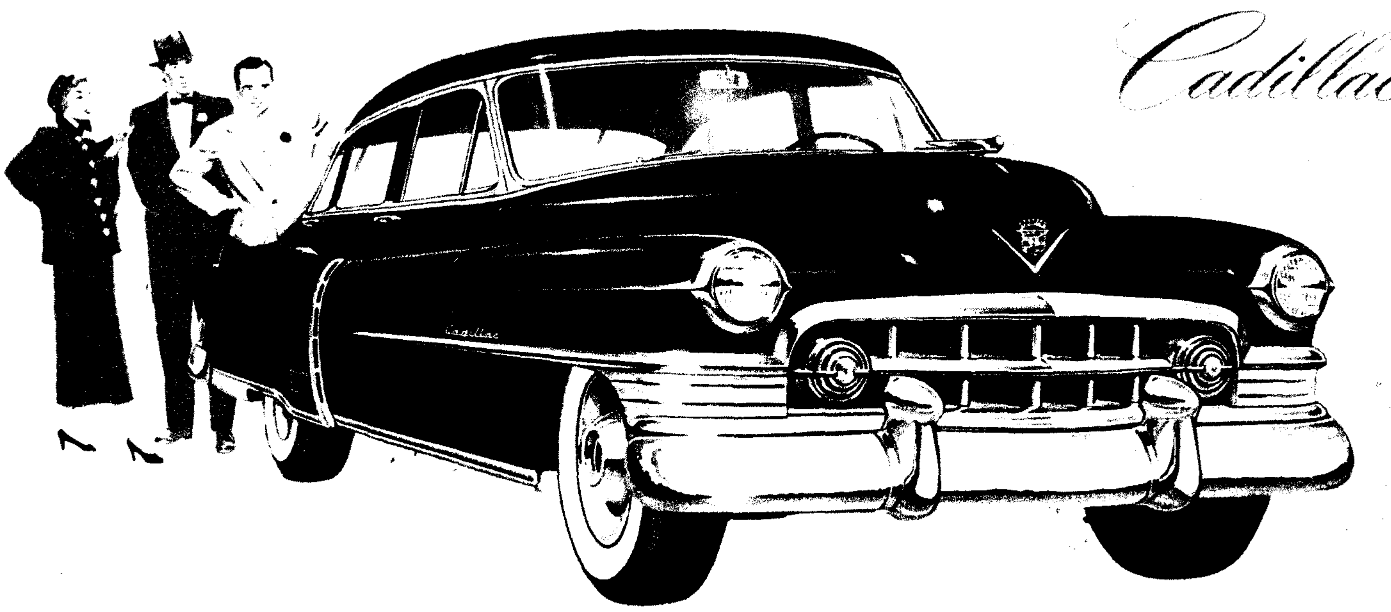
When the post office cracked down, Minnec fought vigorously in court, claiming he was selling a legal contract and was financially capable of living up to his end of it, hence there was no fraud. The judge agreed wryly to some of that argument, pointing out that the "appellant comes as near to promising nothing as a man could."

Minnec's charm was in many ways quite indescribable. He lived well off the trust and heartbreak of the poor, and his conduct was in many other ways unique. There was, for instance, his old father, Santo Minneci, who throughout his son's trial patrolled the courthouse telling one and all what a grand boy John had always been. While John was out on bond, Father respectfully petitioned the cop on the beat to have John tossed in jail because the beloved son had stolen all his father's money, plus his home and his clothes. So thorough was the job that Father had only a pair of pajamas loaned by another son.

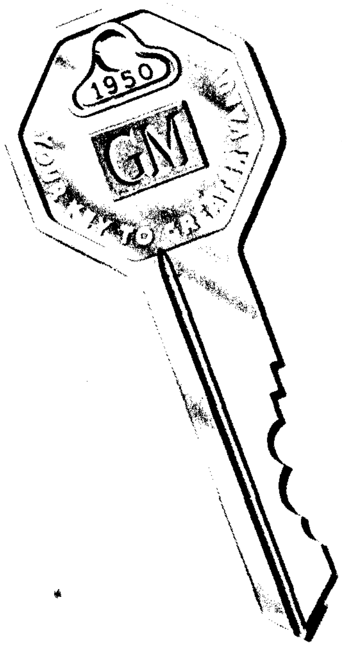
Later John's brother, Christ S. Minneci, went to court to restrain John from dispossessing their mother. John lost the case and also an index finger, which Christ bit off in a moment of pique. Minnec sued Postmaster General James Farley for $1,000,000, spent a month in jail rather than produce his books, and squandered thousands of dollars on literature devoted equally to praising God, John Minnec and the United States Constitution, and consigning Farley and Inspector Jack Stahl to eternal damnation. Minnec got four years.

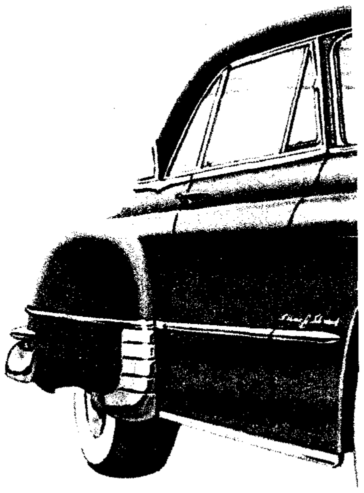
The cruelty of these petty con men defies editorially acceptable description. No con man need yield in viciousness to the exponents of the "show card" racket. This is aimed solely at cripples who are chained to wheel chairs or bedrooms. They are told that they will be taught to letter show cards used to exploit everything from the fire department's annual clambake to the imminent appearance of Bob Hope at the local auditorium. Much stress is made of the fact that this work can be done at home.

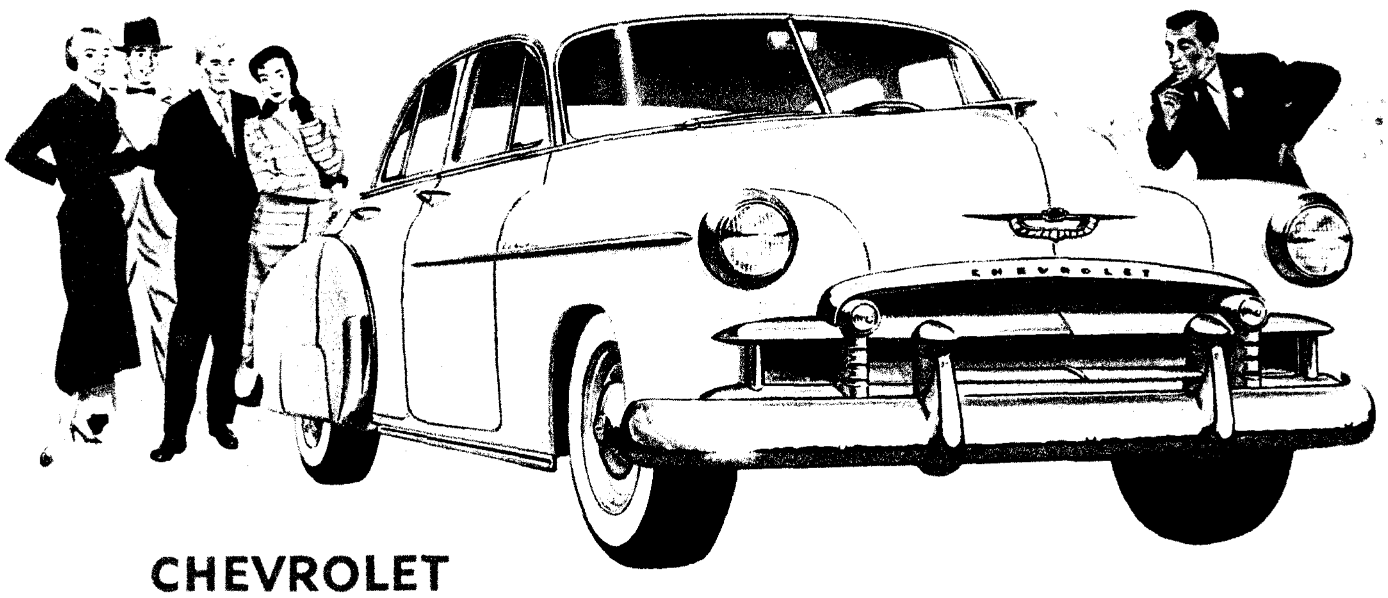
The swindlers guarantee to purchase the work of students who finish the course. And there's the rub, because the students are



GENERAL MOTORS
Presents
The Key Values for 1950







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Your key to Greater Value

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Here you see the five cars General Motors offers for 1950.

Each is the product of all the effort and skill of the division whose name it bears.

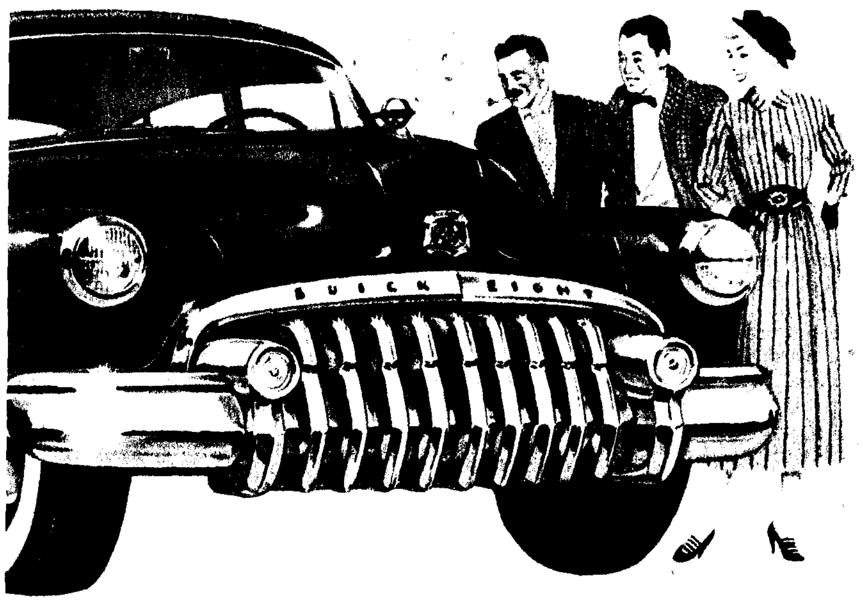
But each is bettered by something more.

For on top of the individual skills and facilities of each car division, these cars have benefited by the research discoveries—the engineering advances—the production economies which grow out of General Motors' ingenuity.

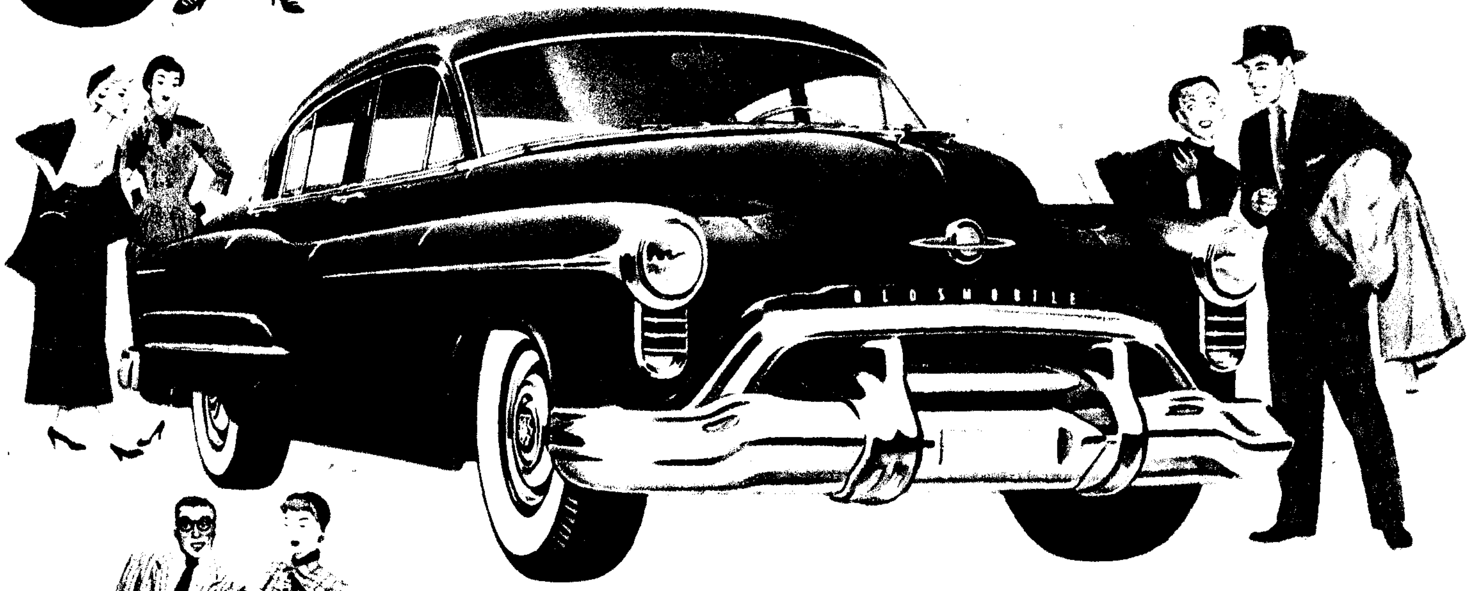
So we are honestly proud to present the new Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs as the key values for 1950.

Look them over at your local dealer's, try them out, and we believe you'll agree.

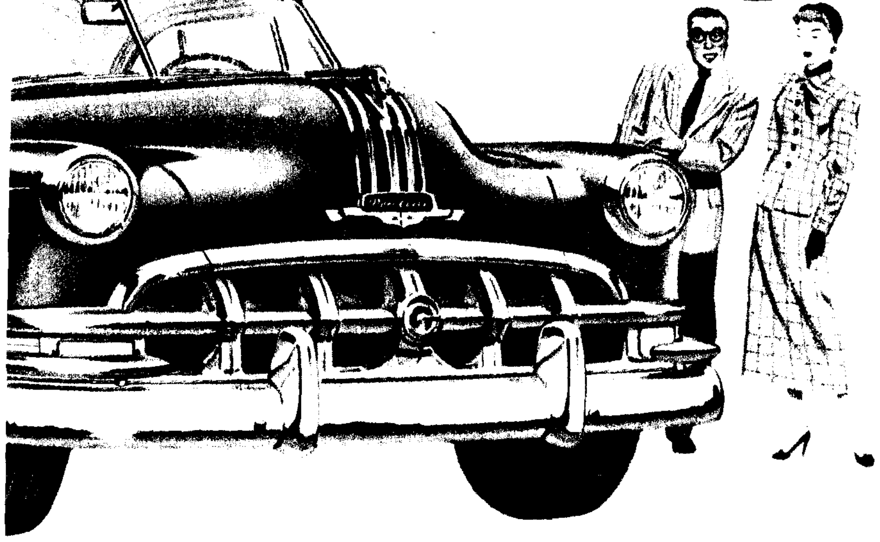
Buick



OLDSMOBILE



Pontiac



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DISABLED CARS STOP ON GRASS

PREVENTIVE SERVICE BEATS ROADSIDE REGRETS

Chances are, if this car had been checked by a service man at regular intervals, this trouble would never have happened. Preventive Service—regular, thorough inspection—is quick, easy and saves you time and money.

Your automobile is a remarkable machine. When you drive at a speed of only 25 miles an hour, each spark plug fires 650 times a minute, each piston moves up and down about 2500 times a minute, and hundreds of other parts move at high speeds and temperatures.

The first step in Preventive Service is regular and complete lubrication. In addition, your car should be thoroughly checked at least three times a year. Regular inspection of the cooling system, ignition, electrical system, tires, brakes, steering mechanism, engine and transmission is vital to your car. And it always pays to have your car checked by the man who knows you and your car.

Preserve your car with Preventive Service

P.S. Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

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given homework and their efforts are graded. When the full payment has been received the pupil, who has been getting nothing but passing marks, suddenly is unable to satisfy his teachers. Eventually he gives up in disgust.

Occasionally a pupil gets an order for work and is paid for it. His grateful letter is then used in the come-on literature. He gets no more work, of course. The West Angus Show Card Service Limited, of Toronto, was the greatest of all the show card swindlers, getting over 2,500 applications daily before they agreed to discontinue business after Inspector Shea filed a fraud order against them.

In essence, a fraud order is the refusal by the post office to deliver mail to anyone it feels is using the posts to defraud. Mail addressed to such people is returned stamped "Fraudulent. Mail to this addressee returned by order of the Postmaster General."

When Fraud Orders Are Issued

No government agency except the Department of Justice can represent the United States government in criminal prosecutions and it is not unusual for Justice, in its inexorable wisdom, to decline to institute court action. In such instances the post office may still issue a fraud order and the recipients of same are invited, nay dared, to fight for their rights in open court. Very few of them do.

It happened that the West Angus people worked up some confidence in the legal strength of their right to grade a modern Michelangelo's work as unsatisfactory. In the course of the fraud order hearing, Inspector Shea mentioned that one of the West Angus hierarchy was, in his opinion, a fugitive. A lawyer jumped at the technicality. "Shea," he thundered, "you say this man is a fugitive! Just what does fugitive mean?"

"Fugitive," said the inspector, "is derived from the Latin verb *fugere* meaning 'to flee.' It is conjugated as follows: *fugere* to flee, *fugi*, I have fled; and *fugitarus*, about to flee."

After the Angus people agreed to discontinue business, their lawyer apologized to Shea, saying, "I don't know why I keep confusing post-office inspectors with cops."

The cartoonists of the world show Uncle Sam as a skinflint with the heart of a Shylock and the compassion of an adding machine. But the citizens of the world know better and only the postal fraud order stands between many of them and a life of luxury. Such is Captain Lawrence Aber, currently trying to buck a fraud-order rap from Mexico.

The captain sends out piteous handwritten letters which are mimeographed is a missionary who has given his life to God and now is fighting poverty in the wilds of darkest Mexico. He is a chaplain and a veteran of World War I and/or II, he is a medical missionary, he is a physician, he is a British missionary, he is a retired Salvation Army officer, he is a retired officer of the United States Navy, and the kind old lady whose picture he encloses is his equally poverty-stricken wife. Not counting his marital status, everything in the preceding two sentences is a lie.

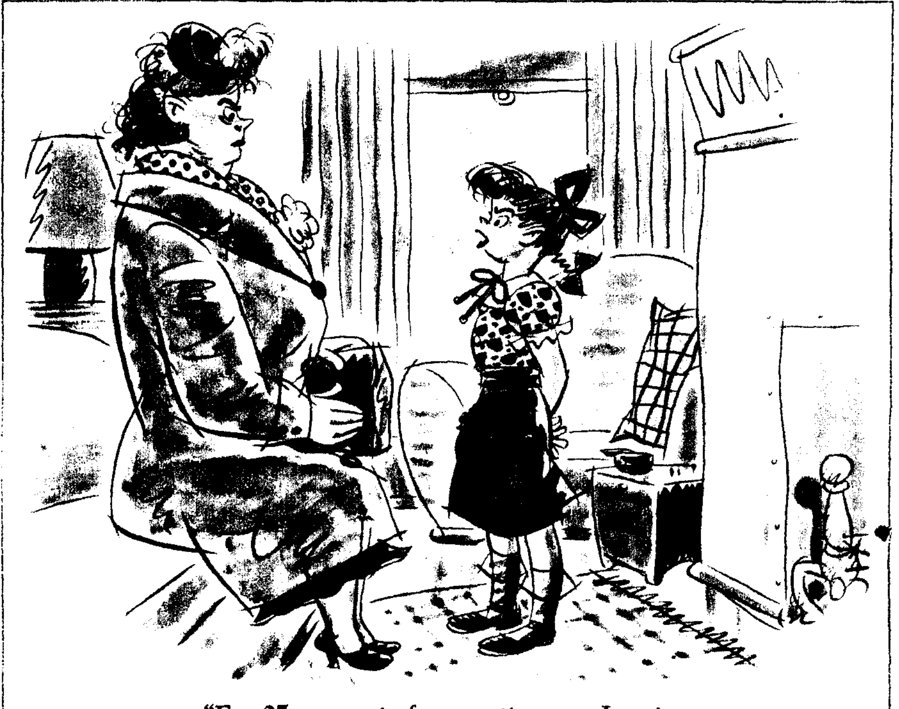
The captain sends his literature addressed in this manner: "To any Bible Class in any Protestant Church in Des Moines, Iowa." He begs the children or the adults to help him live out his few remaining days in comfort. And before the fraud order he was doing quite well.

The kind old lady who is sharing the captain's poverty has a gimmick of her own. She writes to newspaper editors and says, "Joe Zilch, of your city, sent my husband, a sick and broken missionary, a check. My husband cashed it and it bounced. Now my husband is in jail. Will you tell your readers of our plight so that we may secure my husband's freedom?" No editor to date has been silly enough to libel Joe Zilch but a couple have given the captain's con a wonderful publicity boost.

There is a nobleman of darkest Nigeria named Prince Bil Morrison who had a dandy idea. He wrote to American papers begging for pen pals. And he got them by the dozens. After the customary exchange of pictures the prince made his pitch. He promised his Stateside pen pals Nigerian ivory, diamonds and other precious jewels in return for a pair of old pants and $4, American. The clothing and the money flowed Nigeriaward, but nary a tusk or jewel returned, so the post office issued a fraud order in response to numerous complaints.

The post office is quick on the draw when it feels a fraud order is indicated, but in the case of Prince Bil there was some initial hesitation—because it seemed slightly humiliating to slap a fraud order on a fourteen-year-old boy. But the American people required protection in an uneven contest.

Con men foreign and domestic are not the only headaches of the guardians of our postal system. Next week's installment reports on the troubles brewed up for Uncle Sam by other types of postal pirates—the medical quacks, voodoo artists, herb doctors and obscenity peddlers



COLLIER'S

"For 25 per cent of your sitter pay, I go to bed at 8. For 50 per cent, I go to sleep!"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Vacancy in Goal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

how much awe there had been on his side of that developing friendship, and how surprised he had been to find that the other man, after all, was much like him, even to his beginnings. The other, like Rocky, was the son of a poor man. He had made his way in the world, bought his home, and saved to educate his children solely by the quickness of his eyes and hands, as Rocky also was to do—perhaps as this kid Hill was to do.

"What does your father work at, Hill?" he asked suddenly.

"Fireman on the railroad."

"Where?"

"Transcona. Out in Manitoba."

"Many brothers and sisters?"

Hill looked as if he wondered what this had to do with it. "Six. Three of each."

"Where do you come?"

"I'm the youngest."

"They'll all be pulling for you tomorrow night," Rocky said.

"They always listen to the broadcasts," the kid said. He paced around the room; then burst out, "But ever since I first talked to a Wasp scout I've been told the same thing! They told me that forwards could step from junior into the big time because of their speed, and sometimes defense men could make it, but never goalkeepers. They told me you and the other good ones were years in amateur or minor pro before any of you got up. And now me, eighteen, they're asking me to do what they said nobody could do."

Suddenly Rocky was angry. Here was a boy with two eyes, a boy with a chance to play goal for the best team in modern hockey. If he made good, he'd be followed everywhere by youngsters with hockey sticks beseeching his blessing as sinners would beseech a priest for salvation. And he hung back.

Rocky sprang suddenly to his feet. "Can't you see what the hell this is all about?" he asked passionately. "Can't you see the chance you have? Look at me—I sit here wanting to be back in that goal more than I want anything else in the world. I dream sometimes at night that my eye was just hurt, and it's getting better. I skate on the ice and there's a great roar from the crowd, welcoming me back. I get in there and I can stop any puck ever shot, and I back up that hockey team the way it deserves to be backed up. *I dream about it!* And then I have to meet a jerk who thinks this thing I want so much is just a bloody trap!"

He turned away toward the bathroom, his left cheek wet, and savagely scrubbed his face, his hands, his teeth. When he returned, the kid's face was white and drawn, his eyes miserable, and his lips moved two or three times before Rocky could hear the fumbling words, "I'm sorry. I can't help feeling this way, scared."

ROCKY undressed quickly and climbed into bed. As the kid undressed he dropped his clothes over the back of a chair, then fumbled through his bag for pajamas of cheap, shrunk flannelette. Rocky could see he was embarrassed by the poverty of his belongings. Rocky lay in the dark later, sleepless, hearing him tossing in bed. At three o'clock Rocky switched one light on briefly to find a cigarette. The kid's eyes were closed but Rocky was sure he was awake.

When Rocky woke up in the morning, the boy was sleeping peacefully, sprawled out on the bed with one big foot outside the covers, and Rocky dressed soundlessly and slipped out for breakfast.

The idea that perhaps he wasn't finished as a goalkeeper came first to Rocky later that morning. When he had the dressing changed on his eye, the doctor asked him how he was getting along with only one. He told Rocky then that, physically, the loss of one eye meant only the loss of one fifth of his sight; that actually the loss was mainly in judgment, since usually the head could be turned quickly enough to keep any moving object in view.

Rocky thought of all this when he ate lunch, alone, in a place where he was unlikely to meet any friends. And that afternoon he went to a downtown club and played handball, and found that his game seemed as good as it had ever been. With a growing excitement he went to a golf school and stood for half an hour driving balls into a net. Apart from a slight tendency to dig in with his irons, he could see no great loss of efficiency in the way he handled a golf club.

He remembered words that had been spoken at his bedside, that first day. Forster had offered him the scouting job. Rocky had suggested that later he might work out a time or two to see how much difference the loss of an eye made, but Forster had said it was out of the question.

Even now, with the hope rising within him, Rocky knew that it was perhaps a ridiculous hope. So often his sure instinct in goal had been based on something glimpsed out of the corner of one eye—a man in position for a pass, or a man sprawled and out of the play—while his main attention was on another play altogether. But the hope refused to be rationalized. He'd demand that he be allowed at least to try himself in practice. They owed him that much, the chance to prove it one way or another, especially when they had so little to fill his place.

Every time he thought of Hill skating out tonight to face the sharp-shooting Beavers, he saw the boy's white, miserable face and heard him saying that he was scared.

WHEN Hill came to the ice that night, red-faced and boyishly grim, the vast murmur of conversation in the rink stopped for an instant and then hummed on as the fans sized him up. During the pregame warmup, Wasps at one end, Beavers at the other, Rocky stood by the players' bench with Jones. After his practice shots, Spunski came over too and leaned his barrel-like body on the rail and watched while the Wasps gave Hill a heavy workout.

Prohaska, the surest shot in the league, scored four times in six rushes, yet Rocky saw immediately that the kid had the makings of a good goalkeeper. He didn't have much poise, and he was tense and scared, yet the errors he made were from this frenzy of overanxiousness rather than from anything basically wrong in the way he played the puck. Spunski pushed at his tousled, wiry hair with a gloved hand and there was hope in his voice. "If he had any guts he'd be a good goalkeeper," he said.

"Loan him some of yours, Rocky," said Jones.

Rocky smiled, nursing his inner excitement. Maybe they wouldn't have to worry about bringing this kid along too soon. Rocky would work out tomorrow no matter what they said, and maybe the kid could go back to junior where he belonged and get the time he needed to develop. Maybe the picture of Rockaway would be on the program cover again this season, this time not to record a tragedy but to hail a comeback for a man and his team.

In the first seconds of the game Rocky sensed the pattern of what was to come. Wasp forwards clung to their checks, breaking up rushes before they started, and once Spunski went to his knees to stop a shot before it could reach the goal. But then Stacey of the Beavers, the fastest man in the league, broke in from left wing and feinted a shot. The kid refused to be tricked into moving. But Stacey outsped his check and found time to feint again and on this second move Hill went to his left and Stacey passed across the goal and another Beaver forward tipped the puck into the gaping right side of the net.

Rocky watched Spunski go back to the

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I'm Shot!"

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"I'm the expert who solved the case . . .

"This office was typical of *hundreds* of cases. Unchecked noise kept everyone jumpy, destroyed efficiency and caused heavy overtime hours. Our analysis showed that Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning—installed at modest cost—would bring immediate quiet, comfort and savings to this office and its staff."

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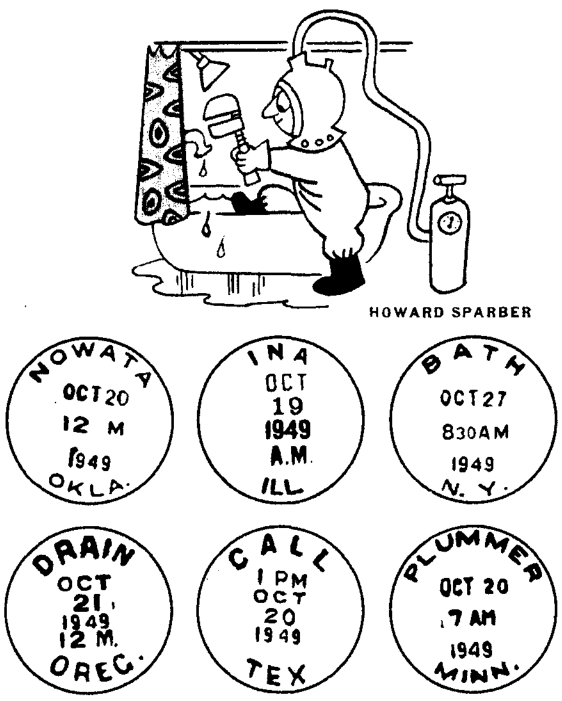
kid and pat him on the back, trying to cheer him up. But the kid was looking up at the big time clock above center ice, which showed that he had survived only ninety-three seconds in the league before a goal was scored against him. And Rocky felt sick, knowing that the kid must have been told for years not to move with a feint; to watch the puck, not the man; to move only when the puck actually left the stick. If he'd only loosen up, Rocky thought, he might make a game of this, because he must have known better than to do what he did wrong there. But Rocky also knew that a man has to be relaxed to act by instinct. Perhaps this kid was too far out of his depth ever to relax.

THE second goal came a minute later. A Beaver defense man fired a long one from center ice. It was a high, slow shot and when Hill saw it coming he tensed nervously to stop it. Then like an overanxious ballplayer swinging at a change of pace, he missed it for the Beavers' second goal.

Picture Postmarks



HOWARD SPARBER

FROM GLENDON K. JEWETT, COVINGTON, KY.

After looking at the bleak, hopeless faces of his friends on the ice below, Rocky rose slowly to his feet and walked down the runway to the dressing room and told the trainer to get a uniform ready.

Forster must have seen him leave, for he came in a minute or two later.

Rocky, dressed only in long underwear, shrugging himself into the intricate chest and shoulder harness, glanced up at him. "As soon as I'm dressed," Rocky said, "I'm going in." He felt sick at his stomach and his voice shook the way it did in his infrequent anger, although he was not angry now.

Forster walked over and took hold of Rocky's wrists. "Rocky," he said, "I'm not surprised at you trying to do this, but you can't do it."

Rocky jerked away. He pulled on his heavy padded pants, laced his skates and faced Forster. "What's more," he said, "I'm going to keep on playing goal until you get a goalkeeper who can do it better."

Forster stood with his hands in the pockets of his topcoat, his lips pressed together, and only his eyes uncertain and indecisive. He watched while Rocky started to strap on his leg pads, and then without speaking again he turned and left.

When Rocky was on his way along the passage to the ice, the blankness to his right suddenly seemed new and alarming. He switched his head rapidly back and forth, following an imaginary puck. Gingerly, he touched the tape at his eye. A week ago the other eye had been there, giving its priceless vision. Now there was emptiness, a slight nagging pain, no sight.

He walked up the runway to the ice, and those in the crowd who were nearest the runway saw him first and shouted in the beginnings of a great roll of sound that stopped as suddenly as it had begun and left the rink in silence. Rocky glanced up at the score. It was still 2-0 for the Beavers.

He didn't look along the players' bench, but he knew Jones, the coach, was standing beside him on his blank side. Forster came up on his left. Rocky waited for their protests. Then in their silence he knew that they were going to let him on, that the argument Forster had put up briefly had been Forster speaking as his friend, and that now his silence was the silence of Forster, the hockey manager, who had nobody to stop a puck in goal. A whistle sounded for an offside, and Rocky pushed open the gate and stepped to the ice.

"Good luck, Rocky," Jones said.

Rocky glanced back and tried to achieve his old confident grin, and saw that Forster had his back to him and was walking along behind the players' bench with his head down; and Rocky thought: That corny old line—now he can tell them to get out there and win this one for Rocky.

He didn't hear the crowd then, although his memories of this moment later always came with a background of deafening sound, and he skated stiff-legged down the ice and across the blue line and in toward the goal, waving off other players who started toward him, startled, yelling, their eyes wide. Rocky wanted to spare the kid this scene. Hill watched, staring, his throat showing a ripple of convulsive swallowing. Rocky reached over and took the stick from his hands. "Don't feel bad about this, kid," he said. "It was like you said, too tough a spot for you."

"You can't do it!" Hill said. "I'm not good enough, but you can't do it, either, with one eye!"

"The hell I can't," said Rocky.

The referee had blown his whistle angrily, for play to resume. Hill skated to the bench in quick, nervous strides. Rocky saw him go straight to Forster and speak vehemently, and Forster turned away. He saw the kid speak to Jones, and Jones said something in reply, and then the other five Wasps on the ice, the two defense men and the three forwards, were around Rocky. They clapped his back and grinned at him, but after the first few seconds Rocky thought there was constraint in their eyes. The referee was blowing impatiently from the other blue line and finally they left and lined up for play.

Rocky stood again in the mouth of the goal he knew so well and twisted his neck this way and that, testing how much he had to turn to see the corners and see behind the net.

IF THE Wasps had checked hard for Hill, they checked ferociously for Rocky. In the first minute or two he had no shots to handle. But suddenly a play was developing fast toward him, with Wasp wingers skating desperately to head off their checks. The defense spread to cover the puck carrier and his most likely pass receiver.

The skin along Rocky's spine was suddenly hot and sweating, and his forehead was wet, and his hands. He crouched, banging his pads with his stick, his left hand dropping to cover that side of the net, and Spunski crashed the puck carrier to the ice with a solid body check and poked the puck out to the center zone again and the play was gone without a shot on goal. Rocky straightened and wiped his forehead and spoke aloud to himself, swearing, and tried to choke down the rising lump of fright in his chest and throat.

Then the Beavers were back. Stacey bashed over the blue line into the Wasp zone with that queer, vigorous gallop of his, scraped along the boards, took a pass and cut in on Rocky's blind side. Rocky crowded the goal post and knew that he had turned too far—he had to, to watch Stacey—but now he didn't know which Beavers were in front of the goal or what position they were in. The delicate sense of anticipation with which the old Rockaway had guessed uncannily whether it was to be a shot or a pass was gone now. The quickly changing pattern of opposition players, always so sharp in his mind before, was fogged and incomplete.

He turned his head quickly, desperately, taking his eyes from Stacey. At the same instant, the puck hit his pads near his waist and he was scrabbling feverishly with his hands to hold it before it trickled between him and the goalpost. Spunski crashed to his side, stick up, fending off the frantic Beavers trying to get another whack at the puck. But in the time Spunski gave him, Rocky recovered the puck and punched it out to the side. Sweat poured down his face and the play was gone again.

Alone momentarily, Rocky put his arm on the goal's steel crossbar to support himself. He leaned forward to watch the play at the other end of the rink. His knees were weak as the play developed toward him again and in his mind he was seeing that shot he hadn't seen just a few seconds before. The puck was rising, rising, and he was looking the other way, and it was like the terror of a nightmare and he held his left hand rigidly at his side and it wanted to come up to protect his face. The first shot was across the goal into the corner and again he had to turn too far and his head was swinging back and forth jerkily as he tried to keep everybody in position, everybody who could shoot or take a pass.

But Spunski managed to get the puck and hold it against the boards to relieve the pressure. The whistle blew for a face-off.

Then Hill jumped over the boards from the Wasp bench. Hands reached for him and he shook them off angrily and skated toward Rocky. Forster, one hand up to the referee to ask permission to be on the ice, slipped and slid in pursuit.

Rocky saw numbly that Hill's eyes were narrow with anger and shame. He wrenched the stick roughly from Rocky's hands, without speaking. Then Forster got there.

"Get off the ice," Forster snapped to Hill. "This is no corner lot. In this rink you take orders from me, and I tell you to get off."

In his skates Hill towered above the stern, fiery man. His voice shook. "I'm not going to sit there and watch a guy with one eye fumble easy shots, and twist his neck off trying to figure out where a pass goes!"

From the bench, Forster couldn't have seen Rocky's terror of the minute before. His tone was low now, incisive and commanding. "Get off the ice!"

Ed Hill's voice was broken, almost a whisper. "Go to hell!"

Rocky ended it. He knew now that he had made his decision even before Hill came to the ice. He searched for the words to use, but he was not an eloquent man and in the end he said only, "It's all yours, kid." He took Forster's arm and Forster came with him, and Rocky skated from the ice with his throat tight and choking, his head down, raising it to the clapping and cheering for a brief instant, for the last time. Then he climbed into the players' bench and turned to watch the game.

On the first play, two Beavers crowded in front of the goal, trying to obscure Hill's vision while another forward tried to work into position for a shot. As Hill jumped back and forth, trying to keep the puck in view, they jumped back and forth with him. And even while Rocky was springing to his feet, banging on the boards and screaming at the referee to watch the interference, Hill reached and with a single swipe of his stick slammed both of the interfering players across the hands and then did a split across the goalmouth to stop the shot, a low, hard one he'd never have got if his vision had been obscured.

On the next play, the puck was loose in a frantic goalmouth pile-up, two Beavers dashing to slap it in. And before Rocky could form the thought, seeing Spunski alone in one position and Prohaska breaking instinctively for center ice, Hill reached out and beat the Beavers by a second, poking the puck out to Spunski, who wheeled and fed it to the flying Prohaska for a breakaway. The Beavers were all out of position, caught flat-footed, and Prohaska raced in and beat the Beaver goalie with a low shot from fifteen feet out. Rocky jumped up and pounded his fists on the rail and shouted, but while the others were cheering for Prohaska, Rocky was shouting the name of Hill.

Rocky slipped out of the rink a minute or two before the end of the game. The Wasps were leading, 4-2. The game was in the bag. Prohaska had scored again and Spunski had got one of his infrequent goals with a terrific thirty-foot shot and had passed to a defense mate for another. In the rest after the first period the dressing room had been silent, because the evidence was still too slim. But after the second period the relief had been so heavy and intense, one player after another dropping a hand to Hill's shoulder as he passed, that only Spunski could break it up by standing in the middle of the scarred wooden floor and looking around and saying, "For Pete's sake, let's not bust out crying!" And now, a minute or so before the end of the game, Rocky wanted Hill to have all the glory to himself.

HE SAW the light of his room through the transom as he approached along the hall. He quickened his step and as he reached the door Millie opened it, her arms ready. He kissed her, noticing that she was pale, joking about the trimness of her figure, listening to her say that she had decided after the telephone call last night that she had to come to him, even though she was supposed to be careful and take it easy for a while. She had wanted to see him first alone, so she hadn't gone to the rink.

Then he noticed that the radio was on, tuned to the hockey game, and the announcer was summarizing the game just finished. Millie turned quickly away from him and went back to her chair by the radio. When she raised her head there were tears in her eyes, and he knew she had heard what had happened. He walked across the room and kneeled beside her chair and she took his head in her hands and pressed it down to her breast, and it was a minute or two before her voice came again. "The new one, Rocky," she said. "How is the new one?"

He started to answer immediately, then stopped. One game wasn't a conclusive test. But in his mind he was replaying those fighting stops the kid had made in the first minute after he returned to the ice, seeing again the kid's eyes as he snatched the stick and told Forster to go to hell, feeling again the agony of his own fear, thinking: My fright became his courage, so at least I had something to give.

He could face it now. He no longer owned that goal. He raised his head and smiled at his wife. "I think the new one will be all right," he said. THE END

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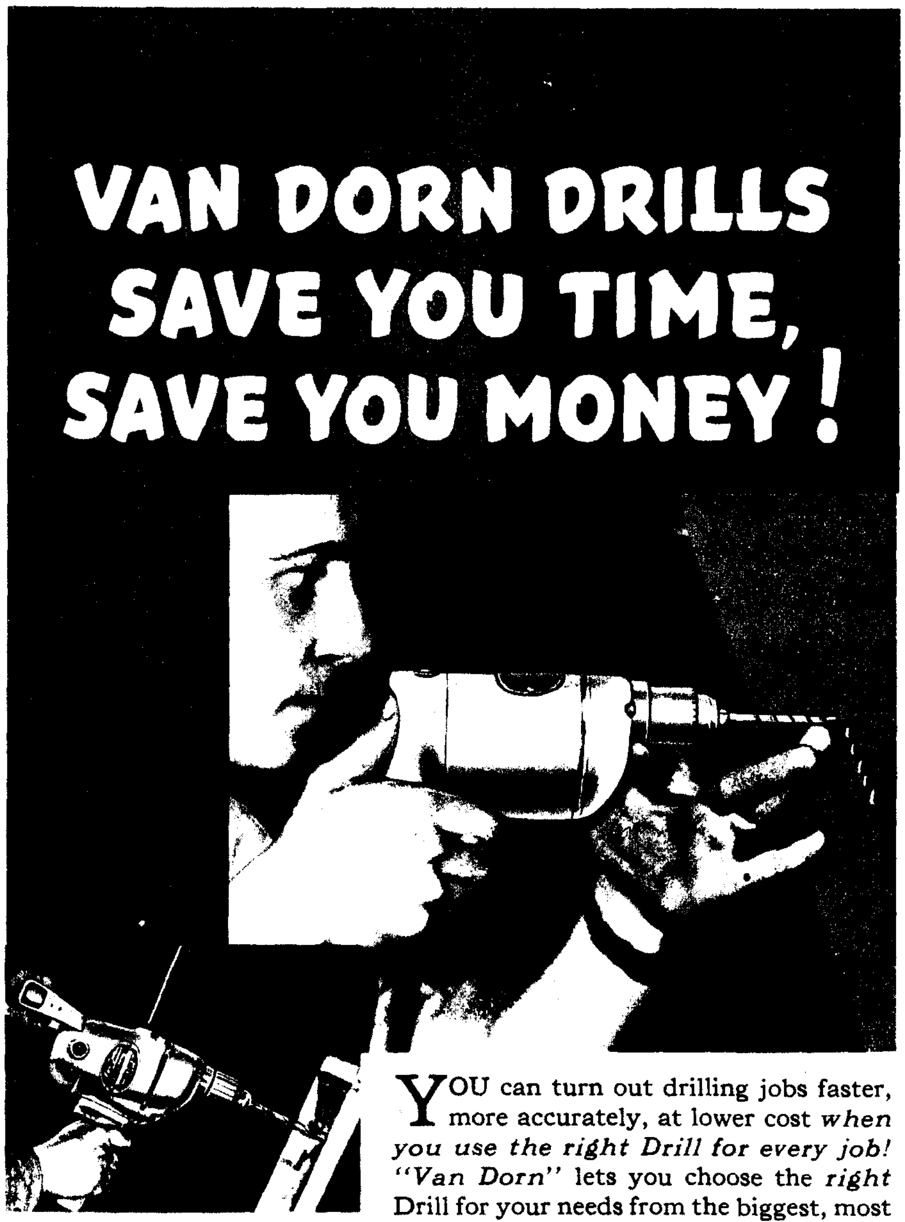

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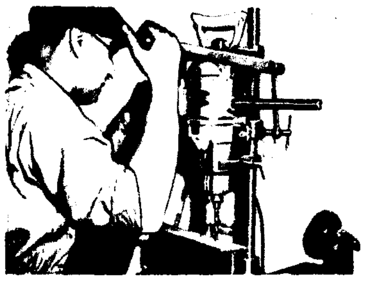

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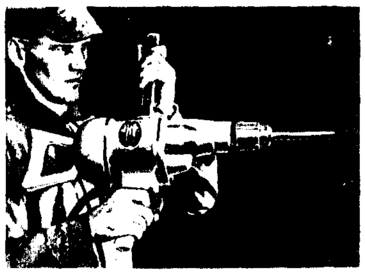

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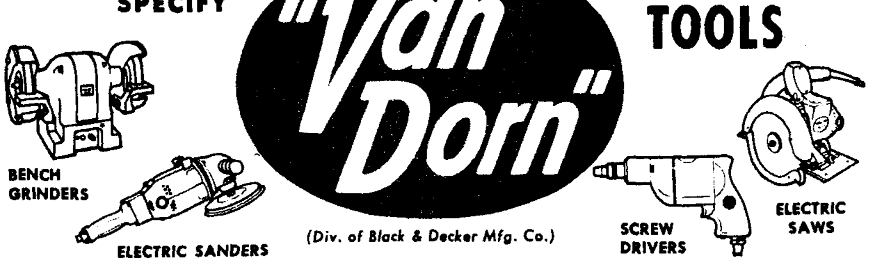

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We're Mighty Fond of Our Miss Lil

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Miss Lil doesn't live in a house. She lives all over the mountain—in what is left of the expensive and social Laurel Falls camp for girls, which she ran prosperously for 29 years, dropping it only last summer. She dines in what used to be the camp dining room, and sits, in what used to be the camp sitting room, in another building 100 yards away. This last is a wonderful room, with studs and rafters of poplar logs, the bark still firmly on them after many years.

At first, walking among the pines, one has the feeling that there aren't any buildings on Old Screamer at all. Then, abruptly, there they are—the cabins in which the girls used to sleep, shouldered into the rises. Miss Lil appears around the corner of one of them, in slacks, looking slight, young, from some angles like a little girl.

Drama on an Empty Stage

It is hard to believe she is the center of the sociological cyclone which has taken up permanent residence in Rabun County. But then it is hard to believe that any human drama is taking place in the county at all, for the overwhelming impression is one of emptiness. About 60 per cent of the county is owned by the federal government, as a forest preserve. Another 10 per cent is owned by Georgia Power, for hydroelectric purposes. Less than 10 per cent of the land is owned privately by the 8,000 people of Rabun, and they have plenty of room to stretch.

Some of Miss Lil's friends suggested, back in 1944, that it might be tactful for her to close the camp then, in view of the fact that Strange Fruit had just come out, made its sensation with its story of interracial love, and had been banned in Boston for "obscenity."

"I couldn't," she says. "I had to know whether the parents would still send their girls back to me. If I had closed the camp, I'd never have known, you see."

She stayed open. The girls returned in their usual numbers, filling the usual waiting list besides. These girls have come from all over the South. Among them, at different times, have been daughters of such conservative Georgians as Congressmen Pace, Wood and Gene Cox. Why did leading Southern families send the flower of young Southern womanhood to an institution run by a lady possessed of such extremely "un-Southern" views?

Oddly, that isn't—and never was—a question in the South; it is only a question to a Northerner, inclined to look upon these things in a mechanical way. They sent their girls to Miss Lil because Miss Lil is a fine woman, because she is a Southerner, born and bred, because she had the reputation of being "a nice lady with children—why, she'd sit up all night with your daughter if she were sick." Toward the end, a part of the camp complement at Laurel Falls was made up of emotionally strained and unhappy girls, sent to be helped by Miss Lil in the sometimes hard job of growing up.

And so the newer psychological methods got into the picture, and a frank airing of problems was encouraged, and publications devoted to progressive education began to take note of Miss Lil. Something happened on the pine-needle-strewn slopes of Old Screamer; it became a peak from which you could see not only a good part of the South, but from which you also had to face facts, to look at yourself. The process culminated one afternoon when these well-born girls, looking into their own young hearts, presented a play they themselves had written concerning the battle between racial tolerance and Southern tradition. Parents watched the performance. Some of them wept.

Sometime during those years on Old Screamer, Lillian Smith had made her decision against human segregation, against the Southern system of separate schools, separate doors, separate drinking fountains, separate bus seats, separate neighborhoods. It is a hard decision for a Southerner to make, so at variance with early training, says Miss Lil, that sometimes it leaves one sleepless and shaken at night, with an uneasy, generalized guilty feeling, as if one had committed a mortal sin. Many Southern liberals, serious, hard-working, often daring men and women, take exception to Miss Lil's stand, preferring to work "within the limits of the possible." She has a soft answer for these.

"You have to feel it inside," she says. "If you can't take this position, you shouldn't take it. You should do what you can. It doesn't matter about me—I'm expendable. But I think that because of the position I have taken, it will be easier for others to make the little gains they're always talking about."

For 10 years, while operating her camp, Miss Lil, with the help of Paula Snelling, published South Today, a quarterly which took an advanced stand on Southern problems. It climbed to a 10,000 circulation, many issues carrying letters of approbation from all over the South—signed with initials. A volunteer woman circulation assistant, who helped mail the magazine at Atlanta when that job became too big to be handled on a mountainside in Rabun County, was evicted from her city apartment for her pains.

Miss Lil finally gave the magazine up when it "became a business," interfering with her writing. It is a Clayton legend how the Clayton Tribune print shop gravely got out the publication for her for a decade, as a job, without ever a remark or comment about its content, though the policies of this little local paper are by no means the same as those of Miss Lil.

For her books, Miss Lil went back to the country of her girlhood, not Rabun County, but the deep Southern Georgia of the turpentine camp, the palmetto, the swamp and the alligator. When she talks of this time of her life, she can make you see the blue smoke twisting up from the shanties, and you find yourself watching a five-year-old girl trying to put her arms around a giant live oak, under the hanging moss.

But Miss Lil's choice of this tenderly remembered material for literary use is not sentimental—it is part of her theory that the Southerner's troubled feelings about the Negro become set in early childhood, when his young soul is the battleground for such conflicting emotions as, say his love for his Negro nurse and his early pleasure in learning a doctrine of racial superiority. Miss Lil takes the reader back to the gentle scenes of childhood not to move him to a reminiscent sigh, but to blow the psychological whistle on him, loud and high.

Book Used as Election Weapon

But down below the mountain there is a workaday world. In it are such figures as Frank Adams Smith, Miss Lil's brother, who happens to be county ordinary—which means that he is the very highly respected chief executive of Rabun County, and has to run for re-election every four years. The last time he ran, somebody got hold of a copy of Strange Fruit, drew a ring around a word that might be considered frank, or even naughty, and exhibited the open volume in a public place. "Would you vote for a man whose sister writes words like that?" was the appeal.

But the maneuver quickly collapsed. It collapsed, for one reason, because in the South you don't hit at a man through his sister.

Besides, open incidents are exactly what nobody on either side wants. After a while, you realize that the drama of Miss Lil and Clayton is the quiet kind; the whole point of the struggle going on just below the surface is to keep the struggle from becoming dramatic. It is the drama of avoiding drama.

Miss Lil is caught in a strange dilemma. For her work to succeed, to make a dent in the segregation system, it must produce ructions and reactions. But if the reactions become so hot as to force her to break her living connection with the South, its people and its land, then she could not very well continue to work as she has been working, from within the region she loves but wishes to reform.

Conversely, Clayton feels that to allow an open ruction to develop would mean to admit that there is an issue in a field in which much of the South vigorously maintains there is none.

This curiously stubborn friendship is, actually, a denial of Miss Lil—not of herself, but of her work. To continue to like her and approve of her is a way of saying that the issues she raises are not quite real. A South which has been able to live for many years in the presence of the segregation issue while denying that the issue exists is able, by a very slight extension, to carry on in the same way in the presence of the Miss Lil issue. Poking around, asking questions, there is finally the feeling of intruding into a complex familylike situation, in which the contestants are constrained never to quarrel on any open, personal level—because of the very nature of the quarrel which divides them.

SHIELD OF THE NEEDY

I went to see Mr. R. E. Cannon, local undertaker, and one of the leaders in the party opposed to Miss Lil's brother, Frank Smith. For there are two parties in Rabun County, not the Democrats and the Republicans, but the Cannons and the Derricks. The two groups oppose each other in local elections, not on the issues, exactly, but as a matter of tradition.

"Some folks wanted to inject Strange Fruit into the last campaign," said Cannon, in the presence of a flag-draped casket. "But I said we weren't running against Miss Lillian. I consider her a good citizen of Rabun County."

There is bitter open criticism of Miss Lil in the South, but not in Clayton. It comes from relatively far away, as, for example, from Atlanta, where one newspaper writer described her new book as "a stinker," called it "an inexcusable effusion," and has taken to referring to its author as "Lillian." The omission of the courtesy title of "Miss" is, in the South, important.

Clayton, with a deep sure instinct, prefers to stay well below the boiling point.

"She's ahead of a lot of people," says State Representative Paul Green, over the checker game in Mayor Derrick's auto showroom. Long pause. Smile. "She's ahead of me." But Green voted against the all-white primary.

Clayton uses humor. Miss Lil has conducted mixed white and Negro labor conferences on Old Screamer. After one such, word passed through the town that Miss Lil had embraced 100 Negroes as they arrived for the meeting. One Claytonian, listening to this news, nodded sagely. "H'mm," he said slowly, "a hundred, hey? Miss Lil is a better woman than I thought she was." End of incident.

There is Mayor Derrick, who looks like Lincoln, and who used to be a shortstop for Connie Mack's A's before World War I. Later he played for the Yankees—there is a long scar on his thumb, put there by the famous Zack Wheat's spikes in the exhibition game that dedicated Ebbets Field. What does Clayton think of Miss Lil's books? The mayor smiles. "It was a little startled by them at first. But it's getting over it. Sort of proud of them now."

Rabun County's Negroes live by themselves, of course. There are only 100 of them now, though before the Civil War there were 248 slaves in the county. They read Miss Lil's books. There's no bookstore in Clayton; both whites and Negroes send off to Atlanta for them. The orders go out as soon as a new Smith is announced. The books come in by mail and filter quietly through the town.

Clayton's Negroes manage to let Miss Lil know they like her books. No very big discussions with her go on. If blame for Miss Lil is held to a murmur in Rabun County, praise is quieter still; it is a dim, remote whisper. A Negro will sometimes say, gently and briefly, "Thank you for writing that book, Miss Lil." That is as far as it ever goes.

Miss Lil's relations with Clayton's Negroes are personal, not political. They come to her when they "need something," something for the school or the church, and she tries to help. She furnished musical education for the Negro children at a time when their school had no facilities; and her annual Christmas party for them is a tradition. But, like the whites, the Negroes tend to glide away from thinking of Miss Lil as a political person; with them, too, the price she pays for an easy relationship is a kind of local pact that a part of her shall not exist.

Dilemma of a Sensitive Lady

As for Miss Lil's relations with the white citizens of Clayton, I have a feeling she is sometimes rather lonely. Partly this is because she likes them very much and, sensitively, understands that the problems she raises are difficult for them. So she shyly refrains from forcing contacts on them that might seem to compel them to take positions.

Sometimes, with equal shyness, a word of approval will come to her in a roundabout way.

A Claytonian said to a friend of Miss Lil's recently, speaking slowly and thoughtfully as if he had a long-meditated message to deliver, "Tell Miss Lil we have read her book. Tell her we like her book. We believe in her book. We believe in her."

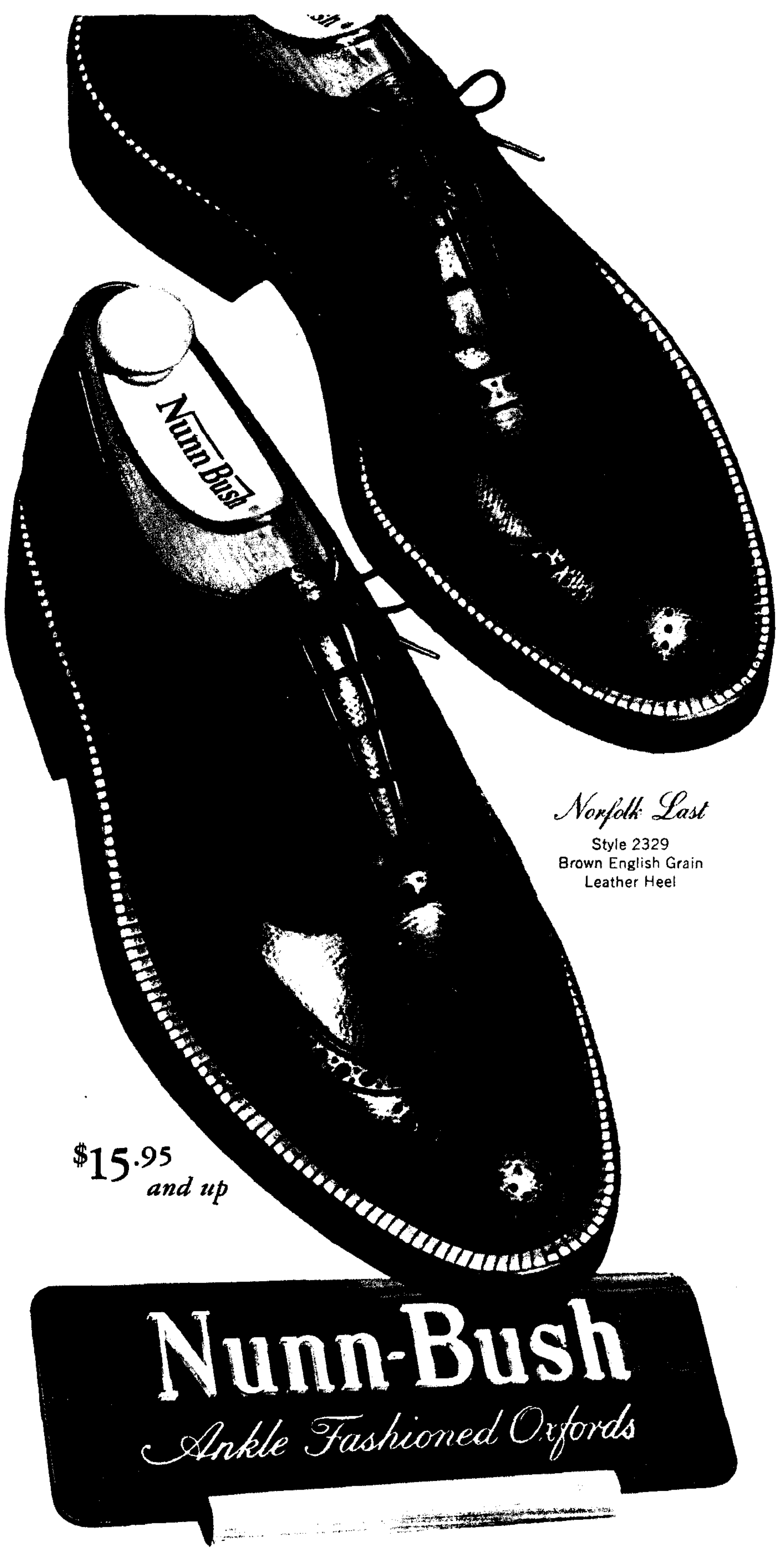
Then he spoke about something else, ending the brief moment of contact between himself and the part of Miss Lil that does not really exist in Rabun County. She takes her place in community activities, but her social life in the town is not intensive. Everything that is explicit is warm, but much that is implicit is cool, as she and the town together work through this odd story of an acceptance that is, in part, based on a rejection.

So there is the Clayton calm, a strange thing—at once a sort of defeat for Miss Lil, and yet a kind of victory for her, too, and also a victory for Clayton itself and for freedom of controversy in the South.

But the thing I remember most, the quote that really stays with me, came from the man who smiled cheerfully when I asked him what he thought of Miss Lil. He didn't agree with her racial views, but—

"We like her," he said. "We aim to go right on liking her." He smiled an even bigger smile now, with meanings in it, friendly and defiant, that you might have to live 40 years in the town to understand. "Yes, sir. There isn't anything she can do that's going to keep us from liking her."

Oddly, that was the one moment when I felt, with real poignancy, how hard and tough a way of life it was that Miss Lil had picked for herself. THE END



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City Beyond Devil's Gate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

weakness to admit a fear," he said slowly. "I was afraid of you, too, if you really want to know." Then he added lightly, "But now you've come to me for a job. Obviously you're tired of being a country preacher shouting abolition—"

"Are you sure?" Daniel shot the words at him.

Jason refused to be riled. "All right, what if you haven't changed? There aren't any essential differences between us anyway. I never was in favor of slavery and you know it. Morally it's a wretched thing. Not only that, but we have no need for it here in the West. It doesn't have to concern us. Let the North and South fight it out. The new Pacific Republic won't need either North or South by the time we're through."

DANIEL seemed to have lost interest. "Well, that's your business," he said abruptly. "All I want is a job."

Jason leaned forward eagerly. "Well, here's the way things stand. I've opened a bank and it's thriving. I've let it be known that it's a branch of my bank in Sacramento and that gives the men a feeling of solidity. I've bought up a couple of mines for prices you wouldn't believe. And I'm making loans. That's the biggest thing."

"What kind of loans?"

"Very reasonable and legitimate ones. You see, this is a new kind of mining for most of these men, Daniel. The silver is in quartz and sulphurets and it's deep down in the ground. This is no measly ounce-a-day business like they're used to in the California goldfields. They have to drill and blast and sink shafts. And most of them haven't the money for it. So they come to me, putting their mines up as security, and I loan them whatever they ask for. At five per cent compounded monthly. Do you begin to get the idea?"

"Foreclosure—?"

"Precisely. Oh, not ruthlessly. There's no deception involved. They know the risks perfectly well. But naturally a great many of them can't meet their loans. When that happens, I simply take over. And right now property, actual linear feet—that's the measure of a man's power here in the Washoe. Before long I'll have enough simply to ease the whole section out of the Union by my simple say-so."

"But there are some big mines here already—the Ophir, the Mexican, the Gould and Curry—what about them? You can't just ease them out along with the rest if they don't want to be eased."

Jason raised an admonishing finger. "The little ones first. When I have them I'll be big enough myself to bargain with the others. Don't worry. When it comes right down to it they will be glad to get in on the ground floor of the new Pacific Republic."

Daniel was impressed in spite of himself. "But the money! It's going to take a tremendous amount of money to swing something like this."

"I have money." Jason said it easily and with no hint of boasting. "The bank in Sacramento is on a very firm footing. Plenty of capital to work with there. And then you know my wife brought a considerable dowry." He said it so casually that Daniel was shocked.

"Yes—I'd heard—" In Daniel's mind was a picture of Jason's bride, a quiet light-haired girl who had sat across from him at dinner, her eyes wide and attentive on Jason's face. She was scarcely older, Daniel judged, than Jason's son, young Tom Feathers, and she seemed to be striving, in a fluttering, wistful way, to overcome that consciousness of inferiority which Jason seemed to inspire in those closest to him.

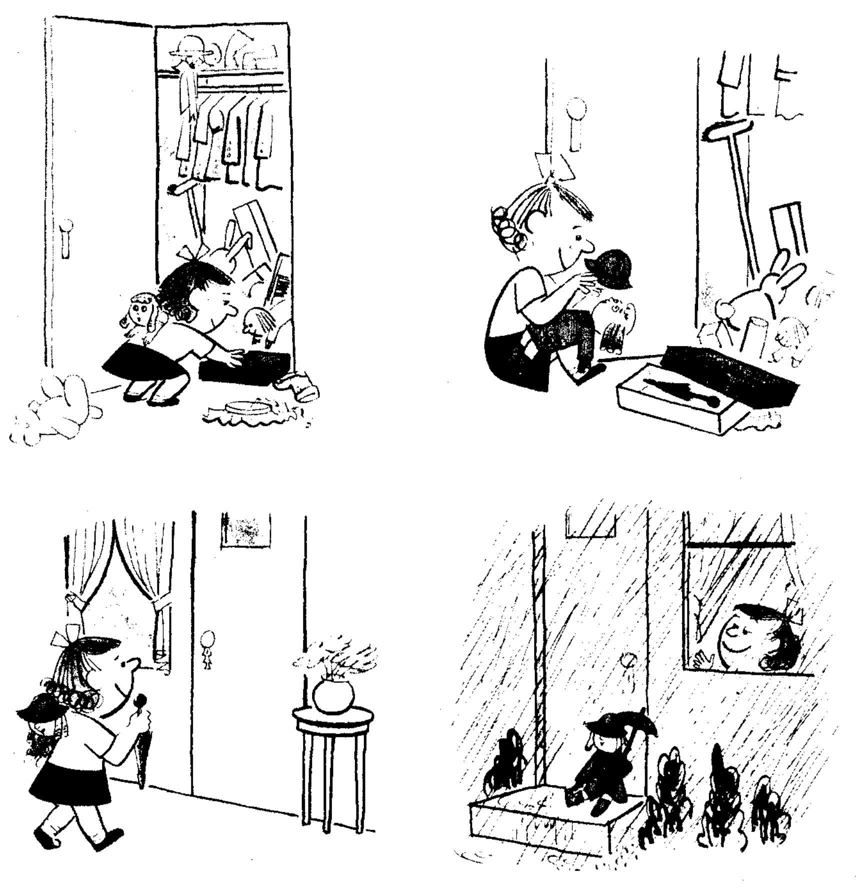
"Nothing to be embarrassed about," Jason reassured him as the pause between them grew awkward. "Rebecca's a charming girl and I've known her father, Aaron Brewster, for years. We have a very amicable understanding."

"You and Aaron Brewster, you mean."

Jason looked quizzical, then amused once more. "Yes, that was what I meant. I see some of the old fire remains, Daniel. All the better."

Daniel's thoughts returned to that evening's dinner table. The eighteen-year-old Tom had been glad to see him. Daniel had found it oddly touching. The boy was so frank, so completely ingenuous, and there was so little about him, aside from a marked physical resemblance, that was like Jason. He was likable, where Jason was not, and yet, oddly, Daniel sensed that the boy was in some way a disappointment to his father.

SISTER



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Jason's love for his son was real and unmistakable, but equally real was Jason's dislike of mediocrity, and there could be no doubt that Tom was, in the final reckoning, mediocre. The boy's awareness of Jason's disappointment in him, his continual striving to be what Jason expected, gave a certain edginess to the scene whenever the two were together, no matter how superficial the talk.

Jason seemed to be following his thoughts, with a touch of annoyance.

"About the job—" he suggested.

Daniel waited for Jason to continue.

Jason was once more full of business. "Well, to be honest, Daniel, I was surprised when you came into my office this afternoon. But when you asked me for a job—well, right in that moment, I knew I had a job for you."

"I—" Jason hesitated. "I have certain limitations, Daniel. I can speak of this to you because it's nothing you don't already know. The kind of man I need here is someone who can talk to the men, speak their own language, inspire confidence in them. You've always been that type, Daniel. No use denying it, men like you instinctively." Was there, Daniel wondered, a faint wistfulness mingled with Jason's brusque decisiveness?

"That's why you can be useful to me. I want you to learn the business, handle the loans for me. The pay will be good. Better than you think."

Daniel hesitated. "All right," he said at last.

"Good." Jason said it quietly, as though the matter were closed now. Still there was something on his mind. "Daniel," he went on suddenly, "so far as anything that happened between us—anything back in Sacramento—"

The look Daniel shot him made him stop.

"It has nothing to do with the job," Daniel said. "Nothing at all."

For the first time since she had heard the news of her father's and brother's deaths, Emily Fielding felt some of the aimlessness, the apathy, slipping away from her, and taking their place, a restless impatience, a desire to be busy.

The Reverend Flavius Grimes had communicated some of this new feeling to her a few moments before as she was leaving the tiny yellow stone church he had built himself. He had stood in the doorway and held her hand tight.

"Good girl, Em," he had said, his short beard bobbing, his bright eyes beady behind plump red cheeks. "Get right out and meet everything halfway. Don't shut yourself up in that house any more." And Emily, all at once too emotional to reply, had merely nodded emphatically.

Now, in the windy brightness of the June morning, hurrying along down the mountainside toward her own house, a one-room structure of the same yellow stone as Flavius' church, she knew that she would be all right once she got through Sunday dinner. She and Johnny and her father had always eaten Sunday dinner together, and she still felt unsure of herself at the thought of going home and sitting there at the table with only Charley, the Paiute handy man.

It was almost worse than she had thought it would be entering and seeing the house, empty save for Charley, who stood laconically at the big stove in the corner and stirred the jack rabbit stew she had left cooking. He was a long, thin-visaged, solemn-looking man. Over his trousers he wore a shapeless calico garment resembling a smock, and on his head rested a high bell-crowned beaver hat. Emily remembered when Johnny had brought the hat to him. He had not shown his pleasure by so much as a smile, but she had never seen him without it since.

The round wooden table in the center of the room was set with the good cloth, and there seemed to be nothing for her to do. She stood irresolute, her arms crossed over her breast, hugging herself in mute despondency.

Emily Fielding was the prettiest girl on Sun Mountain. This was no particular distinction since she was the only girl there, but her father, Noah Fielding, had always described her so, adding that no matter where Emily lived, she would still be the prettiest girl there.

Her status as the one unmarried young woman in Virginia City was unique. The only other women consisted of Julia Bulette and a handful of her "girls," who fell into a rather dubious category since the only clearly established fact about any of them was their proven absence of virginity. There were, in addition, three or four married women, including the young Mrs. Feathers, and that was all. Nevertheless, despite the absence of competition, Emily was striking. She was tall and slim and black-haired with restless dark eyes. Her skin was clear and surprisingly white, and when she walked it was with the easy grace of someone who has grown up in the company of men and has had neither time nor opportunity to acquire a mincing, fashionable gait.

THE unexpected knock at the front door startled her. Then instantly she was flying to open it, glad for any interruption.

The man who stood there wore a dirty flannel shirt and blue jeans, scuffed knee boots and a remnant of a hat from under whose undulating brim stiff, gray hair stuck out on all sides. He had a red beard and sharp gray eyes, and he was smiling broadly.

"Hello, Emmy girl. How you fixed for vittles? Got room fer one more?"

For a moment Emily was unable to speak. Her throat filled chokingly and tears sprang into her eyes. Then she seized him by the hand and drew him inside.

"Tooey—Tooey, if you only knew! No, *it's more than that.* You *did* know. You knew I'd be lonesome."

Tooey took her display of emotion calmly. He removed his hat, seated himself in the best chair and cocked one leg up jauntily over the other.

"I seen you on yer way to church. I figgered it might be lonesome—comin' back to an empty house."

She reached out gratefully and closed a hand over his.

"Preacher Grimes figger his soul-savin' campaign's attractin' any converts?" Tooey inquired archly.

Emily had recovered by now. She wiped her eyes, then smiled. "Now you know better than that, Tooey. Flavius is no soul-saver. He just gives the boys a little talking-to so that their consciences will rest easier and then lets them spend the rest of the time shouting hymns to their hearts' content. And besides, didn't I see you helping him lug rocks to build his church?"

"Jest pickin' a roundabout way into heaven, Emmy. Cal'late if I get there it'll never be by no front entrance."

Emily sat forward eagerly. "Tooey, how's it going at the mine? I've got to get down to business now. Somebody's got to keep things going, and I can't lean on you forever."

Tooey looked approvingly at her. "I

It took a miracle to put this backyard here

This is the backyard of a young immigrant family recently brought to Israel.

Do you think the most wonderfully landscaped garden could look as beautiful to them as this little plot of rough grass—all their own—under the morning sun that shines on their own new free land of Israel?

It took a miracle to put this little backyard on this spot. A miracle wrought by brave hearts and strong hands the world around.

It took the courage and the tenacity of the young men and women of Israel who fought and died to defend their new State.

It took the self-sacrifice and devotion of all the people of Israel who have stinted themselves to provide for the homeless and oppressed pouring through their gates.

It took the generous assistance of the people of America who rose to the demands of an historic hour.

And though a tremendous job has been done, the good fight is not yet over.

Remember as you look at these happy young parents, these appealing little Israelis with their dishpan tub, that there are families just like them—just as appealing, just as eager, just as obviously "good stuff" for the making of a great nation—waiting in tents and barracks for a home and a chance.

How can we stop before they too shall have settled in their own backyard?

We can put them there.

United Jewish Appeal

on behalf of the Resettlement and Reconstruction Programs of the Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal and United Service for New Americans

HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., *General Chairman* • 165 WEST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

kinda been waitin' fer you to show some interest."

"All right. Where do we start?"

"No use dodgin' it. We're going t' need plenty of timberin' if the vein gets wider. We can't risk cave-ins."

"All right, then, I'll find it. I'll get to work on it first thing. And another thing, Tooey, why couldn't we do our own blasting? If the vein keeps widening, the excavation costs are going to get heavy. All we'd need would be drills, powder and fuse—"

Tooey chuckled. "Figger on startin' all this today, or will tomorry mornin' do jist as well?"

Emily laughed and pressed her hands together excitedly. "I know I can do it, Tooey. You believe I can run the Lady Emily, don't you?"

Tooey's smile was admiring. "I ain't worried over whether you can do it, Emmy. I'm just a mite worried whether the rest of us kin keep up with you."

Charley banged with his iron spoon against the kettle to announce dinner, and they got up and started for the table.

"Say, I knew there was somethin' else I had t' tell you," Tooey said. "Billy Thursday got back in town yestiddy."

Emily showed interest. "Did he? I'll have to see him. He usually brings back sugar and flour."

"And that ain't all," Tooey went on with relish. "Billy had a helper with him this trip."

"Oh?"

"What's more, the way I hear it, this helper warn't in town ten minutes before Jason Feathers hired him to work in his bank."

Emily's lips pursed with distaste. "I'm not the least bit interested in Jason Feathers and who he hires."

"Name of this new helper," Tooey interrupted placidly, "is Dan'l MacGrath."

"Daniel MacGrath!" she said incredulously. "Working for Jason Feathers!"

Tooey eyed the stew. "Dan'l MacGrath," he repeated.

DANIEL MAC GRATH was one of the names that made up the fabric of Emily's years in the Washoe. And a special aura hung about it, for once Emily had loved him. But that had been long ago—long before this Sunday in June. And there were other memories that went back still further.

It was on a sunny May morning ten years before that the train of white-covered wagons with which Noah Fielding and his small son and daughter were traveling westward had camped by the mouth of a canyon to await the opening of the high Sierra passes, still blocked with late spring snows.

A widower for five years, Noah was devoted to his two children, and they shared with him his dream of a new home and unbelievable riches in California.

The next day, with time hanging heavy on their hands, Noah and the two young Fieldings started hiking up the gulch. It was a wild, adventurous place, and Johnny and Emily shouted gleefully to each other as they scrambled over rocks and brush, following Noah's steady, even footsteps. High above them was a narrow pass through which tumbled a spray of clear foamy water, white and roaring. Here there was no room for a pathway, and Noah, instructing them to remain where they were, climbed cautiously upward.

The canyon was so narrow, its walls so high and close that almost no light penetrated, and the two children clutched each other fearfully as they watched his precarious ascent, and then waited for him to climb slowly back down. The nearer he came the more obvious was his excitement, until, toward the base of the steep rocky rise he was sliding and slipping, heedless of the sharp and treacherous rocks. In the other hand he held out to them was a clean-washed, glistening nugget of gold! It was a real nugget, lumpy and shining and as big as a gold-eagle coin.

The two children stared at it, wide-eyed, and the usually quiet Noah raised his voice to a shout that echoed down the canyon.

"We're staying here!" he announced.

And a few days later when the Sierra passes opened, and the rest of the little band of emigrants turned resolutely westward, through the mouth of the pass they had come to call Devil's Gate, they left behind three lonely figures who waved them out of sight.

THEY called the ravine Gold Canyon, and by August, sixty thousand emigrants had passed by its mouth. To some of them Noah showed the nugget he had found, but they scorned it and passed on, just as the others in the wagon train the Fieldings traveled with had done. What if there was gold here? It only proved that there was a hundred times more farther west.

Some stopped for a few days or weeks to pan a little gold—merely as a stopgap on the way to California—but they shook their heads in disgust even when their yield proved fruitful. The gold was too flaky, they said, too ragged. And it was alloyed with some worthless "blue stuff" which choked their rockers and carried away their quicksilver.

Noah Fielding and his children continued their patient work, panning gold and spending it wisely on necessary supplies, laying in stores of food. They built a snug cabin in a sheltered spot in the ravine, and they acquired all the warm clothing and blankets they could lay hand to, in preparation for the bitter winter months.

The next spring the Fieldings progressed four miles farther up the canyon in search of richer deposits, but now they were no longer alone. Spring had brought greater interest, greater credulity. They were joined by a motley assortment of travelers. Pete O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin, good-natured, illiterate fellows; James Fennimore, a young man of powerful drinking capacity whom they called "Old Virginny"; and an untidy, loud-mouthed, chin-whiskered fellow called Henry Comstock. An unprepossessing lot of drifters for the most part.

Noah befriended all of them, and his own cabin became the nucleus of a straggling camp that sprang up in the canyon. Johntown, they called it. And then Noah's Yankee thrift and ingenuity began to rise to the surface. Here was a thriving little community, and all its inhabitants needed supplies. Noah set up a supply station, and when he was not washing dust he managed to establish a brisk trade in blankets, pans, picks, flour and beans.

As the months passed and with imperceptible sureness began to form into years, Emily worked and grew and was contented. Her dark slender beauty would have been noticeable anywhere. In the barrenness of Gold Canyon it was spectacular.

She now relieved Noah of most of the work of the trading station, leaving him free to go out each day with Johnny and work the substantial claim they had located far up the ravine.

Emily lived in the shared enthusiasms of Noah and Johnny. At night after supper they would sit together, sometimes talking eagerly, sometimes taking turns reading aloud from the new abolitionist tracts which were beginning to filter through the wilderness and with which Noah was vastly impressed. It was a simple life and dedicated to fundamentals—existence, acquisition, quiet pleasures. And it would never have occurred to Emily that there were matters of equally fundamental interest which had thus far escaped her notice.

She had a rude awakening one day in the spring of the year she was seventeen.

It was the busy season for mining, and Johnny and Noah were busy each day until dark. Emily was left alone at the cabin to watch the supply depot and to dispense merchandise when any of the "boys" stopped by. Noah had no qualms about leaving her thus, for it was an odd paradox in that region, and indeed in the whole of the West, that in spite of the scarcity of women, in spite of lonely nights and lustful dreams, there was nothing so sacred and untouchable to the ragged pilgrims as a "lady." Emily had never given the matter much thought. She had grown into womanhood in the constant company of the "boys," and she had a deep and tolerant affection for them. It had never occurred to her that even in such a basic social order there might be exceptions to the rule.

Then one afternoon just before dusk a stranger entered the trading station. He was unkempt and coated with alkali. His hair hung long and stringy over his collar, his beard was grizzled, his eyes small, sharp and alert. Emily smiled pleasantly at him.

"Afternoon, pilgrim. In need of supplies?"

He did not answer, but stood there and stared at her, and Emily merely stared back, frowning a little with puzzlement but still unafraid. She had grown up with a complete lack of self-awareness, and it would never have occurred to her to evaluate her own striking appearance. Her calico dress fitted snugly over her blooming young breasts, and her black hair was tied back with a red ribbon. Her cheeks were rosy, her lips red, her eyes liquid and dark.

The stranger wet his dry lips with an uneasy tongue and finally spoke.

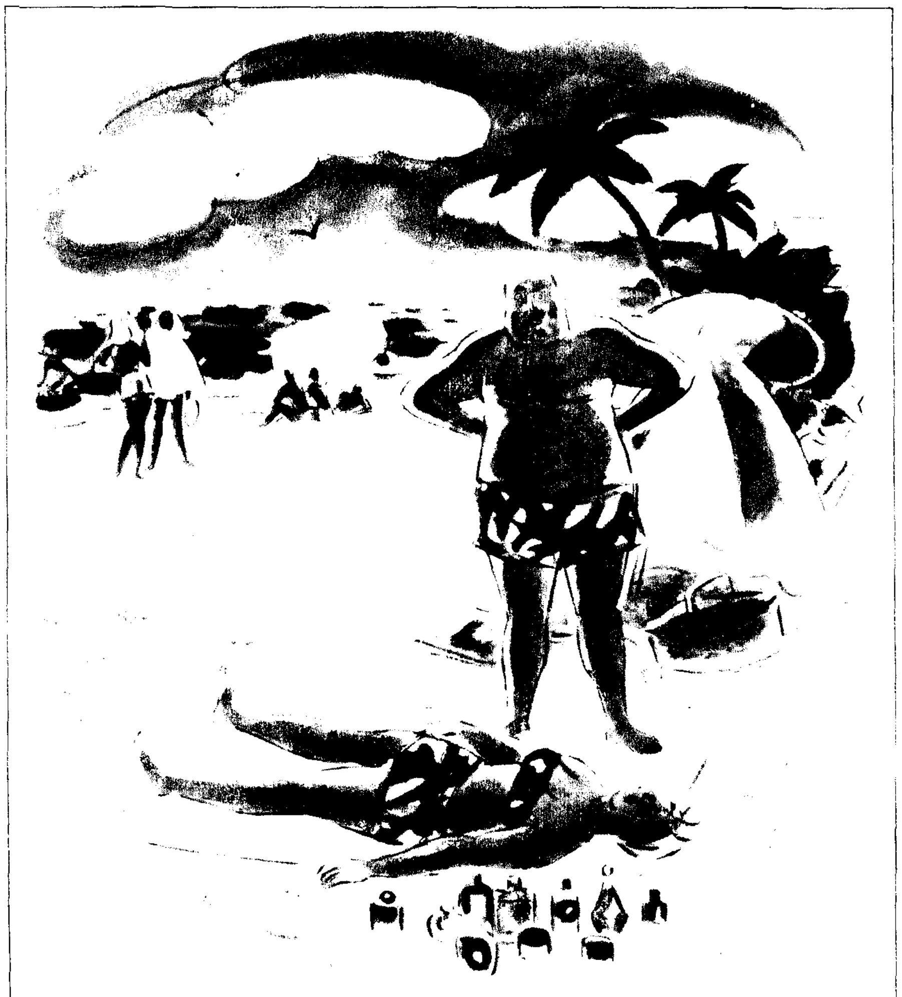
"I want some vittles, Miss. Flour and beans and a side of bacon."

"Sure enough," Emily replied cheerfully. "How much can you carry? Got a mule with you?"

The man answered slowly. "I got a mule outside. You can load me up with a toler'ble amount."

Emily set to work weighing out the flour, scooping the beans from the barrel. The man stepped closer so that he stood near the paying table. And then Emily brushed past him and reached up toward the hooks where the bacon hung. And in that instant he seized her. For a moment she was too startled to struggle. Then as realization and horror struck her she tried to pull away. He held her tighter and pressed his face down against hers. His beard was like wire and he smelled foul. Emily strained away from him, but his grip tightened. With one hand he seized the front of her dress and tore it. His fingers dug at her breast, and his mouth was wet and horrible on hers. She wrenched again and managed to scream, a wild, piercing scream.

It was only a second later that she saw over the stranger's shoulder a white-faced Johnny bursting in through the door with Noah a few steps behind. The stranger heard and whirled in wild alarm as Emily shrank back. Then Johnny's pick flew across the cabin and split the man's skull in two. Emily looked down sickly as he sank to the floor in a widening pool of blood.



COLLIER'S "Mildred, which is the bourbon?" LEONARD DOVE

NOAH never went out prospecting again, and it was in vain for Emily to insist that she was quite all right, that a thing like this would never happen twice. Noah had been seized by a deep and tender compunction, and there was no altering his decision. He stayed in the trading station and conducted the business himself.

But in spite of the brave front which she put up, Emily's mind was far less at peace than it had formerly been. For all the brave reassurances which she gave Noah, she was secretly glad that he no longer left her alone in the cabin. Even the men whom she had known since childhood frightened her now, and when one of them entered the cabin to make a purchase or to talk with Noah she would shrink back and slip through the door into the other part of the cabin. Sometimes she would run then to her bed and lie there trembling and distraught, unable to name the fear that she felt, yet equally unable to conquer it.

But Noah was not an obtuse father; he saw now the need for some drastic measure. The provocation came one day when he found Emily in a shaking, shivering heap on her bed. He was accustomed to tenderness with her, but tenderness, he saw in a quick flash of understanding, at this point would have dissolved her into a completely emotional and unreasoning state of nerves.

And so he said brightly, "Emmy girl, I'm off to Placerville tomorrow for supplies. Might be a week or so. And they tell me that new young preacher's lecturing there—that Reverend MacGrath who wrote the abolitionist papers we read last month. Pack up and come along with me. We'll close up the station for a spell and Johnny can manage by his lonesome."

Emily lifted her head shamefacedly from

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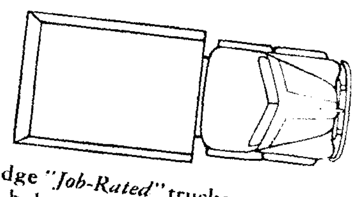

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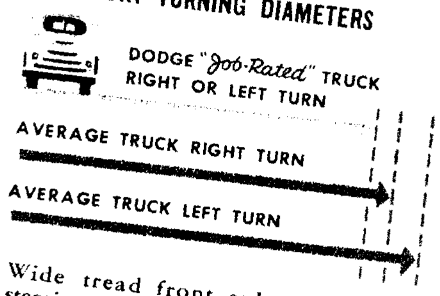

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yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No"DENTURE BREATH"

*"I keep my false teeth clean and odor-free with Polident. When my plate feels clean and fresh and cool from a Polident bath, I'm safe from Denture Breath."
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You know what Mrs. McE. means—it's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

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LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

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Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

the pillow. Placerville wasn't San Francisco, but it was more of a bulwark of civilization than Johntown, and there might be new bolts of calico there. Perhaps even some new ribbons! Noah's remark about a preacher had come through to her dimly.

The Reverend Daniel MacGrath could not have been more than twenty on that scorching July night when Emily and Noah sat in the rough board meetinghouse in Placerville and heard him lecture. Youth was, in fact, the quality that was most striking about him. He was all youth, passion, earnestness and conviction; and his voice was the thunder of all consciences his listeners had not known they possessed.

"Do you think you're safe and away from the word of God because you're tucked away here out West?" he demanded, striding back and forth across the makeshift platform.

"Do you think that God has headquarters in Washington like President Buchanan? God lives in the hearts of all of us, friends. Liberty and brotherhood—those are His clarion calls to all of us. Do you think to escape them merely because you've stepped out of the boundaries of the controversy? The monster of slavery has a hunger too great to stay in the pen that's been set for him. California has been a state now, and a free one, for seven years. But who is to say how long she will remain free? And what of the vast Utah territory to the east of us? Will we sit back and allow slavery to creep in like a rank and choking weed, warmed by the sun of our indifference and watered by the rain of our own eternal selfishness?"

His voice, hoarse, penetrating, overpowering, reached out to each of them. A lock of his straight brown hair had fallen forward over his temple, and a blue vein stood out across his forehead, pulsing and throbbing.

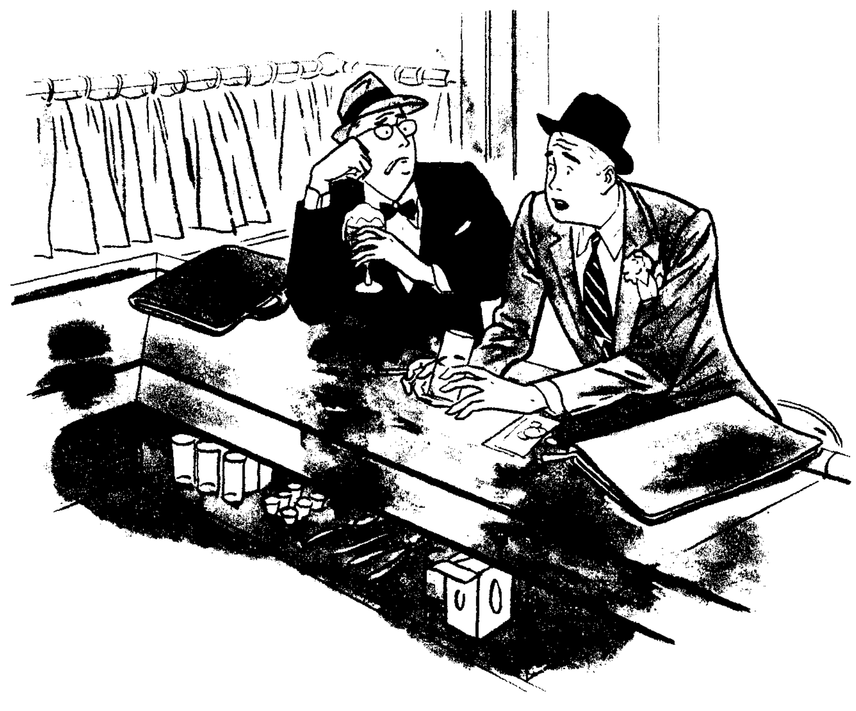
"Think it over, brethren and sisters!" he shouted. Then his voice suddenly dropped with dramatic emphasis. "And remember that in a state where there is one slave, no man is free."

Emily's breath caught in something that was close to a sob. She did not know that her father was watching her, witnessing her shining eyes, her parted lips, the tenseness of her body as she sat forward to catch every word. It did not occur to her that Noah had brought her here for this very purpose, to let her see that Johntown was not all of the West, nor the Johntown drifters the only men in the world.

She did not forget the young preacher when they returned to Gold Canyon. For weeks she carried his image always in her mind. She dug out all the tracts he had written, read them secretly and to herself.

Noah, watching her move about the cabin slowly and wistfully, watching her look of dreaming, was satisfied. This, he told himself, was decidedly more normal. And if she was not exactly her old self, neither was she any longer tense and wary and fearful. But they must give thought to Emily's future. She must know better surroundings than these, and better companions than the bragging and slothful "Old Pancake" Comstock, the tippling Old Virginny. Best of all would be for her to leave the ravine, perhaps to continue westward and to settle down in some quiet valley or on a respectable street in a growing town. In a word, she should have a husband.

THE spring of 1859, some two years later, was a period of unprecedented prosperity for most of the Johntowners, and especially for the Fieldings. There was another influx of claim seekers for a new discovery had been made farther up the canyon—Gold Hill, they called it. Noah's trade in supplies stepped up considerably as a result of the new rush, and Johnny was obliged to hire help to work the rich claim he had staked out in the new section. This helper was an experienced prospector named Tooey, older than most of the men in Gold Canyon, but spry, energetic and unbelievably wise in such mining matters as placers and rockers. He slept in a lean-to that had been built on the cabin, and he took his meals with the family.



COLLIER'S "She wants a big, elaborate church wedding, but I just want to stay single" JOHN RUGE

Also to Gold Canyon that spring came an itinerant preacher named Flavius Grimes who held open-air meetings for the sake of the "boys' " souls and made a living by some modest placer operations on the side. He also was an expert carpenter and he soon became the busiest man in the canyon, helping with building and repairs, and keeping peace generally among the inhabitants. Scarcely a day passed that he was not called in to arbitrate some dispute over boundaries, and the boys came to respect his quiet reasonableness and impartiality. He was a frequent visitor at the Fieldings', and he and Noah often sat together for long evenings, debating various questions of theology and ethics.

It was a little bewildering to the Fieldings to find themselves suddenly wealthy. Even on an average day Johnny managed to take at least five hundred dollars out of his rockers, but since there was nothing in Gold Canyon on which to spend it, the money did not have quite the significance which other surroundings would have given it. And so Noah salted it away, reckoning wisely that there would be a time when they would be able to spend it with prudence and judgment.

And then one June evening, far up the slope toward Spanish Ravine, two former Johntowners, Pete O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin, just finishing up their day's work, and digging a hole as a sort of reservoir in which to collect more water for use in their rockers, struck a great mass of black earth richly spangled with gold. And it was at precisely this moment that Henry Comstock came galloping up. His eyes popped excitedly at the sight of the rich earth and he jumped off and ran over to where the two were examining their find. He plunged his hand into the earth, ignoring the two discoverers, and examined the handfuls that he dug up. It was loaded with the ubiquitous blue stuff, all right, but there was no mistaking the gold content in it.

It was undoubtedly the richest strike so far. He stood up, struck an officious pose and announced to the two astounded miners that they were trespassing on his land. And while the two credulous and slow-thinking Irishmen stood openmouthed he proceeded to spin a wild story of having a short time back taken up a hundred and sixty acres of land at this point.

O'Riley and McLaughlin objected. What *if* Comstock had posted a claim hereabouts? If a claim was not properly recorded and worked it had no validity—even *they* knew that much. But the more they protested, the louder Comstock talked and the more excited he grew. He jumped up and down and shouted that he was being defrauded. The two discoverers, half fearful, consulted together once more, and at last gave their reluctant consent. They would locate him in with them on the claim.

News of the discovery caused a flurry of excitement in Gold Hill and Johntown, but along with it was mixed considerable skepticism. However rich the new claim might look, it was loaded with blue stuff, which the miners had come to regard as a curse. Not only that, but the gold itself looked suspicious. It was light and "off color."

BUT Comstock was delighted with his find. It seemed that no sooner had his passion for possession been gratified than he was seized by an equally powerful urge to make gifts right and left. He staked out much of his holdings and gave the claims away—to Billy Chollar, to Old Daddy Curry, to Alvah Gould, to Old Man Savage. When a party of curious ladies from near-by Genoa came sight-seeing and visited his mine he gallantly offered each lady a pan of dirt from the richest spot. He began calling his property "Comstock's Lode."

The new strike caused some dissension in the Fielding household. Johnny was of the opinion that it would at least bear looking into. Old Comstock was crazy as a coot, to be sure, but there was certainly gold up there in Spanish Ravine. And even if the ore itself should prove less valuable than that of the Gold Hill strike, still the deposits were richer and heavier. The rumors were that in some spots a single panful was yielding fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars. They would be fools if they sat idly by and let others snap up every available foot.

Noah viewed the whole matter skeptically. So far as he was concerned, they had all they could handle, even with Tooey's help, to work the claim at Gold Hill. It was not that he wanted to pass up a good thing, but there had been plenty of strikes before that caused this same sort of hysteria, and then turned out to be nothing but fool's gold. And if the Gold Hill claim was left unworked while they went gallivanting off to look for greener pastures, it would be easy prey for anyone to jump.

Emily sympathized with Noah's highly rational view, but she could not help feeling a little of Johnny's enthusiasm, his desire to be in on the new bonanza, and she hoped desperately that somehow it would work out for both of them.

Then came the night when Johnny returned home with slow step and averted head, and spoke to no one while supper was being prepared. When they were called to the table and the whole family was at last assembled in heavy silence, Noah looked sternly at Johnny.

"Well, let's have it out, son. We may as well speak of it."

Johnny looked at his father in surprise. Then he lowered his eyes once more.

Noah's voice was weary but surprisingly gentle. "You've lost your claim, son. It's sticking out all over you. You've been traipsing all over this wild mountain looking for a new claim. You left your mine idle and now somebody's jumped your claim."

Johnny looked young and desperate and beseeching. "But it isn't as if I haven't something to show for it. I've got a new claim now. Fifteen feet, free and clear, up near Mount Pleasant Point. I bought it off of Old Pancake for a thousand dollars. He would have given it to me, I guess, he's so excited and proud of his discovery, but I told him it was only fittin' I pay for it."

"Fifteen feet!" Noah repeated, aghast. "For fifteen miserable feet of rock up there on the mountain you gave up—"

"I know it sounds bad, Pa, but you wait and see," Johnny pleaded. "I know it's going to be a rich mine."

The tension in the house was marked after that. There was no bitterness voiced, but the reproof was there all the same, showing itself in Noah's slower, saddened step, his bent head. The fact that Tooey wanted no partnership in the claim made Noah even more skeptical as to its value. Tooey, however, explained his decision.

"I'm gettin' too old fer it. So long as Johnny wants me to help work it, my wages is sufficient."

Then one July evening Noah was late for supper. He had stepped out in the afternoon to chat with some men in front of the trading station, and before Emily noticed, he had apparently strolled off with them, for he was nowhere in sight. At last he appeared in the doorway standing quite still, white-faced, and trembling. His black eyes were shining with a strange intense brightness.

"Children—Mr. Tooey," he began falteringly. "I've been grievously wrong, and I wish to admit it. I chided Johnny here and called him covetous. In truth I was the covetous one. I didn't like to lose the great good fortune we had in hand—" He turned to Johnny.

"Son, you were right to think and act boldly." He moved his glance now to take in all of them. "A ranchman named Augustus Harrison from the Truckee Meadows was by this way a short time ago, and he did what one of us poor fools should have thought to do long ago. He took a specimen of ore from the new diggings over to Grass Valley to be assayed." Noah paused and swallowed.

"It's worth nearly a thousand to the ton in gold." He hesitated again, and his voice dropped now to a breathless whisper. "The rest of it—the blue stuff—is almost solid silver. At least three thousand to the ton."

The silence that followed was profound and stunned. Then Johnny, recovering first, leaped out of his chair with a mighty shout. "And we've got fifteen feet sitting right in the middle of the whole shebang!"

"Enough to make us millionaires," Noah whispered, still with breathless disbelief. Then he collected himself. "Children, Mr. Tooey, I believe it would be meet for us to offer up a prayer for guidance."

He closed his eyes and folded his hands, and the others, not without a certain impatience, followed suit.

"O Lord, help us to receive this bounteous gift with humbleness. Let not our heads be turned by this great good fortune. Help us to do Thy bidding in the midst of plenty as we have always striven to do in privation. Amen."

In California they heard the call. Silver in the Washoe! the cry rang. Silver! Silver! Silver! The state echoed with a new set of words—veins, fissures, croppings, ledges, lodes. Bonanza! And as one man the state rose up to answer the call. Eastward they now turned, toward the high Sierras.

IT WAS a bitter winter. The snow was drifted sixty feet deep in the Sierra passes, and not a pack train or messenger could get through. Sun Mountain, with its thousands of new inhabitants who had arrived during the summer and fall, dug in with determination and resolved to stick it out.

The Fieldings were better off than most. During the summer and fall they had built a snug house of yellow mountain stone. A one-room cabin, but it was stout and warm, safe from the screaming hurricane and the blinding snow. And Noah had laid in a substantial store of supplies, so they were in no danger of starving. But long before Christmas the mountain was destitute, and Noah threw open what was left of his foodstuffs and apportioned it as fairly as he could.

But when Noah's supplies too were exhausted, the struggling new community grew desperate. Flour, when it was obtainable, sold for eighty dollars a sack. Sugar was completely gone. Barley was seventy-five dollars a hundred. Beans were even more. Horses and mules died for want of something more nourishing than shavings mixed with hay. During this time a Paiute, Charley, was found and brought home by Noah Fielding. When he was able to get about, he did odd jobs about the cabin and soon he was accepted as another member of the household.

Thus it was that the new community on the mountain survived its first great ordeal and emerged, dirty, ragged, mud-drenched, but still standing. With the first thaw prospecting and mining operations were resumed. A shaft was sunk in the Fieldings' new mine which both Noah and Johnny gallantly insisted on naming the Lady Emily.

THE new town, which staggered up and down the irregular line of the quartz croppings that marked the course of the lode, was even dignified by a name now. Virginia City, they called it with some hauteur. But the manner of its christening had been far from decorous.

One night the previous autumn the tippling Old Virginny, together with Comstock and several other "boys," all a little mellow, were heading for their bivouac in the sage when Old Virginny tripped and fell over a rock. The bottle he was carrying flew out of his arms and broke, spilling whisky over the dusty ground. Old Virginny rose, hiccuped and pronounced with solemnity, "I baptize this ground Virginia." And Virginia it had remained.

With the spring too, connections were resumed with the outside world. Mail and papers arrived and the town learned that the country was distraught, pulled asunder, North pitted against South. And all over slavery.

Emily, reading the reports and hearing the talk, thought of a hot summer night three years before when she had sat in the meetinghouse in Placerville and heard a fiery young preacher warn that slavery must be kept out of the territories, out of the West. The memory came dimly now. So much had happened since, and there was so little time for remembrance.

Virginia City was on the map now, alive with activity. It had a bank; a real city bank with a green half-curtain across its fine front window, and a banker named Mr. Jason Feathers. More and more freighters made their way with their mule teams to Sun Mountain. It was even a stop on the incredibly swift Pony Express out of St. Joseph.

The arrival of the Pony Express was always a signal for great excitement in Virginia City. Everyone turned out to cheer the riders as they came galloping up the steep mountain trail.

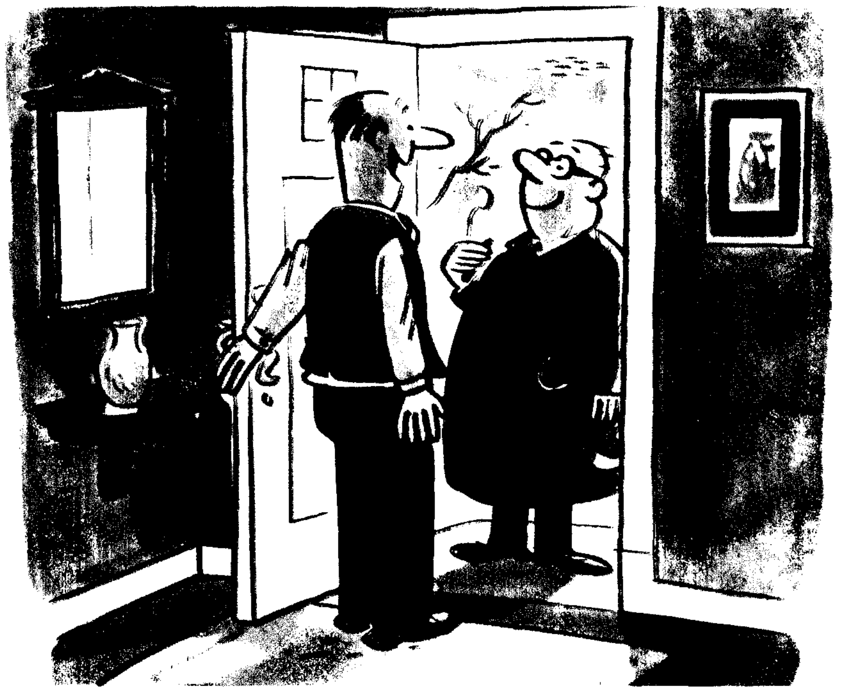
There was one terrible day in that spring of 1860 when the Pony Express brought more than mail and news of the latest political talk back East. It was toward evening on the eighth of May. "Pony Bob" Haslam, the hardest-riding of the dauntless expressmen, came flying down the emigrant road on a sweating, foaming horse with two more expressmen thundering behind him. But he shot past Gold Canyon with never a glance at the waiting crowd. Up Six Mile the riders pounded and then into the city itself.

The "boys" fled to the side of the street to make room, then crowded madly around the horses where they had pulled up in front of the Wells Fargo office. Johnny and Emily, hearing the commotion, tore out of the house and up the street, with Noah panting in their wake. Emily picked up her skirts and kept pace with Johnny's long-legged stride.

Around the snorting, sweating mustangs they gathered. The three riders were pale as death, gasping to regain their breath. For several seconds they were unable to speak. Then one of them managed to get the words out chokingly.

"The Paiutes! The Paiutes are coming! They attacked Williams' Station yesterday—killed five men, a woman, a child! Burned the station to the ground! There's five thousand of 'em riding on Six Mile! Arm yourselves!"

(To be continued next week)



"*You're* Ray Swanson? *You're* the dashing fellow she could've married instead of me? Come in, man, come in!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

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Shell Game

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

me with one of those pencils, any jury will call it justifiable homicide."

She came up behind me and twined her fingers in my limp hair and gave it a little tug. "You're tired," she said. "I bet you have a headache."

"How can a guy with no head on his shoulders have a headache?"

"You have a very nice head on your shoulders. I like it. I like all the rest of you, too. I even like your funny cautious mind. But sometimes I wonder if you like me."

"Well," I muttered, "I do."

"Wonderful! Coming from you, that's almost a proposal of marriage." She bent suddenly and kissed me.

I sat up, startled. "Why did you do that?"

"Coming from me," she said, "that means I accept." Then she laughed and skipped upstairs. One of us was crazy.

EARLY the next morning we started out with the sketch of Champ Lane. I had prepared a story to explain our search. I was an artist on vacation, and met a man on the beach who was an expert shell collector. After leaving him I decided that there was a market for a pamphlet on shell collecting. I wanted to do the illustrations and ask the collector to do the text, but I didn't know how to locate him except by sketching his face from memory and asking people if they knew him.

We went first to the bookstore. My story was accepted without question. One of the clerks thought he recognized the face, and said he believed the man had once bought some books on shell collecting. He didn't know the man's name or where he lived.

Next we tried the Shell Shop. Once again the sketch brought a faint stirring of memory, but that was all. The owner of the shop, however, gave us a list of the leading shell experts in town, and we got busy locating them. Two of them were sure they had exchanged comments with the man, while collecting shells on the beach, but they had no idea where he lived.

It was early afternoon before we picked up a lead, and it was such a slight one that for a time I paid little attention to it. We were talking to a real-estate man who was on the Shell Shop list of experts; his office windows were filled with a good shell collection instead of the usual photos of houses for sale or rent. He studied my sketch and said the man had been in to see him a number of times, originally to ask for help in identifying a rare shell and later just to talk about shells. The man's name was George Lawrence, and he lived in a house somewhere on the beach.

That was no more than Valerie and I already knew. I said, "Don't you have any idea where his house is?"

"Well, he isn't listed in the phone book and he never seemed to want to talk much about himself. He let something drop once, but it doesn't really tell where his house is."

"It might help me."

"All right. He came in here once with a mighty nice bunch of shells he'd collected the day before. It was right in the middle of tourist season, when the beach gets pretty well picked over, so I asked him how he managed to get such nice shells in one day. It turned out he'd been diving for them."

Valerie said, "I didn't know anybody ever dived for shells."

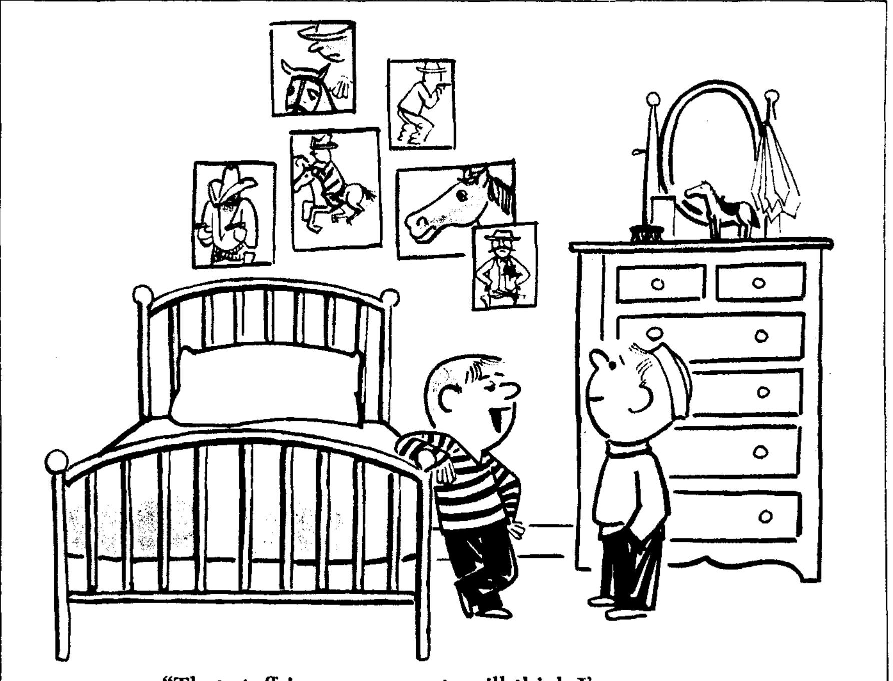
"Oh, yes, ma'am," the real-estate agent said. "That's how the very best shells are taken. Up at Tarpon Springs the sponge divers always keep their eyes open for shells. Sometimes they pick up a spiny oyster worth more than a day's take of sponges. Of course that's deep-water diving. This man Lawrence had been diving off the beach in only eight or ten feet of water. That way he got shells before they'd been chipped or broken by waves washing them onto the beach."

I asked, "What has that to do with where he lives?"

"I'm coming to that. You see, I asked him how he found a couple dozen nice shells in one day. You could spend a week diving some places off the beach and come up with nothing but seaweed and sand dollars. He told me he'd found a sand bar a few hundred yards offshore that stretches out at just the right angle to trap shells every time we get a good blow from the southwest. He said it was mighty convenient because the sand bar was right offshore from his house."

"Then where's the sand bar?" I asked. "Did he say?"

The agent grinned and shook his head. "You know how shell collectors are. They find a new place to get shells, they aren't telling where it is. Like fishermen keeping quiet about a real nice spot for reds or snook. Of course I could make some guesses where that sand bar is, if it hasn't shifted any in the past few months." He pointed to an aerial photograph hanging on a wall. "That's a photomosaic of the beach front, you know, a lot of aerial photos fitted together. I use it in selling and renting beach property. You can see the sand bars showing."



"That stuff is so my parents will think I'm a normal 10-year-old boy. You ought to see what I've got pasted in my school locker"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

I stared at the mosaic of photographs. There were many shadings in the water off the beach: the dark curves of channels, pale shallows, an occasional white streak where a sand bar lifted from deeper water.

The agent said, "I figure one of these might angle out just the right way to trap shells." His finger traced four of the white streaks. "You understand, though, it wouldn't be only the angle that makes Mr. Lawrence's sand bar such a fine trap for shells. First there have to be shells coming in to be trapped. I figure there must be some good colonies of shells out beyond his sand bar, on account of feed or water conditions being just right, and comes a good blow from the southwest it roils up these colonies and washes in some of the dead shells. So here are four sand bars slanted at the right angle, but maybe there aren't any colonies of shells beyond three of them and so they wouldn't trap shells no matter what."

I studied the photograph. Three of the sand bars were rather long, and located in front of solidly built-up sections of beach front. One was small, covering an area of beach that seemed to have only one house. I shrugged. Lane might be living in any one of fifty houses. It would be a waste of time to check all those places casually; we had done that the previous day. If we could narrow the area of search to a dozen houses —but there was no way to do that.

We thanked the real-estate agent, and left to hunt for other experts on our list. An hour later we crossed off the last name without having picked up any more information.

"Does it seem to you," Valerie said, "that we're sunk?"

"Maybe that's an idea," I said. "Sand bars are sunk, too. I'm beginning to think more fondly about sand bars."

"But, Bill, we could never check fifty houses carefully."

"We could check four sand bars. Remember how he said maybe there wouldn't be any shells on three of them? Let's try it."

We bought a chart of the beach area, then returned to the real-estate office and explained that we wanted to inquire for Mr. Lawrence at houses facing the four sand bars. That gave me an excuse to mark the locations of the sand bars on my chart. After that we went to a sporting-goods store and bought a couple pairs of diving goggles. Finally we went to the boatyard; my boss in New York had told me to use his cabin cruiser if I wanted.

At the boatyard, we had an unpleasant surprise. The dockmaster said he could get the boat ready in an hour or so but wanted to know if I knew the waters well enough to go cruising after dark. I took a quick horrified look at my watch. It was almost five o'clock. Too late to do any diving.

I asked him to have the boat ready the next morning at eight, although I wasn't too hopeful about keeping the appointment.

WE WENT back to the house wondering if it would be filled with cops waiting to pounce on us. There was, however, only the usual cop on guard duty. He hailed us cordially and passed on the news that the F.B.I. had identified the thirty-two-caliber automatic as the murder weapon. He said the hunt for taxi drivers was still on.

After we were in the house Valerie said we ought to tell Al Leonard our plans for the next day. He had given us the number of the telephone in the place he had rented, so I called him and gave a report. My sand-bar idea made him furious. His place was only a few miles up the beach and I could probably have hung up the phone and heard him perfectly. Finally he ran out of synonyms for the word idiot, and asked if we had made arrangements with the chief to lend us a cop for the expedition. I said that we were staying as far away as possible from the chief and his men. Al said he would go along to make sure we didn't get shot by Champ Lane before the chief could arrest us for murder. I arranged to pick him up the next morning at the new fishing pier on the beach.

Neither Valerie nor I did much sleeping that night. Every time I got up restlessly and prowled about the house I found her wandering around too. I don't suppose either of us really expected to get through the night safely, but we did. Obviously the chief still hadn't found the right taxi driver.

We sneaked away from the house the next morning like convicts busting out of jail, and drove to the boatyard. We were both pretty tense. Neither of us mentioned it, but we knew that there would be no more reprieves. If we didn't locate Champ Lane that day, we were through. The dockmaster had the cabin cruiser ready for us. He checked over the controls with me to make sure I could handle the boat and gave me some pointers on following the channel that led to the Gulf. When he heard we were going to dive for shells he lent me a couple of gadgets he used in dragging for scallops: a glass bottomed bucket for looking down into the water, and an iron contraption like a clam rake that could be attached to ropes and towed slowly over the bottom.

We cruised through the narrow inland channels and out the pass at the southern end of the beach. Swinging north up the shore line we slid by the isolated group of cottages where Eddie Patrono had been murdered and the deserted beach where I had crashed into the gray sedan. We rounded the headland marking the beginning of the main beach residential section and saw a solitary figure waving to us from the new fishing pier. We went in and picked up Al Leonard.

I SHOWED him how to handle the boat, then took my chart and went forward to look for the first sand bar. It made a lemon-colored streak against the green of deeper water. It was one of the three big sand bars marked on my chart. I rigged up buoys with fishing line and sinkers and kapok seat cushions to mark its outline. We studied the bottom through the glass-bottomed bucket without seeing anything of interest. Then we attached ropes to the scallop drag and hauled it back and forth over the area. We brought up two empty clamshells, some seaweed and a crab.

That didn't prove the sand bar was really barren, so we anchored and prepared to do some diving. Valerie went below first to change into her bathing suit. When she came back I wondered if she had forgotten something—her bathing suit, for example—but it turned out that she was wearing one. It was a strapless two-piece job that fit her lovely body like sun tan.

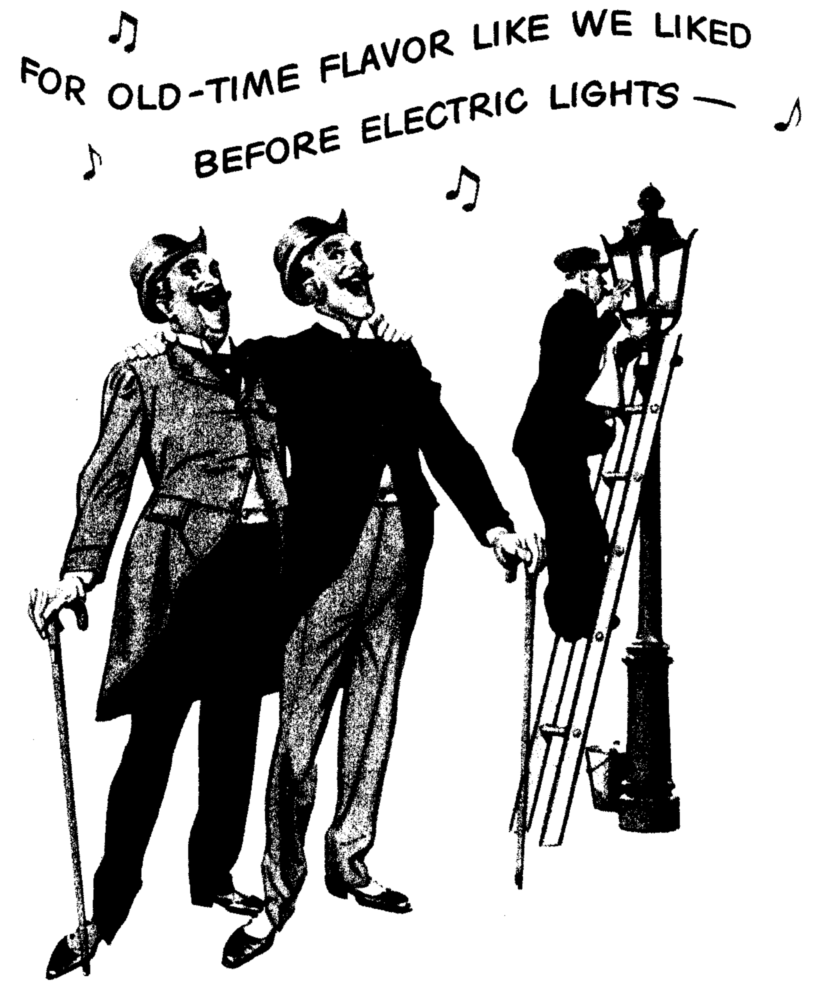
Al said, "Wear that at the trial and they'll never convict you, baby."

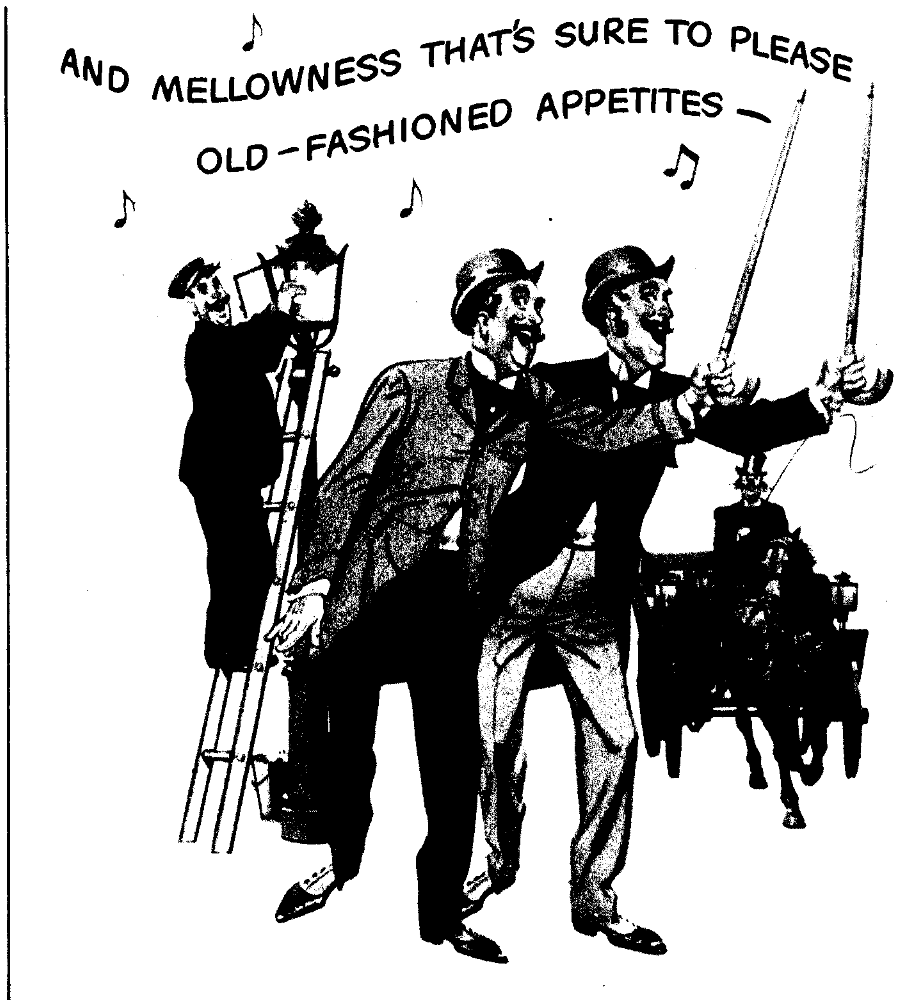
"They will," I said, "if there are women on the jury."

Al and I got into our bathing suits. He had the build of a good fast light heavyweight, and he posed around in his bathing trunks as if weighing in for a crack at the title. I had to admit that he and Valerie were a handsome couple.

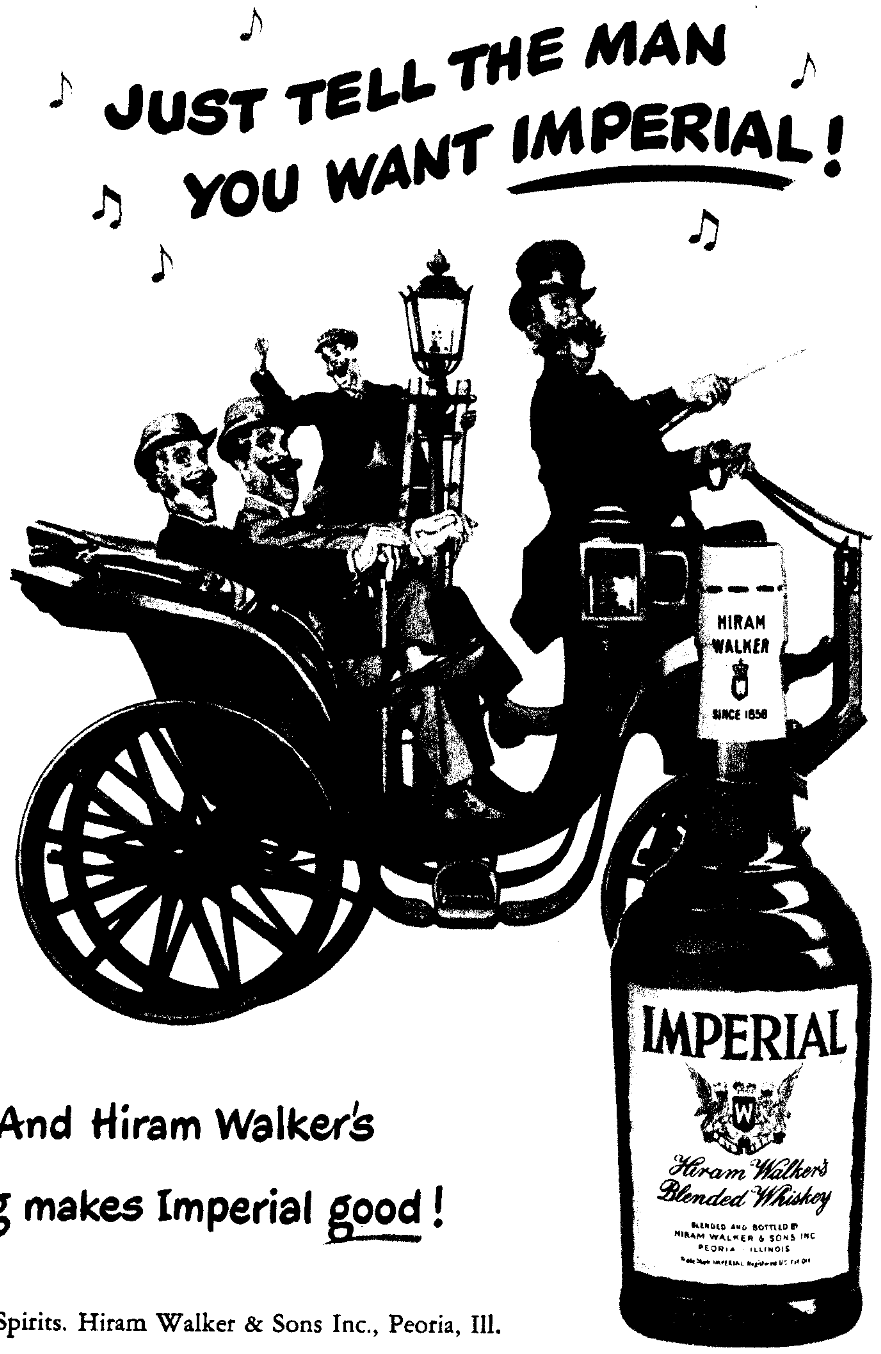
It gave me some satisfaction to discover that Al was definitely a beach-and-deck athlete. He could stay afloat, but he was clumsy in the water and swam as if trying to slug somebody to the ropes. Valerie and I used the goggles and did all the diving. Al was in a playful mood and spent his time trying to romp with Valerie; he couldn't take the expedition seriously. That delayed our work, and by the time we finished the first two sand bars we had to pause for lunch.

Afterward we cruised north and located


FOR OLD-TIME FLAVOR LIKE WE LIKED
BEFORE ELECTRIC LIGHTS —


AND MELLOWNESS THAT'S SURE TO PLEASE
OLD-FASHIONED APPETITES —

DON'T POUT AND YEARN FOR THE RETURN
OF HORSE-AND-BUGGY NIGHTS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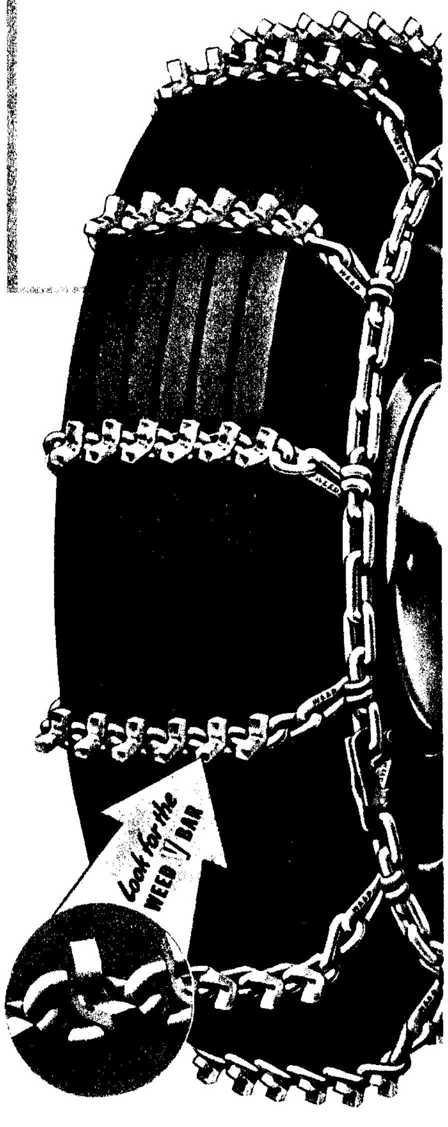
Look for the WEED V BAR

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the third big sand bar and spent a couple hours working over it, without result. It was midafternoon when we reached the fourth and last, which happened to be the small one located off a relatively undeveloped stretch of beach. I saw only one small cottage ashore, half hidden by a green froth of palms. Because it was getting late and the sand bar was so small I decided we could save time by diving at once, instead of dragging it first.

Al said, "Look, we already had a nice swim today and you've had fun trying to pick up more shells for your collection, so do we have to play this game any more?"

Valerie said, "Of course I'm willing to go on trying, Bill, but it does seem hopeless. We haven't even found one good shell."

I said, "Look, I had a lousy idea. Probably the worst one I've had. I think it's a waste of time too. I wish I'd never started out today. But I still want to check this last sand bar."

I switched off the engine and let the boat drift toward the spot where I wanted to anchor. Al went below and came up with a towel in his hand. He followed me to the bow, watched me pick up the anchor.

"Even if you did have a good idea," he said, "I don't understand what you'd do if you stumbled across Lane. Suppose you'd been right about one of those sand bars and Lane saw you and got suspicious and swam out and pointed one of these things at you?" He spoke so quietly that I didn't realize he was working up to a grim practical joke. He dropped the towel. Under it he had been hiding a revolver. It pointed at my stomach. "What would you do, huh?" he asked. "Defend yourself with that anchor?"

I looked at the anchor in my hand, and happened to notice where Al was standing. He didn't know much about boats. Nobody who knows boats will stand inside the coil of an anchor rope that is about to be released. I hated to do this to him but I didn't feel in the mood for jokes. "What would I do?" I said mildly. "I'd just drop the anchor overboard."

I dropped it. Rope hissed into the water and the coil locked around Al's ankle and he gave a startled yell and went overboard.

THE moment it happened I was sorry. An anchor rope can be as nasty to wrestle under water as an octopus, especially if you don't start with a lungful of air. Al had wasted his breath in a yell. I dived in after him. Bubbles cleared away from my face and I saw Al below me in the apple-green water, flopping like a big pale frog. I swam down. His struggles were merely taking up the slack in the anchor rope and keeping the loop tight around his ankle. He was already in bad shape. I yanked the upper end of the anchor rope, got some slack, dragged the loop off his ankle and hauled him to the surface. He had just enough strength left to hang onto the side of the boat. I climbed aboard and with Valerie's help pulled him into the cockpit. He coughed and choked.

"Great stuff, pal," he said finally. "Trying to drown me?"

Valerie said, "Bill didn't know you were standing in a coil of the anchor rope."

"I knew it," I muttered, "but I didn't stop to think what might happen."

"Oh, Bill!" she said reproachfully.

I said, "He pulled a gun on me, up at the bow, and said what would I do if Lane pointed one at me."

"It was just a gag," Al said. "What happened to my gun?"

I remembered that his gun had fallen into a tangle of rope up forward. That seemed like a good place to leave it; I didn't enjoy his practical jokes. So I said, "Your gun? Gosh, it could have fallen overboard."

Al cried, "Listen, they don't give those things away for box tops! And what happens if we run across Lane when I don't have a gun?"

I went up to the bow pretending to look for it, and stowed it out of sight. I came back shaking my head sadly. Al wanted to quit and go home; he seemed to feel undressed without his revolver. I insisted on staying, and moved the boat into a better position over the bar.

Valerie and I began diving. Al made a couple of tries and then merely floated around on top of the water, glaring at me every time I popped up. Apparently he wasn't going to forget what I had done to him. I didn't realize, however, that he was waiting for a chance to pay me back. I came up after a dive and found him right beside me.

"Now let's see how you like it," he snapped, and grabbed me.

PROBABLY he thought I wouldn't have time to catch my breath. I did, though. I gulped a lungful of air and went limp and let him clamp on a headlock and push me under. Perhaps he forgot that if two people start wrestling in the water both of them go down. Maybe he was counting too much on the fact that I'm not a champion swimmer and look as if I'd have trouble wrestling my way out of an undershirt. He didn't know that I have one aquatic talent: I can hold my breath under water for two minutes. So I relaxed and sank, and Al sank with me.

On land, he would have tossed me around as if shaking dust out of a rag, but it's not easy to shake out a rag under water. He worked hard on me for about fifteen seconds. I waited quietly and let him burn oxygen. At twenty-five seconds he let me go and tried to reach the surface. I hooked my fingers into his bathing trunks and sculled toward the bottom. At thirty seconds he forgot all about headlocks and flying mares and half nelsons, and clawed wildly at me. He grabbed me in a front strangle hold. I bent his fingers, broke the grip and swung him around facing away from me. In a few more seconds, bubbles gushed in a silver fountain from his mouth and he went limp. I towed him to the surface.

Valerie swam up to me and gasped, "Oh, Bill, not again!"

"He decided to hold me under—"

"But, Bill, do you always half drown people when they scuffle with you in the water? What's come over you? You never acted like this before."

I snapped, "I go berserk in the water. It's because I was bitten once by a rabid shark."

She looked at me as if I had slapped her, and didn't say anything more. We towed Al to the boat. The process of hauling him aboard forced water from his stomach, and in a few minutes he was able to sit up. He stared at me with cold glazed eyes.

"Too bad I lost the gun," he said. "You could have saved time and shot me."

"I'm sorry it happened. If you'd just stop jumping me—"

"Pal, I will sit here and be quiet as a mouse. Can we go home now? All you're bringing up from this sand bar is my body."

Valerie said, "Before we do go, Bill, look at this. I found it on my last dive. Does it mean anything?" She handed me a shell.

It was a lion's paw shell. It was a remarkable specimen, but not merely because both valves were perfect and the hinge was intact. It was remarkable for another reason. A lion's paw shell doesn't look very pretty in its original condition. You have to soak it in a bleach to remove some of the surface discoloration, and then use muriatic acid to cut off the dull red crust hiding color and markings. The shell in my hand was perhaps the first lion's paw shell in history that had been brought up from a fathom and a half of water already perfectly bleached and cleaned.

Valerie saw the funny look on my face, and cried, "It does mean something!"

"I don't know what, though," I muttered. I explained about the bleach and muriatic acid.

Al said, "A kid could have dropped it from a boat."

"Sure. But let's take another look down there."

"I found it off there," Valerie said, pointing to a spot about thirty feet away. "I thought I saw a couple of others, too."

I moved the boat to the spot Valerie indicated, and dropped anchor. In the meantime Al had been dressing in the cabin. He came up and leaned over the side and studied things through the glass-bottomed bucket.

"Something right down beside the boat," he said. "Might be a shell."

Valerie and I climbed onto the transom and plunged in. She hit the water a split second ahead of me and I had a glimpse of her slim body, sliding down into pale green shadows and vanishing. I wondered if eventually she would vanish from my life just as quickly and completely. It seemed likely. None of my ideas for helping her was any good, and my scuffles with Al had made her think I was meaner to handle than a catfish.

I tried to forget about it, and swam around near the bottom looking for whatever Al had seen. The slanting light was no longer much good for working at a depth of eight to ten feet. I couldn't spot anything but a starfish writhing jerkily over the sand. I looked up to check my position. Above me the surface glittered like the silver backing of a mirror, with a break where the dull red hull of the cruiser wedged down into it. Beside the boat hung a huge pale eye, watching me. For a moment I was startled, then I realized that it was merely the glass bottom of the bucket. I pushed up from the bottom and broke water near the boat.

"Couldn't find anything," I said.

"Right down under me," Al said.

I nodded, did some force-breathing to pile up oxygen, and went under. As I swam down I thought about the way Al had stared at me. His cold black eyes couldn't have looked nastier if they had been peering at me over revolver sights. I didn't like it. He hadn't forgiven me for the anchor rope incident, and now he had another score to settle, too. I made a turn in the water, stared up. The big pale eye of the bucket watched me. It looked cold and inhuman, like the eye of a giant squid. I didn't think I would come up right beside that bucket. In fact—

My body chilled as if I had hit ice water. An idea prowled into my head. An unthinkable idea. The sort of idea I had been hoping that the chief of police would never get about Valerie. Now I had one—about Al. I tried to shove it out of my head. It wouldn't budge. The trouble with unthinkable ideas was that they began to seem logical the moment you got them. I paddled in what I hoped was a casual way along the bottom until the curve of the boat's hull hid me, then swam forward and eased up to the surface and crawled quietly aboard the cruiser at the bow.

Back in the cockpit Al said, "Right below me, baby," and water rustled as Valerie made a surface dive.

I picked up the revolver from its hiding place and crept back along the port side. Al was bending over the starboard gunwale, peering down into the water like a big sleek cat crouched over a goldfish bowl. I shivered. If my idea was right, we had been playing blindman's buff all afternoon with murder.

CAUTIOUSLY I lowered myself into the cockpit. Al's back was only a few feet away. I tried not to breathe but my lungs weren't in the two-minute league any more. Al leaned farther out, staring into the water. Muscles twitched like snakes in his right arm. He tensed. His right hand flicked up, the fingers gripping something short and dark and limber. It could be a blackjack.

"Drop it!" I snapped. "Drop it—or I'll shoot."

He whirled around and faced me, dropping the blackjack or whatever it was into the water. Against his white face the stubble of beard looked like pinfeathers on a dead duck.

Valerie's head popped up beside the boat and she cried, "I found them! Hundreds of shells. And every one of them cleaned and bleached. I—" Then she saw the tableau on deck, and screamed.

"Don't move," I told Al. "This is your gun. I figure it's loaded."

"Guy's gone bats," Al said hoarsely. "Talk him out of it, Valerie."

She cried, "Bill, what's the matter?"

"Shut up," I said. "Climb aboard. And don't get in my way. He tried to blackjack you."

"Gone crazy," Al said. "She was coming up under a hunk of driftwood. I yanked it out of her way. Take a look and you'll see it."

"I'd rather watch you."

"Don't be scared, pal. You got my gun." He lifted his voice as he heard Valerie climbing aboard. "Hear that, baby? He's got my gun. It didn't drop overboard that time. He hid it. He's nuts. Call him off."

OUT of the corner of my eye I saw Valerie moving toward me. "Don't touch me," I said. "So help me, I'll let him have it just to be on the safe side. He tried to blackjack you. He was going to smack me too but I came up where he didn't expect me."

"Hunk of driftwood," Al said. "I was getting it out of your way."

"Bill, please. What about the shells I found? Don't you—"

"Forget them," I said. "Here's the answer to everything, right in front of us. Al's working with Lane. He's out to kill us."

"It's impossible!" she cried. "It can't—"

"Sure," I said. "Impossible. It's been right under our noses all the time and it was so impossible we never thought of it."

Al said, "I sell out Lane to the Committee of Thirty and get busted to the city stables, so I'm working for Lane."

"I'll prove it with his own words," I said. "Remember him talking about how big-time cops operate? Remember System Number One? Quote, you get a pigeon to tip you off to what you want to know, unquote. Lane needed a pigeon the committee would trust. Al is it. Did he ever give the committee or the special grand jury any really hot dope? Or was it just minor stuff that didn't matter?"

Valerie said breathlessly, "You're wrong, Bill. I don't know what Al told the committee or the special grand jury, but they trusted him completely."

"So the cleanup didn't work and Lane got away."

"Yeah," Al said, "and so Lane's crowd busted me as a reward and I keep right on working for Lane. Get that gun away from him, baby. I've seen these nuts before. He'll use it on me."

"You're not kidding," I said. "Think a minute, Valerie. Who tipped Lane you were down here?"

"Nobody tipped him," Al said. "He happened to walk to the cottage that night and saw her with Eddie and knew what that meant."

"Who was on the job right after the murder? Al was. You think that was chance?" I demanded.

Al said, "I got the assignment from the committee at 2 A.M. the day of the murder. I had to wait until ten that morning to get my leave okayed. I caught the first plane down here, got in at six, checked in at a hotel, couldn't locate Valerie, decided to see what the local cops were like. I can prove where I was every second."

"Can you prove Lane didn't know where you were staying? Can you prove he didn't phone you after chasing us downtown that night? Can you prove you didn't hop right over to the police station to see if we would report anything?"

"I can prove you're crazy."

"Valerie," I said, "you told me that when you returned to Beachcomber Court that night, you saw the gray sedan cruising around. That was before the cops knew where you lived. Before anybody in town knew, except Al. So how did that guy in the gray sedan locate you?"

"But, Bill, I didn't actually know it was the same gray sedan that had followed us. In fact I couldn't even swear the car was gray. Maybe it was just my imagination."

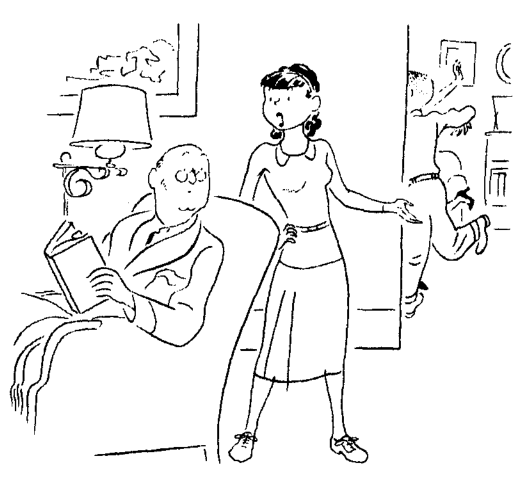
"And maybe your imagination is as accurate as mine. You remember everyone said I was imagining that a gray sedan was following us. Who was right?"

"You were, Bill, but—"

Al said, "If I was working with Lane I'd have tipped off the local cops about Valerie."

"And then," I said, "they arrest her and she tells them about Lane. No. You had a quieter way to handle things."

"Why did I go out of my way to protect her, then?" Al argued. "At the cottage that first night I wiped off all the fingerprints I could find so she wouldn't get tagged with murder."



"John has barely looked at me all evening. Can't you make Mother stop teaching him the Charleston?"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

"Up to a point you had to protect her. You didn't want her caught. But I don't go for that fingerprint stuff. Enough prints were left to pin it on her. And how about when we were hunting for the murder gun? I bet you planted it where Valerie would stumble on it. You weren't far from where she found it. Lane used the gun and wiped it clean and wanted Valerie's prints on it. You knew she'd pick up the gun and try to hide it."

Al gave a flat laugh. "Did I know a guy named Stuart would catch her hiding it and turn it in?"

"That was a break for you, wasn't it? But it didn't mean much. You were hidden in those bushes, watching. If I hadn't done the job for you, you'd have made sure one of the cops found it. And look, Valerie, nobody but Al and the local cops knew you and I were alone at the cottage after the gun was found. So who tipped off Lane to come out in the gray sedan to try to kill us?"

"I was with the chief," Al said. "I can prove it."

"Can you prove you didn't sneak away to telephone?"

"We're back again to me proving you're crazy. How did Lane learn you were out there alone? Simple. He's keeping an eye on the setup from somewhere down the road. He sees the police cars heading back to town. Your car doesn't come along. He waits until dark, drives out. Give me a tougher one, pal."

"I'll grant Al one thing," I said. "He didn't want to kill us if he could scare us out of town."

"I can't believe it!" she said. "Al could have killed us a dozen times."

"Oh, no. Not if he wanted to get away clean. Every time he's been in our house, a cop outside knew he was there. Two days ago when we were on the beach alone, Al didn't dare try anything because he'd told the chief he'd be with us all day. If anything had happened to us, Al would have had to answer too many questions. Today's the first real chance he's had. He knows the cops don't know where we are, or that he's with us. He suggested that we pick him up at the new fishing pier, where nobody was likely to see him join us.

"I thought he was kidding when he pulled this gun on me. He wasn't. He was going to shoot us both. The beach is lonely along here. We missed that by the thickness of an anchor rope. After that he turned cautious. He doesn't like working without a gun. He didn't want to tackle us both at once, something might go wrong. He tried to drown me, but that didn't work. So he got his blackjack."

Valerie cried, "I can't think, you've made me so dizzy! But I can't believe it."

"Look, baby," Al said, "I can turn that whole argument around on him. Like this. He's working with Lane and this is the first chance he's had to knock me off. He doesn't want to kill you because you're a cute number and he likes the idea of owning a dame who don't dare walk out on him. He tried twice to drown me, but you were watching too close. He'll shoot me any second and claim I tried to jump him. I could say all that. But it saves time to just say that he's nuts. So take your choice, baby."

"I can't," she wailed. "I've got to think!"

I said, "And while you're thinking, get up the anchor and start the boat."

"Bill," she said, "don't you want to look at the shells I brought up?"

"I wouldn't take my eyes off Al for a million bucks. Do what I told you, Valerie. And don't bump me as you go by. It might make me jerk this trigger."

FOR a moment there was no sound but the snicker of little waves along the hull. Then I heard Valerie take a quivering breath and edge past me. I could imagine the way she shrank against the gunwale to avoid touching my back. Probably I looked as nice to touch as a water moccasin. In a short time I heard the anchor clunk on deck, then the whirr of the starter.

"Where do we go?" she asked.

"We cruise south until we get past that headland, as if we were going home. Then we drift for an hour or so until it gets dark. Then we cruise back here quietly and anchor the boat close inshore and wade to the beach and go calling on Champ Lane."

Valerie cried, "But where is he?"

"He lives right there," I said, jerking a thumb toward the lonely cottage.

"But how do you know? Bill, we haven't—"

"We found a bunch of shells on that sand bar."

"But you yourself said that shell had been cleaned and bleached. And I think the others have been, too. You admitted you couldn't explain it."

I said stubbornly, "We were looking for a sand bar with a lot of rare shells on it and we found one. I can't explain why the shells are cleaned and bleached and I don't care. That's his house."

"Bill," she said softly, "wouldn't it be better to get the chief of police and explain all this to him?"

"I can't explain anything to him so he'll believe it. Chances are he found the right taxi driver hours ago and is about ready to murder us himself. We end up in jail, Al walks off, Champ Lane leaves town. Do what I told you."

I sat down on the seat across from Al and watched him carefully.

He took out a cigarette, lighted it, relaxed. "Don't be upset, pal," he said. "You can always plead insanity. I'll back you up. Wake me when you're ready for the beach party." And then he closed his eyes and seemed to go to sleep. . . .

The next hour or so went by as slowly as the throbs of a headache. After we put the headland between us and the lonely cottage, Valerie shut off the engine and we drifted. Now and then she tried, softly and tearfully, to argue with me, but I cut her off abruptly. I listened to the endless tap of

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waves on the hull. I watched the slow rise and fall of Al's big chest. I wished he would act more worried and guilty. You might think he was right and I was wrong.

The sun made a red splash in the calm Gulf waters. Embers of colors burned for a while in clouds, darkened and went out. Stars appeared. They had the hard bright glitter of knife points.

"Let's go back," I told Valerie. "Don't show any lights."

Al sat up, yawned. He looked bigger than ever in the starlight. "Getting tired, pal?" he asked.

"Shut up."

"You're not going to shoot me just for talking. You're tired, pal. Your brain's tired."

"Shut up."

"I think you're coming out of that fit you had. You're beginning to wonder if you made a big mistake. Why don't you put down that gun and be sensible?"

I didn't answer. The devilish thing was that the guy had something. I *was* beginning to wonder if I had made a big mistake. I hadn't expected that Al would have such fast answers to every charge I made, and the fact that I hadn't been able to convince Valerie shook my confidence. After all, I didn't know what had gone on in her city. I didn't know how much help Al had given her damned Committee of Thirty. Maybe Al was on the level. There was a big hole in my case against him and I didn't know how to patch it.

ALL I could do now was take a look at the lonely cottage. If it wasn't Champ Lane's, I would soon find out whether stripes were being worn vertically or horizontally this season on Florida's road gangs.

"Valerie," I said, "that sand bar where we were diving is about a quarter mile offshore. In closer, there's another bar parallel to the beach. According to the chart it's a hundred yards off the beach and it's only going to have a couple feet of water over it, the way the tide is now. We can't take the boat across it. So when we scrape bottom, drop the anchor quietly and we'll wade the rest of the way."

She sniffled and said all right.

We cruised in quietly. No light showed where the cottage ought to be. That bothered me. The hull grated on sand, and Valerie cut the engine and went forward and eased down the anchor.

"All right, Al," I said. "Hop over. Don't do anything to get me nervous."

He said earnestly, "Pal, when it comes to tangling with you in the water, I'll take a shark. Just don't do anything to get yourself nervous." He lowered himself into the water and began wading slowly toward the white glimmer of the beach.

"You stay here," I told Valerie.

"I won't." She slid into the water and followed Al.

I sighed, and went overboard and joined the aquacade. At one spot on the way in the water deepened to my shoulders. I held the revolver up and plowed forward, watching the dark blob of Al's head. He never looked around or made a suspicious move. I didn't understand how, if I had been right in my accusations, he could be so passive. He should have tried to jump me long ago.

They waited for me on the beach. I caught up to them and said, "We go up single file, very quietly. First Al, then me, then Valerie. If anything happens, guess who gets what in the back. When we get there, Al, walk up on the porch and call Lane in a normal low voice. Don't try to put any drama in it. Got that?"

Al said wearily, "And if nobody answers we go in and play musical chairs or something. Okay. Here I go, ready or not."

He started marching across the sand and up the path through low palms and clusters of sea grape. I followed, watching every shadow. My heart beat in a slow bell-buoy rhythm. This wasn't going right. We reached the dark cottage and moved toward the porch.

Behind me, Valerie let out a shocked gasp. "Bill," she said, "it isn't Lane's place! This is the one Al rented. We were both here two days ago and were all through it. Bill, I knew you were wrong!"

Al stopped, looked over his shoulder. "I could have told him," he said, "but he was having so much fun playing copper I didn't have the heart."

I felt as if somebody had dropped the anchor of the boat into my stomach. "Valerie," I muttered, starting to turn toward her, "I—"

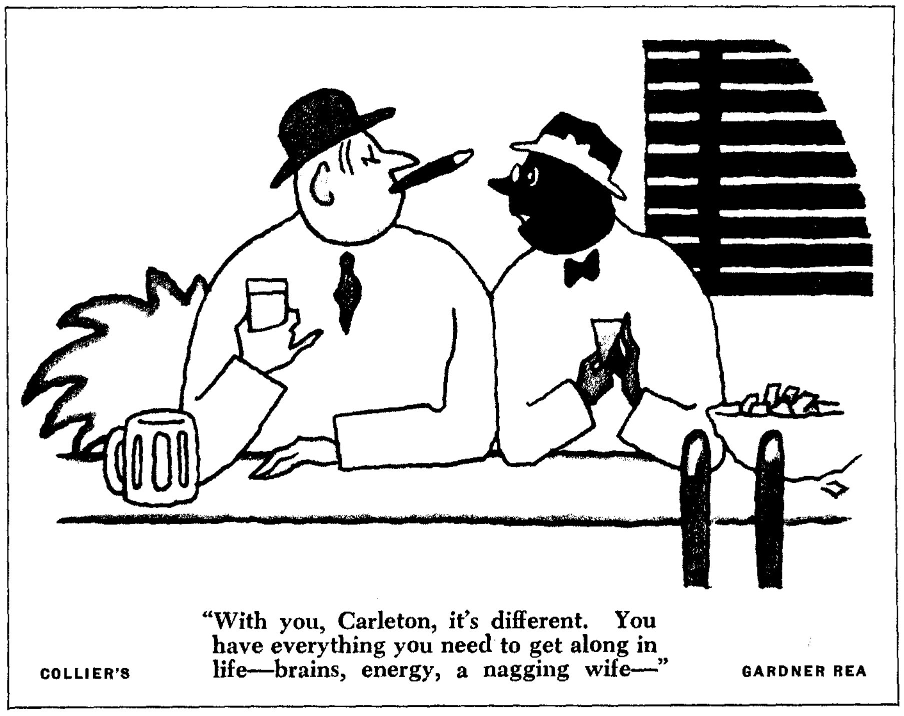
Al moved fast. He slapped an arm lock on me, gave a twist and a heave. Pain scorched up my arm. I went sprawling. I hit sand and squirmed around. Al was standing over me. He had the gun.

"Pal," he said, "that's the first trick in the police manual. Now you're really on your way to being a cop. Get up." He kicked me in the stomach.

Valerie cried, "Don't you dare do that again, Al Leonard! Just because he made a mistake—"

"The only mistake he made," Al said softly, "was letting me grab the gun. Up to that point he was dead right. From here on I guess he's only gonna be dead."

I got slowly to my feet, feeling old and tired. I had been right about him, but I had been right too late.



"With you, Carleton, it's different. You have everything you need to get along in life—brains, energy, a nagging wife—"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"You can't get away with it," I said dully.

"Yeah, I know. I feel bad about it. That shot you just heard was me committing suicide."

Valerie cried, "It isn't true, Al, is it? You're joking! You always did like practical jokes."

Al said, "I can win this argument any time by letting you have a couple of slugs, but I'm in no rush. Get in the cottage."

WE WALKED onto the porch and into the front room, moving as jerkily as puppets. Al switched on a light. Valerie swayed, sat down quickly on a couch. I wanted to join her but it might add a wisp to our chances if we didn't take a killing-two-birds-with-one-stone position. I picked a chair several steps away from her.

Valerie said in a horrified voice, "Have you been working with Champ Lane all along? Where is he? Why did you do it, Al? Don't you think—"

"Jeez," Al said, "I'm on a quiz program. Giveaway night. What are you giving away for the right answers, baby? Maybe you could coax me."

I wondered why Al was dragging things out. Perhaps he merely wanted some good clean sadistic fun. Maybe he wanted us to realize how smart he had been. I didn't know. But anything that postponed the final settlement was all to the good.

Valerie tried to smile at me. She said, "I'm sorry I was so stupid, Bill. It was all my fault. You've been wonderful."

"Yeah, we're all proud of you, Stuart," Al said in an irritated tone.

It was amazing. The guy felt he was the only person anybody should be proud of; after all, he had won and I had lost. I decided to give him a little encouragement. Maybe an admiring audience could keep him happy for a while.

"I was smart," I told Valerie, "but not smart enough. Maybe I could have handled some guys, but Al is a fast operator. I hate to admit it, but the guy's good."

Was that laying it on too thick? Apparently not. Al sat down and relaxed. He traded in his frown for a smug grin.

"Stuart," he said, "you really might make a good cop if I had the training of you. Too bad the training had to end with the lesson on how to take a gun off a guy."

"I don't think I could get up in your class," I said. "Was I right about the way you operated here, Al?"

"You had it down pretty good," he said generously. "It was like this, see?"

He began talking. I listened and made admiring noises at the right intervals. Valerie curled up on the couch and watched me with wide puzzled eyes. Probably she thought I was nuts. Al gave us half his life story. Originally he had gone to the Committee of Thirty and to the special grand jury, on Champ Lane's orders, and got in solid with them by handing them a lot of minor stuff. When the committee told him to find and arrest Lane in Gulf City, he phoned Lane and warned him. Al arrived in Gulf City and couldn't locate either Lane or Valerie right away. But at a little after ten, the night of the murder, Lane telephoned Al and told him what had happened.

Al said, "After I warned him, see, he knew what Eddie was up to. So when Eddie said he had a date with a girl and wouldn't be around that night, the boss figured Eddie was dating Valerie and might coax her to that cottage. So the boss took a hike down the beach, collecting those shells on the way. It seems when a guy's a shell collector he can't pass up a good shell no matter what business he's on. So Lane got to the cottage and saw Valerie's scrap with Eddie. It seemed like too good a chance to miss, so when Eddie wobbled out to the kitchen door after Valerie, the boss walked in the front and picked up her rod and let Eddie have it when he came back in."

I said, "Then he took Eddie's car and followed us?"

Al nodded. "Yeah, only it wasn't actually Eddie's car. It belongs to the boss and Eddie was just a chauffeur and errand boy. The car was in Eddie's name so if there was an accident or anything the boss wouldn't appear. Car's in the garage out back right now."

It was weird sitting there listening to him. You might have thought we were a group of friends hashing over the latest murder in the papers. Al leaned back and smiled pleasantly at us and even got up to get us cigarettes.

Valerie said finally, "I don't understand about this cottage. This ought to be where Mr. Lane was hiding, but it's the place you rented, Al."

"What do you say about that?" Al said, turning to me.

"I don't know," I said cautiously.

"Come on," he said, like a teacher coaxing a bright pupil. "Take a try at it."

IT WAS funny. The guy was working up to be proud of me. He would probably shoot me with regret. "I'll take a guess," I said. "This *was* Lane's hide-out. Right?"

"On the nose," Al said.

"When I had that screwy idea about checking every cottage on the beach," I said, "you and Lane decided you either had to close this place so it would look vacant, which might make us suspicious, or else hide Lane's shell collection. Well, after getting rid of the shells, somebody had the idea of you moving in here and inviting us in to look around. That would cover up perfectly. It was pretty smart. I bet it was your idea, Al."

"Well, yes," Al said modestly.

Valerie asked, "What about those shells we found on the sand bar?"

"Lane's collection," Al said.

"But why drop them there?" she asked. "Why not bury them, or throw them in the underbrush?"

I said, "If you bury them maybe a kid comes along digging in the sand and says 'Mama, look at all the pretty shells,' and somebody who knows shells sees them and wonders why anybody would bury hundreds of dollars' worth of rare shells. A guy finds a Junonia worth ten dollars in the underbrush and he's going to get curious. Besides, Lane wanted his collection back after everything was over."

"That's it," Al said. "The boss figured that pet sand bar of his was a perfect place. Anybody happens to find one there, what's more natural? And he can always get most of them back, when things clear up. I like to died when you found out he had a pet sand bar and went looking for it."

Valerie said, "That explains everything except where Mr. Lane is."

Al tilted an eyebrow at her. "You don't think he's living here?"

I said, "I'm *beginning to wonder if he's* living anywhere."

Valerie gasped, "But, Bill, you can't mean that he might be dead!"

"Keep quiet, baby," Al said. "Let Stuart talk. He's got me interested."

"Look at it this way," I said. "Cops, even Gulf City cops, are never happy until they can pin a murder on somebody. They keep on trying until they can. They can pin the murder of Eddie Patrono on a girl named Valerie Wilson and a guy named William J. Stuart. But suppose Valerie Wilson and William J. Stuart are found murdered? Who do they pin that on?"

"I'm not dumb," Al said in an aggrieved tone. "You don't think I'd let them find your bodies?"

"A human body is the hardest thing in the world to hide," I said. "You bury it in the sand and a storm washes it out. You drop it overboard twenty miles offshore and the tide brings it in. You anchor it on the bottom and a fisherman snags it. You burn it and somebody finds a set of teeth that a dentist can identify. The safe thing is not to hide bodies but to have a stooge who can be blamed for the murders. Champ Lane would make a swell stooge."

Al lighted a cigarette. His eyes reflected the tiny flame and glowed like the eyes of a big cat. "It gets blamed on your mystery man," he said. "Nobody knows he is Lane."

"You're smarter than that," I said. "You claimed once that Lane had all his files here. Probably they tell all the dirt on everybody in your city. The files are here, aren't they?"

"Yeah. Every closet in the house is

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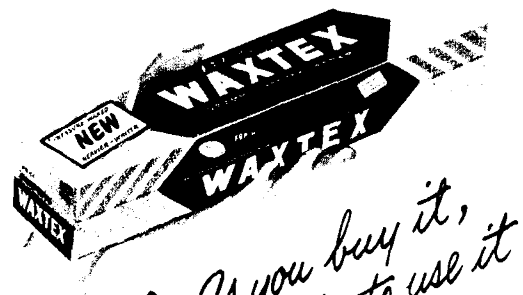
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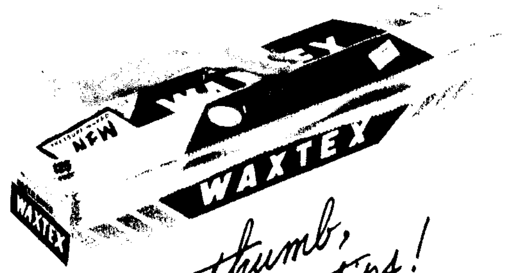
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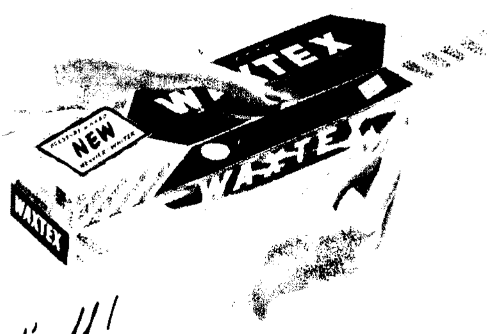
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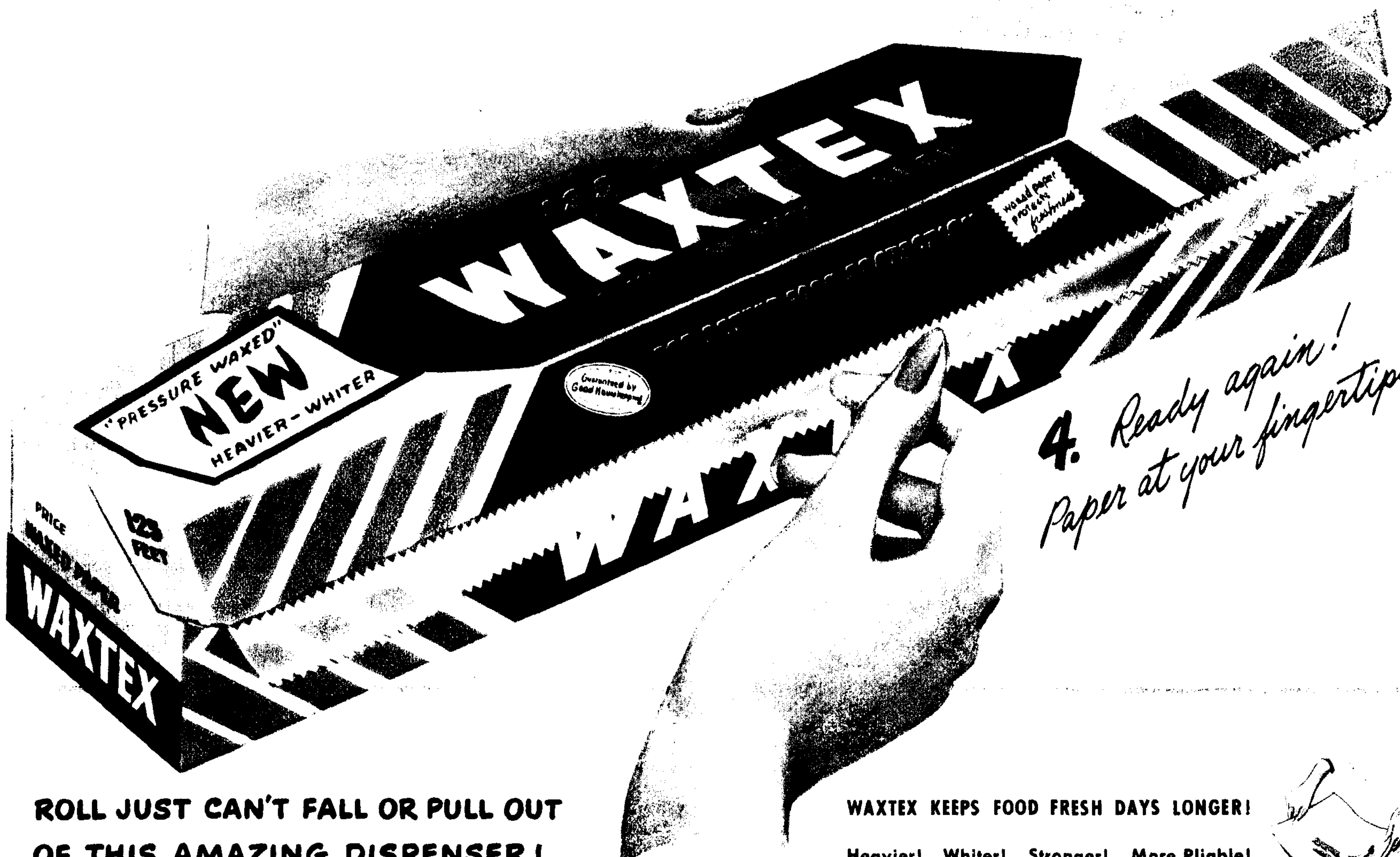
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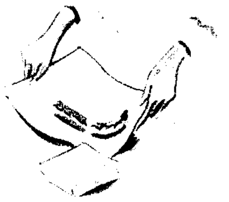

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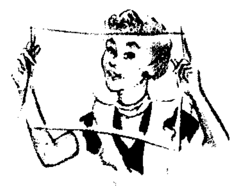

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packed with them. That's why we couldn't hide the shell collection in closets. Go on, pal."

I didn't know why I kept talking, except to use up a few more minutes. "You figured this out long ago," I said. "You'll arrange things so it looks as if Lane shot us. Maybe you can even make it look as if you rushed in a moment too late and shot him. That leaves you sitting pretty. You're a hero to the reformers back home. You have the goods on Champ Lane's crowd. Six months of that and it'll be Al Champ Leonard."

Al laughed.

"Stuart, you got the nastiest mind I ever ran into." He grinned at me, meaning it as a compliment. He raised his voice and called, "Hey, Mr. Lane! Come on in."

FOOTSTEPS sounded back of the half-closed door to a bedroom. The door swung open. The man who stood there was astonishingly like the sketch I had made. Bald head, thick eyebrows faded by sunlight, big nose, heavy chin, bleak gray eyes. The chin was jutting angrily and the eyes were colder than I had drawn them.

"You dumb ox," he said to Al. "I ordered you to keep me out of this."

Al said, "A guy has to protect his reputation."

"You didn't have to sit here jabbering for an hour."

"I like talking to a guy that appreciates smart work, Mr. Lane."

"Smart!" Lane said bitterly. "You haven't had a smart idea since you hit this dump. All right, get them out of here."

I said huskily, "Mr. Lane, you don't want to be responsible for two more murders."

"Get them out of here," Lane repeated, without looking at me.

Al was frowning. After the way I had built him up, he was getting quite a letdown from his boss. He said, "Don't embarrass Mr. Lane, Stuart. He don't like to know about nasty things. Look, Mr. Lane, what do you suggest?"

"Take them away in that boat. Use your head for a change, and figure out something. You've messed this thing up from start to finish."

"I thought I did pretty good."

"Pretty good! Every time you listened to this man Stuart he put a new idea in your head, and every new idea got us in a worse spot. First it was your idea of moving in here. That slapped a ball and chain on me. It meant that if they ever suspected you, they'd find you never rented the place at all. They'd find I bought it a year ago. Then you turned panicky and threw my shells right where Stuart later decided to look for shells."

"You had the sand-bar idea, Mr. Lane. That was an idea Stuart put into your head."

"I didn't know the idiot would visit every shell expert in town and hear about that sand bar. You should have known what he might do. You kept telling me not to worry about him."

Al looked at me almost fondly. "This Stuart is quite a guy," he said. "Most of his ideas are lousy, but he shoots off so many that he keeps putting ideas in other people's heads."

"He put a dumb one in your head today," Lane said. "Walking right into your hands, wasn't he? Well, you sure kicked things around. I sat here half the afternoon with a pair of field glasses watching the mess."

"I got him and Valerie here now, don't I?" Al said.

"Yes, and you're still wasting time. I've been listening to the police radio. The local cops have been after these two since noon. They're turning the town upside down. If they keep on looking everywhere they'll get around to looking here too."

"Did I do anything else wrong, Mr. Lane?"

Lane gave a short hard laugh. "Plenty," he said. "You went out on a routine job today and not only botched it but also lost your revolver and blackjack. I thought once of making you police commissioner. Now I'm not even sure you can run those city stables."

"I'll do better from now on, Mr. Lane."

"See that you do. Now get these people out of here."

"Okay, Champ," Al said.

Lane's face went purple. "Don't you call me Champ," he snarled. "It's Mr. Lane to you."

Al got up lazily. "Yes, sir, Mr. Lane," he said. Then he looked at Lane and smiled.

The room was suddenly very quiet. The air felt heavy, hard to breathe, like air before a hurricane. I wanted to yell to clear my lungs. On the sofa right behind Al, Valerie curled up into a tight ball. Light glittered on Al's eyes. Across the room the purple stain faded from Lane's face and left it dull gray.

Lane muttered, "And when you get out in the boat, don't let Stuart put any more crazy ideas into your head."

Al said, "I kind of like the last one he gave me." His right hand tightened on the revolver and sound crashed against my ears.

One moment we were figures in a stiff tableau, like a jigsaw puzzle fitting neatly together. The next instant, pieces flew all over the place. Lane crumbled. Valerie's feet lashed out, caught Al in the back. He lurched forward. I slugged him in the stomach. The gun clattered to the floor. I made a wild dive and scooped it up and swung toward Al, praying I could shoot straight. I didn't have to. Al wheeled, crashed into the screen door, vanished.

I ran onto the porch. Down on the beach a figure swerved and darted like a broken-field runner, heading for the water. I squeezed the trigger three times. Al ran on; I didn't know how to shoot. Spray flashed as he hit water and waded toward the boat.

Valerie was beside me. I thrust the revolver into her hands and started running after Al. I raced out into the shallows and churned on until water hit my waist and then swam. Ahead of me a dark head bobbed. It turned. Al's teeth showed white in a snarl. A fist lashed at me. I gulped a breath that hurt my lungs, and dived and caught his legs. The water was only five feet deep but that should be enough. Fingers raked my hair, and knees battered my ribs.

I held on as he sank under water and wrestled madly to get away from me. I was very happy. Maybe I could hold my breath three minutes this time.

I CAME out of a pleasant daze and felt someone shaking me. I growled and hung onto the limp object in my arms.

"Let go!" a voice shrieked in my ear.

I opened my eyes, and blinked. I was back in the shallows. Valerie was tugging at my arm with one hand and hanging onto the revolver with the other. "Hello," I said.

"Oh, please," she sobbed. "Please get up, Bill. You've been growling like a dog over a bone and I grabbed the phone and screamed to the operator for police and I don't think Mr. Lane is dead and—"

"Okay," I said. "Okay." I wobbled upright and dragged Al ashore. He seemed very limp. "Maybe they'll have a murder to pin on me after all," I said.

"You mustn't say that! Bill, please do something for him."

I shrugged. I had only a mild interest in Al. I felt slightly drunk. I couldn't even work up much interest in the wail of sirens in the distance. However, I flopped Al over on his stomach and began giving him artificial respiration.

Ten minutes later I was sober again but everybody else in Gulf City was acting crazy. Every piece of equipment in town that had a siren or bells—police cars, ambulances, fire engines—converged on us. The chief of police arrived and had trouble trying not to shoot us on sight. Things straightened out finally. Champ Lane had taken a slug through his shoulder but wasn't in bad shape. And he wanted to talk. He wanted to talk so badly that he almost strangled trying to get the words out fast enough. He wanted to talk about that rat, that cheap killer, that double-crossing Al Leonard. It made very pleasant listening. Meanwhile a fireman took over the artificial respiration from me, and fixed things so the chief could have two trials instead of one.

There was a lot of running around and talking after that, but the excitement was over. The chief drove us back to my place. He didn't say much and I suspected that he wasn't happy.

He let us out at the door, and mumbled, "You did a nice job, Mr. Stuart. Stick around and they'll probably make you chief of police."

"What for?" I said. "They already have a good chief of police."

"Don't give me that stuff. I walk around for days with your girl friend right under my nose and never tumble to it."

"What about us?" I said. "Al was right under our noses and we didn't catch on. We knew a lot more of the story than you did, too. You didn't have a thing to go on. I say you did a swell job."

"You're not kidding?"

"No, indeed. And I'm going to tell the reporters what a swell job you did."

HIS solemn face cracked in the first smile I had ever seen him use. It made him look like a cutout Halloween pumpkin. "That's mighty nice," he said. "I like this job. And I know how much I owe you two. Of course you'll have to stay for the trials, but if you come down this way some other year collecting shells, count on me for anything you want." He stopped, thought a moment and added in a worried tone, "Of course you might find the shelling better at Sanibel and Captiva than here."

I said, "I know what you mean."

The worried look left his face, and he waved and drove off.

Valerie said, "It was nice of you to cheer him up."

"He's a good guy."

"Well," she said, "we'll both have to stay for the trials, but that shouldn't take long. Al and Champ Lane have no defense except to try to blame each other. Then what will you do, Bill?"

"Go back to the job, of course."

"Oh, yes," she said brightly. "Back to the Long Island Railroad and penny-ante poker and nice girls your friends want to marry off to you and coffee with two lumps of sugar."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Bill, I'd better move to a hotel tonight. I couldn't very well stay here now."

"No. No, of course not. Going to telephone your editor first?"

"I almost forgot that. It's a big story, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh. What will you do after the trial?"

She gave a tiny laugh, flat and brittle as a spoon clinking on china, and said, "Go back to my job, naturally. There will be a lot of big stories to cover."

I glared at her. "You're going to walk back into that mess," I cried. "You plan to play around with thugs and gunmen after the lesson you had here? I thought you'd picked up some sense!"

"From you, I suppose."

"All right. From me."

"Well, I haven't," she said angrily. "I'm going back home and get into trouble whenever I feel like it and thank Heaven there won't be any man ordering me around or—"

"Speaking of men, I pity the one who marries you."

"Oh, shut up!" she said in a broken voice.

"Why should I shut up?"

"Because if you keep talking about people marrying me you might even put an idea into your own head."

I said coldly, "If it will give you any satisfaction, that idea has been in my head for at least twenty-four hours."

"About—about marrying me?"

"Yes. Go on and laugh."

The next instant she was in my arms and my head started whirling like a pin wheel.

"What do you know?" I said dizzily. "One of my ideas finally worked." THE END

Strike! Battle of the Big Fish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Hemming, big and jolly, shook our hands. Blackcat, a slim, brown Hawaiian boy, bowed from the cabin hatch as he handed up the coffee on a tray.

"Your two fellow passengers are already aboard," said Hemming. "They're below, changing into their bathing suits—which is what we'll all be doing before long, if this sun stays out."

Our fellow passengers turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. Jan Bowles of Chicago. She was trim, petite and vivacious; he was the spectacled, quiet type, but he smiled easily and looked as if he would be comfortable, easygoing company on our two-day trip around the islands.

"We've never been fishing before," Mrs. Bowles explained. "My husband is a librarian, and had two weeks of deferred vacation coming to him. We wanted to do something different than we'd ever done before. That's why we're here—and you'll have to be patient with our inexperience."

"Land sakes, ma'am," said Ed Smith, "we're all in the same pickle. I'm just a backwoods farmer, out to see whether big fish act the same as little ones. Of course my friend Slim"—pointing to me—"may be an expert, but I haven't heard him brag about it."

I hastened to disclaim any expertness. "I've been out with friends on short trips around the local harbor," I admitted, "but the only fish I actually caught with my own hands was a 20-pound wahoo—too small to be worth mentioning—"

"A 20-pound wahoo is not to be despised," interrupted Hemming, from the gunwale where he was releasing our hawser. "It's a fighting fish, worth hooking any time." He estimated that the average weight of the wahoo in Hawaiian waters would be about 40 pounds. The world record is 133½ pounds.

Ed Smith leaned against the back of a swivel chair. "I gotta have something biggern' that," he said. "For family reasons, I need a fish that weighs better'n 200 pounds."

"A marlin is what you want, then," said Hemming. "And that's our target for the next two days. If we don't find one around here, we'll comb the banks off the big island tomorrow. There are plenty of them around—we got three already this week."

"How big?" demanded Smith.

"Not quite up to your specifications," Hemming admitted. "They averaged about 175. But we sighted a couple of striped marlin that must have been at least 500 apiece, only they wouldn't play. The world's record, rod and reel, is 692, and I expect that to be broken any day now. The record for black marlin is 976 pounds."

Where Giant Marlins Abound

The reason for his confidence is that giant marlins are plentiful in Hawaiian waters. Specimens far in excess of the rod-and-reel championship size are frequently bagged by the big commercial fishing boats using heavy deep-sea tackle, equipment which is not permitted to the sportsman if he wants his performance to get official approval. The largest such catch on record was 1,680 pounds. A 1,000-pound marlin is not unusual on the Honolulu fish wharf, but it would be a tough one to handle from a swivel chair; in 99 cases out of 100, it would get away.

Our boat was moving slowly out of its slip, with Captain Dawley at the wheel. As Hemming talked to us about the marlin, he was putting the hooks and lure on the hickory and bamboo rods that stood in their shining sockets at each chair. Mrs. Bowles took the center one, Ed Smith and I had the outside positions. Mr. Bowles, for the first hour, would be responsible for the two outrigger lines. It was agreed that, unless we had a strike, we would change positions every hour.

In the spume of the propellers, our lines stretched 50 yards back of the boat, and the gaily feathered lures bounced around like playful flying fish in the bubbling wake.

We were beyond Pearl and about two miles offshore when I noticed a big box or crate floating lazily between our boat and the surf-fringed beach. Unbeknownst to us, a school of dolphins was hiding in the shadows under that box, waiting to ambush any careless small fish that might come by.

Cocktail Party

The *canapés* are yummy
  The cocktails smooth as May,
And everybody's chummy—
  If slightly *exalté*—
Except the gal in the straight-backed chair,
With the visiting-social-worker stare,
And fastidiously aloofish air,
  Who sweetly, icily,
  Nasty-nicely,
  States, without a blink,
  While ice and crystal clink,
  "I don't drink."

The trick hors d'oeuvres are scrumptious,
  The highballs *comme il faut*,
And nobody is bumptious—
  Just pleasantly aglow—
Except the gal on the baby grand,
Whose stories the Purity Leaguers banned,
Whose laugh's as shrill as a cheetah's, and
  Who two-handedly,
  Frankly abandonedly,
  Briskly, blatantly,
  All too patently
  Drinks
  And drinks
  And drinks
  And drinks.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

As our lures swept past in a froth, the whole group of dolphins darted out of the hiding place. We could see a dozen of them clearly as they cut through the water in a flash of brilliant color. Before we could catch a long breath, there came simultaneous strikes on my line and Mrs. Bowles's.

My fish was young and perhaps a bit green—at any rate he took no more than 50 yards off my reel before he let me start to pump him in, and I had him almost up to gaffing distance in five minutes. Then he saw the boat and got frightened into a long circling run. I let him have all the line he wanted, then worked him back in a series of gentle pulls. He was aboard and safely in the icebox back of my chair in 11 minutes.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Bowles was having a real battle. She had a heavyweight fighter on her line, and he was showing her every trick in the book—circling, darting, diving, twisting, jumping clear out of the water half the time. Bit by bit she gained 100 yards on him, after his first run had taken a lot of the line off her singing reel. Then he decided to leave for parts unknown, and he stripped off 150 yards before the weight of the wet line slowed him down and made him turn back.

Twenty minutes—then 30, and the fight was still going on. Mrs. Bowles admitted she was getting tired. But under the rules, she couldn't be relieved. If a fish is to be considered a "fair catch," the person who hooks it must bring it all the way in, without assistance. Nobody else can touch the pole, the line, the reel or the drag. Everybody stands around and offers advice, but there's no interference or actual help until the fish is so close that the captain can reach the steel wire leader with his gloved hand and take the captive.

That happened in exactly 48 minutes. The six-foot gaff swept the fish over the stern and we all helped boost it into the icebox on the starboard side.

A Good Catch for a Novice

"It's the biggest one I've seen this year," declared Dawley. He estimated it at 50 pounds, and the beam scales later showed how close he was. They appraised it at 49¼, which is a mighty satisfactory haul for a fish on which the world record is 67½ pounds.

The dolphin, which Hawaiians call *mahimahi*, is the tastiest eating on the islands. Its firm white flesh, fried in "big island" butter, is a $2 delicacy in every Honolulu restaurant and hotel dining room. At the fish markets the fillets sell for $1.50 a pound.

As a sporting proposition, the fish is a wonderful fighter; a 20-pound *mahimahi* can put up as exciting a battle as any swordfish. Like the latter, he can turn on a dime, lift himself clear out of the water, or nose-dive into the deep. He usually strikes the bait from the side, rising to the surface before he hits, so that you can see him coming like the Cannon Ball Express; and he leaps clean out of the water in his final wild charge. Hooked, he spurns surrender; as he is worked in the water, he weaves from side to side like a dog pulling on a rope.

When the *mahimahi* is called a "dolphin," the word frequently starts an argument among informed fishermen. Do you mean dolphin or porpoise? Down through the ages, the porpoise has often been dubbed a "dolphin." That's the name used by architects and poets.

These two species have no resemblance or relationship. The porpoise is actually an air-breathing mammal, and a lesser member of the whale family. He is warm-blooded and lives on plankton and small marine life. He has vocal cords, with which he cries like a baby when caught or injured.

The other dolphin, however, is a true fish—a snub-nosed specimen with about the handsomest exterior of anything I have ever pulled out of the water. My captive, as it came aboard the Miss Honolulu, gleamed with a bursting blaze of gold, silver, purple and yellow, all blended in an elusive sheen that made its body glow like a fluorescent screen of constantly changing rainbow colors.

All the Hawaiian dolphins are endowed in full measure with this chameleonlike gift of changing color—and the range of variations runs a spectacular gamut from deep indigo to bright yellow. But all their colors leave them when death comes. If the boatman's gaff strikes a killing blow, they are already fading to a flat dull brown when they land in the icebox. If the gaff does not kill, they are promptly dispatched on their bed of ice with a merciful blow through the brain from a spiked hammer. The sudden fading of their brilliant golds and silvers through a swift progression of tamer colors was the origin of a phrase often used by Hawaiians; to describe the facial expression of an embarrassed person, they say he turns "all the colors of a dying dolphin."

Our morning catch totaled 70 pounds. As we had no intention of cooking it ourselves, we agreed to let Cap Dawley sell it. Merchants on the fish wharf, he said, would

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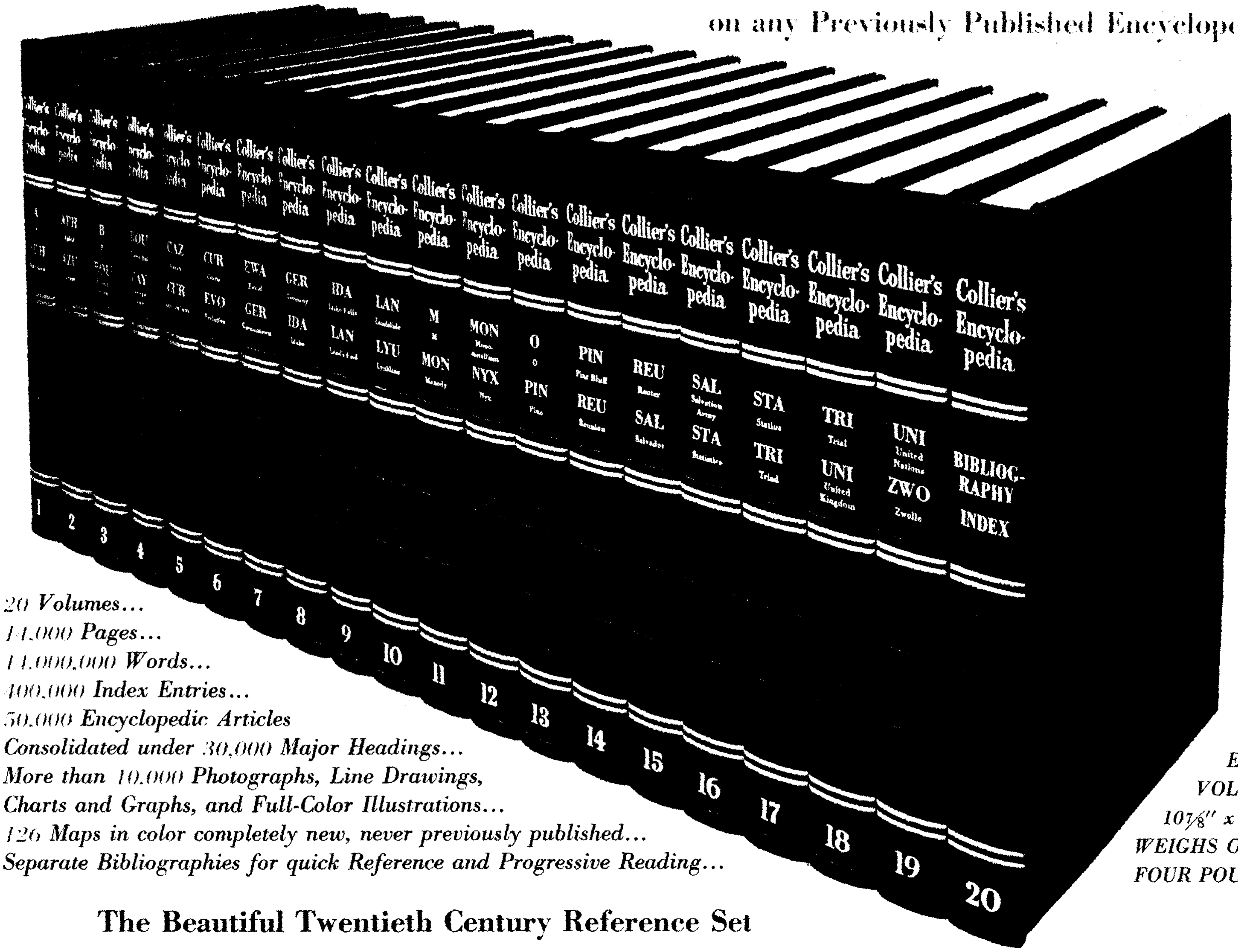

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pay 50 cents a pound or better for gross weight. It looked as if our fishing expedition was going to be self-liquidating.

We had lunch and, during the afternoon, we continued our offshore cruise to the westward end of the island, then turned and retraced our steps, trolling steadily at six to seven knots. We sighted a shark, and Ed Smith was all for trying to hook it. But our skipper put on a bit more speed; he wanted nothing to do with the shark family.

They're nasty customers, he told us; a perpetual botheration, because they're fond of waiting around a fishing boat until a spent captive is about to be taken in, then grabbing it.

"Sure, you've got a shark on your line," he said, "but what can you do with it? You don't want it aboard, because it's a stinker, and will foul up a boat for weeks. I say nix to all sharks. Fortunately, they're easy to get away from, because they're comparatively slow-paced. Five knots is their best speed—as against the marlin's 30 or 40."

Toward evening we took in our outrigger lines, which had been unproductive, and later replaced two of the swivel-chair lines with light tackle for some of the small stuff which we had seen playing around our stern.

Ed Smith stuck by his big pole and reel; he was determined not to miss any chances. The sun was a round ball just above the horizon when his patience was rewarded. A colossal marlin swept up from behind, dorsal fin and tail showing. The skipper figured it as somewhere around 500 pounds. It circled three times behind us, surveyed Ed's bait, swam from side to side eying it.

We hastily hauled in our light lines to clear the stern for the coming struggle. The marlin's spearlike snout seemed a yard long as it poked in and out of the frothy wake.

"It's going to strike!" yelled Dawley, who was even more excited than we were.

The marlin's habit is to make a sudden sharp slash at the lure with his spear; then return and try another slash. Only after one or two such smashing swipes at his quarry does he grab it in his mouth and get himself hooked.

This time the marlin made only the first pass at the target. Something diverted his attention, and instead of coming back, he turned contemptuously seaward and was gone.

There was a long and painful silence aboard the boat, finally broken by the skipper slapping his thigh a resounding thwack. "I'll be eternally dong-busted!" he said. And that was the end of the day's fishing.

Moonrise Over Diamond Head

We sat on deck in the starlit evening and watched the moon come up over Diamond Head. It was a full, round moon, red as flame, and Captain Dawley purposely maneuvered the boat so that the moon rose out of the horizon directly back of the peak. At its first appearance and for a few minutes afterward, the illusion of a flaming volcano was perfect.

While we retired to our cabins for the night, the engines chugged along at moderate pace toward our tomorrow's fishing ground along the Kona coast, 150 miles away.

Sunday morning found us early at our work. The trade winds were a bit brisker here, and there were well-defined whitecaps on the sea, indicating that the breeze might be running 14 knots or better.

"A good day for fishing!" the skipper predicted as we breakfasted in the warm morning sun.

"It better be!" said Ed Smith, decisively. He had been quite unhappy all evening about the big one that got away, and was inclined to blame himself somehow for the marlin's apathy.

"Don't get downhearted," counseled the skipper. "Out here in Hawaiian waters, success is not so much a matter of skill and experience, but rather of luck and patience. Lady Luck is important, and she distributes her favors impartially. Isn't that so, Bob?" He turned for confirmation to his partner, the massive, red-faced Hemming.

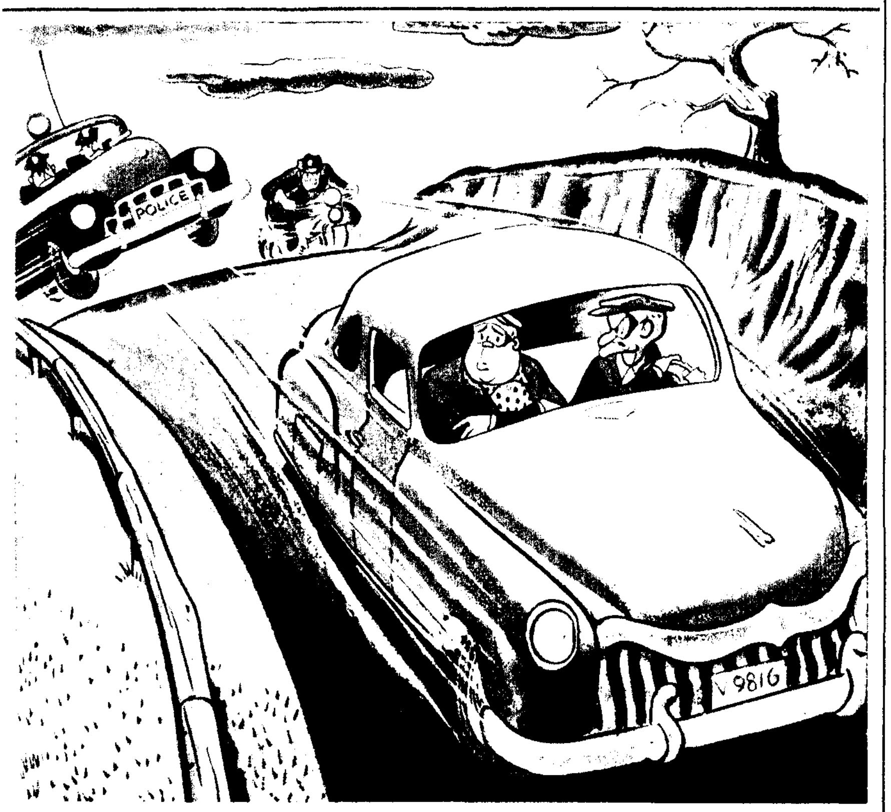
"Most fishing is a matter of luck," Hemming opined. "And more so here than otherwheres. Around these parts, anybody can catch almost any kind of fish in some unusually lucky way. That's why you find the women hauling in so many big ones!" He bowed ceremoniously across the cockpit to Mrs. Bowles.

She acknowledged the compliment perfunctorily, because her mind was on a flock of birds soaring overhead. The previous day she had enthused almost continuously over the flying fish that sparkled perpetually over the waves around the boat; today apparently she was going to be similarly obsessed by the frigate birds which float effortlessly off the Kona shore.

"They're almost as cute as penguins!" she declared.

"They're more than cute, lady," said the skipper, ordering Hemming to make haste and get out the lines. "When you see those birds circling, there's probably fish in the water beneath them. The Hawaiians call them '*mahimahi* birds,' because they gather around the dolphins, and frequently take a peck or two at a dolphin's back."

BUTCH



"Awright, so you'll miss Captain Daring. But how was I to know there wasn't no radio in this car?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

We trolled for an hour under the circling birds and took four small *mahimahi*. One of them had in his back a hole half an inch long and an inch across, made by the persistent frigate birds.

Toward midmorning Mr. Bowles almost fell overboard when he got an unexpected strike on his line. It came without warning, like a stroke of lightning, and the fish made off with the line so fast that the reel screamed and grew hot under his hand.

"It's a tuna!" yelled the captain. "Don't try to wind him in until he finishes his run. You've got 850 yards on your reel. He won't take it all—we hope!"

The Allison's tuna, as found in these parts, turns the scale at anything up to 265 pounds. It runs larger in Hawaiian waters than elsewhere, and is one of the Big Five of Pacific game fish. It takes the lure with more speed than any other creature of the line. In fighting, it does a power dive that is spectacular in its suddenness. The old Hawaiians called it the *"ahi,"* meaning "fire," because it pulled their hand line over the side of the outrigger canoe so fast that the wood smoked from the friction.

Coached by the captain, librarian Bowles handled the big captive in highly satisfactory fashion. He had already practiced the technique of "pumping" with his rod, and now his practice bore fruit. With the handle in his left hand, he lifted the rod to the vertical, then quickly lowered it, and caught up the slack with a turn or two of his reel. There's a sort of rhythm to it, and this rhythm Bowles seemed to have caught rather expertly.

The fish made at least six long runs and three or four deep dives before he began to tire. Bowles followed along neatly, with a lot of patient effort. Ten minutes after the fight began, Dawley brought him a leather harness for his aching arms and shoulders, but even with its help he was using all the strength he had, and the perspiration was pouring off his face and chest.

The fight lasted a full hour and a half before Mr. Tuna was safely in the ice chest, at an estimated weight of 135 pounds.

The captain went to his flag cabinet and hauled out a mysterious square of muslin, two feet by three. It was a banner bearing the picture of an Allison's tuna, and he hoisted it very proudly to its proper position on the outrigger. Under the regulations, this flag may only be carried aloft when a boat has taken an Allison's tuna weighing more than 100 pounds. Some of them come as small as five or 10 pounds, and the little ones don't count as big game.

There is also a marlin flag, which is flown whenever a marlin—of any size—is captured.

We trolled throughout Sunday afternoon, but had no luck. It was past five o'clock when the captain hauled in the lines, took off the lures and baited one line with live bait—a 10-inch flying fish sewed around the shank of a four-inch hook.

"This is Smith's last chance for his marlin," said Cap Dawley, seating the Seattle boy in the center chair, while we all gathered around to cheer him on.

For half an hour we trolled back and forth. The wind had died down to a sunset calm. The sea was smooth and round. The water moved slowly like a great rocking chair. Two or three miles away was a shore line of soft green hills and white surf, set in a quiet cloud-banked horizon.

Nothing happened. At a quarter of six the skipper hauled in the line and replaced the bait with a fresh flying fish from the icebox. "Don't get impatient, Smith," he counseled. "Izaak Walton said . . ."

His words came to a sudden pause. Silently he pointed to a dark fin cometing across the starboard wake. A lithe body swept into view, so clear that in a wave valley I thought I could see a romora, or pilot fish, attached to its belly.

The big visitor swept diagonally across our wake, circled back, ogled the bait, took a fresh start and slashed at it in a flashing dash across the spume. Then returned and mouthed the bait.

"Count ten!" said the skipper hoarsely.

Smith counted ten audibly, then gave a tug on his pole and set the hook.

Hook Must Get into Stomach

The count of ten is a general procedure in hooking a marlin, because of this fish's habit of rolling its food around in its jaws for a few seconds before swallowing the morsel. A jerk on the pole at the wrong time usually means an insecure hooking. So the fisherman must wait—and count ten. By that time the hook is way down in the marlin's stomach when he clinches its hold on his captive.

Smith timed it exactly right. The hook was deep inside the fish by the time Mr. Marlin realized he was attached to something he hadn't expected.

He resented that attachment violently. He churned up a pile of foam as high as the mast. He ran out 300 yards of line by the time the boat had slowed down to a walk. Hemming, at the wheel, kept the engines running just enough to maneuver the boat and keep the line paying out straight from the stern.

The captive dived, cartwheeled, catapulted—in a single-minded effort to get rid of the torturing hook and line. Then he headed in a diagonal plunge toward the bottom of the ocean. Smith let him have 100 yards, then another 100, before the pressure down below made him turn back surfaceward.

I could almost feel the strain on that line. "Don't ask too much of it, Ed," I shouted, as he seemed to be tempted to apply the drag. But he didn't; it was my imagination. He was cool as an icicle.

He waited until the boat was practically at a standstill. Then, while the marlin diagonaled to port, he set to work. He pumped slowly, carefully—gained a few feet, lost a few, gained again, and held his gains. The marlin was weakening; his dashes were less sweeping; there wasn't quite so much verve and enthusiasm when he sounded. He was getting closer in. It looked as if victory were leaning in Smith's direction.

Just then a shadowy shape appeared between the ship and the marlin.

"Holy jumping Jehoshaphat!" shouted the captain. "It's a shark coming to our party!" He turned and bellowed at Hemming: "Get going, Bob!"

Hemming understood. He must watch until the marlin started a violent rush toward one side, then turn the boat sharply to follow the fish at a sudden speed of eight to 10 knots. Then hold the course for two miles or so—far enough to leave the shark behind. He must do this without ever overspeeding, or the line would be broken and the marlin lost.

It was nice work with wheel and throttle. Hemming contrived to get away from the uninvited guest. The line held. The marlin was maneuvered to a new arena where the fight continued.

An hour and 15 minutes after the battle began, it ended. The marlin flag was on the outrigger and Ed Smith could go home with the official papers for a 285-pounder.

"That ought to settle the brother-in-law," I suggested as we started back on our return journey to Honolulu.

"I've got an even better idea," said Smith. "Next month I'm going to bring both him and the wife over here, and let them enjoy it. That'll make us all one big happy family, I betcha!" THE END

The Divided Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

too heavy for her. So almost everyone got off before she did, except the girl with all the packages. She lingered, shyly, and said, "Hello, Margaret. Home for a while, are you? Did you get the invitation?"

"Hello," Margaret said, and was spared from saying the wrong name and "What invitation?" by seeing her aunts waiting for her, in attitudes of tension so strong it was like disapproval; but it was only anxiety. They seldom left the farm, and their best clothes weren't very good, and they hadn't seen Margaret for six years.

"How lovely to see you!" said Margaret, but it sounded like Miss Leslie talking; her own gestures and embraces seemed borrowed. There was no real warmth or kindness in her, only fatigue and coldness and a penetrating ache.

AUNT MAUD picked up the biggest suitcase. "Mr. Malcolm's going to take us home," she said. The Malcolms were neighbors on the other side from the Blackmores. Aunt Lou picked up the other suitcase and Margaret followed, wearing her full red coat, and a good dark-blue suit, carrying the red overnight bag just like Miss Leslie's. She got into the old sedan, and now she knew the girl's name, because she was sitting there, next to her father.

"Mary Frances," she said. "You've grown up."

"Grown up enough to have a man," said Mr. Malcolm jocularly. Mary Frances pushed him with a thin elbow. "The wedding's only three weeks away," Mr. Malcolm said proudly. "We sent you an invitation."

"How nice!" said Margaret, thinking she must go through the handful of tired, dusty mail she had put into her suitcase the last thing. Nothing from Warren, she had noticed. He wasn't much for writing, though she had had cards from him in the hospital. "Who is it you are engaged to, Mary Frances?"

"Luke Barnum," Mary Frances said.

Mr. Malcolm added, "One of the Voegler's Cove Barnums. They have the store. He's got a good job in the lumber mill though, to start in on."

Mary Frances was looking back over her shoulder, trying to be easy and citified, and, at the same time, being proud of her situation, wanting to boast to the girl who had gone to the city and come home without an engagement ring. Margaret moved her ringless hand and wondered if Warren knew where she was. She might at least have telephoned him and said good-by.

"It's going to be a real big wedding," Mary Frances said.

Margaret smiled stiffly and tiredly, and an awkward silence fell. She didn't know how to talk to these people she had known all her life. She had taken Mary Frances to school by the hand many a morning, because Mary Frances was afraid of cows.

Aunt Maud said, "Tell us all about the Blackmores, and Leslie's wedding. We've been looking after the house, for their tenants too, of course, but it doesn't seem the same without them here. I don't suppose they'll come up at all this summer?"

"No," said Margaret.

The Blackmores hadn't been able to afford going away for the summer for several years past, which had made it easy for Margaret not to come home. They had rented the house, but it belonged to them, and they kept it up, winter and summer.

After the Malcolms had dropped them and gone home, Margaret looked over at the Blackmore's big, white, old-fashioned house, dimly seen through hackmatack and spruce trees. She knew she ought to go into the house with her aunts, but she stood there while a terrible dankness of spirit came over her. She told herself she still got tired easily, she had been pretty sick, that was why she was here—to convalesce—but she could not help knowing that this was the most terrible form of homesickness—the kind that comes to you when you go home at last and don't want to be there.

Day after day, Margaret went on feeling remote, although the village gradually took on substance again. She saw familiar faces. She saw the river where she and Miss Leslie used to swim together, and go canoeing, before growing up separated them. "You knew she'd get married someday," she told herself, but she kept on hoping Miss Leslie missed her, too, and would write to her. She felt dissatisfied and she was cranky.

"You still have the same linoleum," she said.

"It's good," Aunt Maud said. "We don't need new."

Her aunts said that about everything—the worn rugs, the darned curtains. Their things had not grown nicer with the years but, on the contrary, were uglier than ever. Only the good English china in the cupboard had any color to it, only the tall locusts, and the dark evergreens behind the house, had any generosity to them. This was a poor farm, run by two aging women, in poor farm country. The aunts explained they sold some of their wood each year now, to make ends meet, and the Blackmores paid them a little for caretaking.

"We're careful what we cut, though," Aunt Maud told Margaret. "We don't want it all thinned out when the farm comes to you someday."

"I hope that will be a long time off," Margaret said, truthfully. But she thought how gaunt the aunts were and, seeing how pleased they were to have her there, how their sharpness had a timidity to it, as they looked at her for approval— "I made the blueberry pie deep-dish. You used to like it that way," Aunt Lou said, shyly—and Margaret felt bad about not having come home before, with money and presents, feeling fine.

Here she was, tired out, with only twenty dollars to her name beyond her ticket home, as poor as when she set out years ago, except now she knew a trade to go back to. The aunts looked old and she was so anxious to get away. She thought with longing of her rooms in the Blackmore house, her white radio, her own bathroom, her silver and linen waiting in the bottom drawers of a big bureau for her own marriage. But those rooms were gone, and she had lost her marriage. She had not heard from Warren at all.

"You said you had a young man," Aunt Lou said. "Are you engaged to this Warren? Mrs. Blackmore spoke of him, too."

Margaret found it hard to answer. She had suddenly remembered Warren, all of a piece. Until now, fighting against the unpleasant memories of their last times together, their quarrels, and his hurt disappointment, she had only remembered bits and tag ends. It had helped keep her from missing him. But now she missed him terribly.

"I'd like you to meet him," she said evasively, and wondered what Warren would think of all this Nova Scotia, with its yoke of oxen, the long piles of cordwood along the roads, the blue coves and green, sloping fields. But then, walking alone to the post office, she passed the Blackmore house, and thought of Miss Leslie, who still had not sent her so much as a post card, and all her dissatisfactions came back. Warren knew what he wanted and where he was going, which was nowhere very far, but if she was always going to be so discontented, what good would she do him, or he her? At the same time, in the mild village air, she saw, more clearly than she ever had, what made people like and respect Warren, and with a kind of separate sadness, knew what she had lost.

THE only excitement in Cherry Village was Mary Frances' wedding. "I should think they ought to have just a simple home wedding," Margaret said. With piqué dresses, she thought, and brimmed hats. "Where are they going to live after the honeymoon?"

"With his folks," said Aunt Lou.

"Not by themselves, at all?" Margaret asked, dismayed. Not even in four rooms, with a dishwasher, and a view of the bay.

Aunt Lou said, "He doesn't earn much. His folks have a good-sized house. I guess they have a little furniture of their own."

She went on making blueberry jam, and Margaret did the dinner dishes in a round tin pan in which the water had first been heated on the wood stove. She had forgotten; most young couples lived with his folks or hers, and it was a long while until they got a place of their own. She kept forgetting how little these people lived on here. But it did seem hard that, after the honeymoon, Mary Frances, who was probably still afraid of cows, would have to start doing farm work in somebody else's barn and kitchen.

"The family's doing everything for her," said Aunt Lou disapproving. "Of course, she's the first getting married."

"Everybody's not Leslie Blackmore," Aunt Maud said, and Margaret, looking at her in surprise, realized Aunt Maud knew what was worrying her, and why she said so little about her young man, and why she walked to the post office twice a day, expecting nothing, and being disappointed each time. "All these girls see a big wedding in the papers, or in the movies, and nothing will do but they have to have it all themselves."

Aunt Lou protested, "A girl only marries once."

"If that," said Margaret, but only silence greeted her attempt at lightness. She thought, in these parts, marriage wasn't very romantic. It was just a way of getting along. She didn't blame Mary Frances for wanting all the trimmings she could get, and hoped she was going to Halifax for her honeymoon, or somewhere away. It might be her only chance.

I wouldn't want to live like that, Margaret thought, but when she saw Mary Frances and half a dozen others in the back of a truck, going somewhere to swim, laughing and calling out, she saw that Mary Frances and Luke both wanted to stay where they came from, which was what mattered, after all.

She meant to see more of Mary Frances and some of the others near her own age, but she didn't really fit in with the village social life, and she felt easier just staying home with her aunts. They were pleased. She made bread for them and sewed for them and talked about Boston and the Blackmores, mostly about Miss Leslie, on and on, while they knitted. She had forgotten that, around here, people knitted all the time, of necessity. Sometimes the aunts asked questions about Warren, and she answered with care.

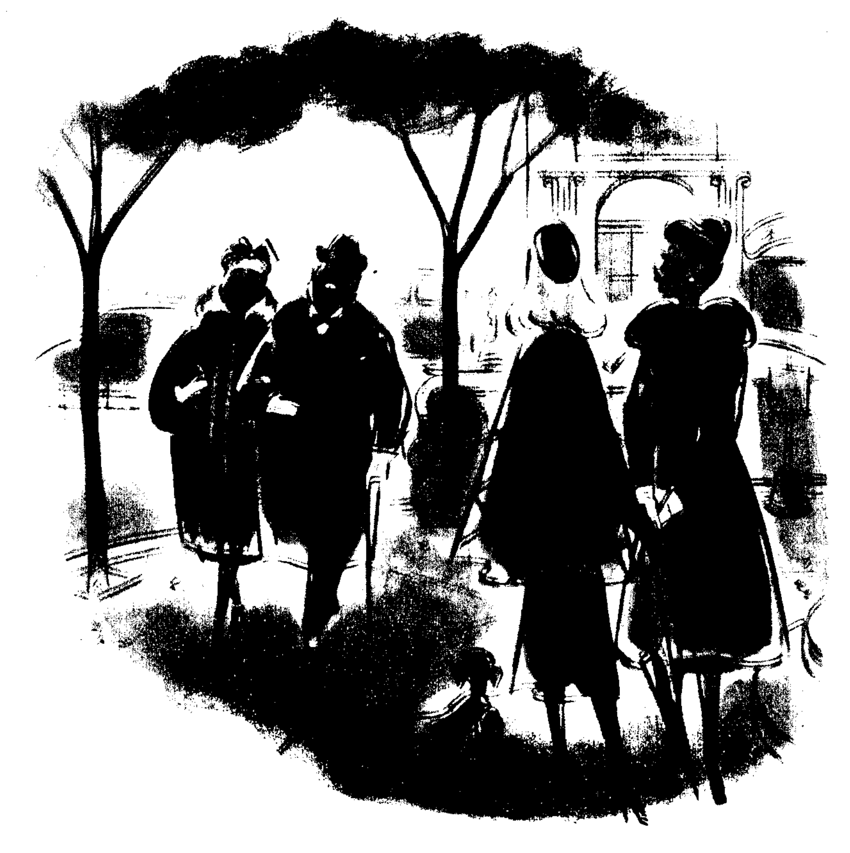
AT LAST the day of the wedding came, and every village family, and some from beyond, was represented in the tiny church. Not the whole family in every case. Somebody was sick, or a grandparent had stayed back with the smallest children. But the others were there, children, parents, a few younger people like Margaret, who realized she wasn't dressed up enough, by village standards.

Mary Frances came down the aisle at last, pale and sober-faced. Her white rayon satin gown gave off awkward high lights, her bouquet bounced in her hands, her stiff veil rustled as she walked, counting her steps. Luke's shoes creaked.

Everything seemed ugly and off key and pretentious to Margaret, who remembered Miss Leslie's wedding. But everybody else seemed to be impressed by the solemn ceremony. Nobody smiled, and the bride looked burdened and sober, already, as she came back down the aisle, staring straight ahead. The older women wiped away tears, and everyone began to talk as soon as they were out of the church and on their way to the tiny town hall, where the wedding reception was being held.

"Refreshments, too," said Aunt Maud.

The wedding presents were laid out on long tables, to be looked at while the bride and groom went twenty miles away to have their photographs taken. Just like Miss Leslie, only hers had been taken at home,



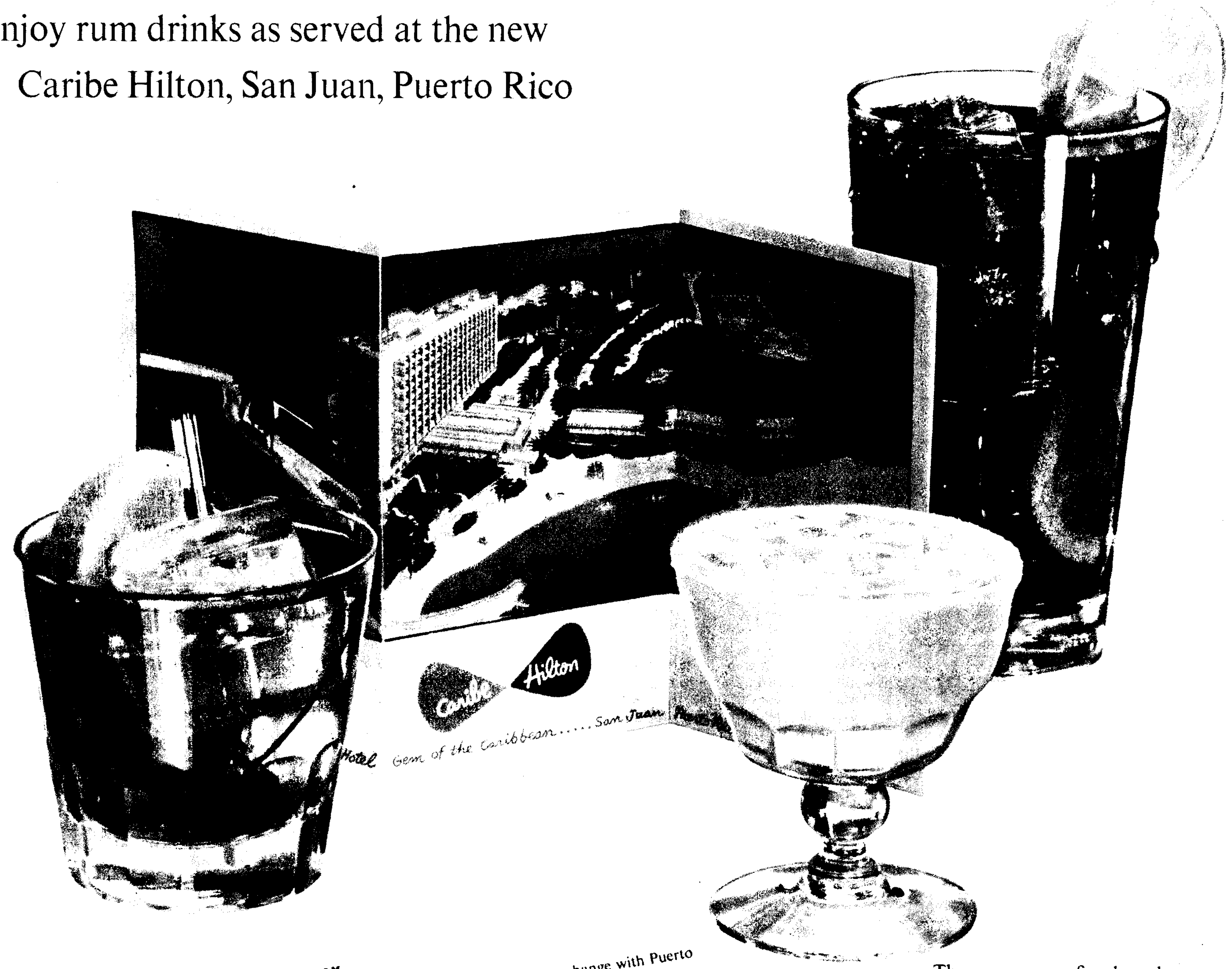
COLLIER'S

"It's the old Eternal Triangle
—she, him and his money"

LEONARD DOVE

Welcome winter change!

Enjoy rum drinks as served at the new
Caribe Hilton, San Juan, Puerto Rico



CARIBE HILTON SPECIALS . . . FOR YOU TO ENJOY

At the splendid new Hotel Caribe Hilton—at its luxurious Club Caribe and Caribar, happy guests are discovering these wonderful drinks made with smooth, mellow Puerto Rican rum. Here, in the recipes of the very drinks they are enjoying, you too can find a welcome winter change with Puerto Rican rum . . . so dry, so light, so right to serve to guests in your own home! Be sure to ask your dealer for a *Puerto Rican* rum . . . gold or white, there are many fine brands to choose from.

RUM OLD FASHIONED

1 jigger golden Puerto Rican rum
1 lump sugar
Dash of Angostura bitters
Splash of soda

Crush sugar with bitters in glass. Add soda, golden Puerto Rican rum, ice and stir. Add orange slice, twist of lemon peel. Result: a new and welcome change in old-fashioneds! This one's light and *distinctive!*

DAIQUIRI COCKTAIL

1 jigger white Puerto Rican rum
Juice ½ fresh lime (or ¼ fresh lemon)
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Serve proudly because you're a good mixer as well as a good host! And be sure to use *Puerto Rican* rum . . . America's favorite rum because it's *so* smooth!

RUM AND COLA

1 jigger Puerto Rican rum (always satisfying and a fine mixer)
Juice of ½ fresh lemon
Add ice and fill with cola

Mighty easy to make—mighty easy to take—and at the peak of perfection with *Puerto Rican* rum! So dry and smooth—because of the Puerto Rican rum—so light and pleasant you're sure to want another!

There are many fine brands
—these words on every bottle

Puerto Rican Rum

Light *and* Dry—*not sweet or heavy*

PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

out on the lawn. Margaret was going to have one of the wedding pictures later.

She thought of Miss Leslie in Santa Barbara, and of the Chestnut Hill house lived in by other people. But even if the Blackmores hadn't sold the house, she couldn't have gone on living there forever, any more than she could come here to live. She suddenly thought of Warren with an intensity of shame and longing that made her miserable. If he had only written, or if she had only written him, she would not feel like this at Mary Frances' wedding, where she didn't belong. For the first time, she wondered where she did belong, and for the first time it seemed wrong not to know.

"She received some lovely gifts," said Aunt Lou, rather wistfully, as though she wanted Margaret's approval before she admired. "Didn't she?"

"Yes, she certainly did," Margaret said, warmly. It came to her that her aunts were proud of her and a little afraid of her, because of her standards of comparison. It came to her, too, that they weren't really so much her standards as Leslie Blackmore's.

You're not Miss Leslie, and never will be. But, for once, you can try and act like her, Margaret thought grimly, because Miss Leslie had pretty manners, anywhere, and people always loved her for them. She was always gay and she loved parties and, whether they were her own or not, she always wanted them to be successful. If she were here, she would try to add luster to Mary Frances' big occasion, and Margaret could do the same. If she had admired Miss Leslie's sparkle the more because her own nature was less refracting, tonight she could remember what Miss Leslie did, and try to do the same. Nobody would know. Nobody would laugh at her.

Margaret got her aunts their cake and coffee, she talked animatedly to the neighbors, she told everybody everything she could think of in the way of outside news, which was scarce in rural communities like this. And meantime, the waiting went on and on, awkwardly. Margaret, as the interesting outsider, being so gay and so full of talk, held the occasion together, almost by main force.

At last the bridal party returned, the bride in a going-away suit and a lace blouse and a veiled, flowered hat. She looked exactly like a country bride, going away, and that was what she wanted to look like.

"Where are they going on their honeymoon?" Margaret asked, but neither of her aunts answered.

Margaret had seen the bridal car, the family sedan, with streamers, not of white satin ribbon but of white crepe paper, waiting outside. Now the bride and groom left, in a shower of confetti and rural jokes. The bride's family wearily stayed on to set things in order, and Margaret and the aunts walked slowly home.

THE Blackmore house stood tall, white and deserted in the fitful moonlight. It was cold, they all pulled their heavy coats around them, and Margaret thought: I'm not going to get any letters from Miss Leslie. I know that. She has other things to do, and I never meant as much to her as she did to me. All that's over now.

She sighed and said, "It was a pretty wedding."

"Things were fixed nice," Aunt Lou said.

"Expensive," said Aunt Maud. "They outdid themselves."

Just like the Blackmores, Margaret thought. They had had to sell their house to marry off their daughter. Then she noticed the bridal car, parked half in the ditch in front of the Malcolm place. The house was dark, except for one upstairs window, and she wondered how the family could have got home so soon and gone to bed, and without the aunts and herself noticing a car going or coming.

"There they are," said Aunt Lou, almost ashamed, as if she did not like Margaret knowing.

"Who?" Margaret asked.

"The bride and groom, of course," Aunt Maud said sharply. "Naturally, with everything else, they couldn't afford to go away. So they're staying home, and the rest of the family has gone off to visit relatives. Tomorrow, they'll move to his folks'."

Margaret almost cried out, "It isn't fair!" because Mary Frances was probably never going to have a place of her own.

She thought of the bride choosing between a going-away suit and going away, taking the suit because she could use that later. She thought of all the symbols of a fashionable wedding—coffee for champagne, phlox for roses, paper streamers for satin ribbon. The streamers fluttered now, in the cold, late wind.

"I envy them," Margaret said, soberly, because if she was not Miss Leslie, she was also not Mary Frances. "Mary Frances knows what she wants." And she thought again that Warren had the same kind of sureness.

"I think they'll turn out well," Aunt Maud said. "They come of good stock."

"I even envy them their honeymoon that they don't have," Margaret said, smiling a little, and led the way indoors.

She thought, when they had had a cup of tea in the kitchen, and when the aunts had gone upstairs to bed, she would sit down and write Warren a long letter, and say she was coming home soon. THE END

U.N.'s Merciful War

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

factory we lived in is going to start up again this winter. The workmen are coming back.

"That's the wonderful thing about a job like ours. It doesn't only mean ending disease. It means that, in places like Terai, acres and acres of jungle land will soon be under cultivation. Thousands more people will be able to make a living there, growing more and cheaper food for themselves and for the rest of the world."

That's the story of George Belios. WHO's other malaria teams run into similar problems, sometimes tragic, sometimes funny.

Cows Got the Mosquito Nets

In Gouripur, in Pakistan, the team leader is Dr. Gabriele Gramiccia, an Italian malariologist. He had his troubles with local customs, too. He didn't have to convince the Bengali villagers that mosquitoes were bad; they knew it, and used mosquito nets quite effectively. But they draped the nets on their cows, instead of themselves! In Gouripur human life is cheaper than livestock.

Now turn to WHO's number two priority: the white plague, tuberculosis. Here is another striking example of international action. Right now in Europe, where tuberculosis takes 500,000 lives a year, more than 50,000,000 children are being tested for T.B., and those who aren't immune—nearly 20,000,000—are being vaccinated. This is the largest mass immunization campaign ever undertaken in history, and it will grow even larger as the campaign spreads through Africa, the Near East and the Orient.

It was started by the Scandinavian Red Cross societies soon after the war, and quickly grew to such scope that the United Nations was called in. The U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund provides the vaccine and other supplies—as it does for many of WHO's projects; WHO scientists set up the vaccine standards and supervise the drive; Scandinavian doctors and nurses do the testing and inoculating.

A typical operation in the campaign starts in Copenhagen, Denmark. Early in the morning, a white-coated worker in the Danish State Serum Institute packs cases of BCG vaccine in dry ice, loads them into a truck, and sends them off to Copenhagen Airport. On the runway stands a U.S. Air Force C-47, one of the flying work horses that performed so valiantly during the Berlin Air Lift, loaned to the U.N. by the U.S. Air Force in Europe. The BCG is loaded into the plane and the craft takes off at once. Speed is essential, for the vaccine must be absolutely fresh to provide effective immunization. In a few hours, the plane lands at Warsaw Airport, unloads one case, and takes off again with the rest of its cargo for Prague, Vienna, Belgrade and Athens.

At the Warsaw Airport, a jeep picks up the case of vaccine and speeds off to the town of Laskarzew, in central Poland. There, a few days before, a BCG team has set up headquarters. They've rolled into town in their own jeep, sent out word to the mayor and the local newspaper, and injected every child in town with tuberculin toxin. The kids who've already been infected with tubercle bacilli, and who get a reaction from the toxin, don't need to be vaccinated. They're either immune or are already suffering from tuberculosis. But the others, more than half the total, need the shot of BCG to immunize them.

When the vaccine jeep arrives, the town declares a holiday. School is out for the day, and all the kids are lined up in the village square. Doctors and nurses have their needles ready at a long table. The vaccine is unpacked, and the lines of children move quickly. There's some crying, some laughing, and the blond heads of the Norwegian doctors and the Danish nurses bob up and down—up to give a reassuring smile, down to plunge the needle. By the end of the day, the job is done. The BCG team packs away its equipment, and that night there's a big party in the town hall. Wives of the local officials ply the team members with big fluffy dumplings, soaked in gravy; the officials toast them in vodka and slivovitz. Next morning, the team moves on to another town, another round of testing and vaccinating.

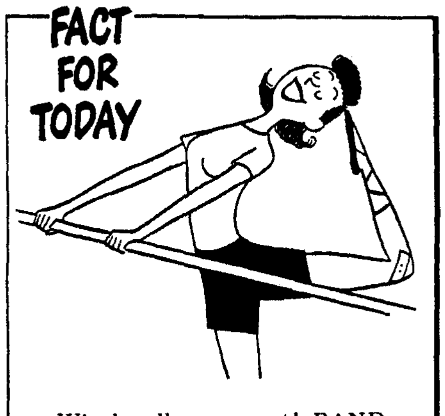
That's the way it works: In Poland, nearly 5,000,000 children already have been tested; 2,000,000 have been vaccinated. All over Europe—18,100,000 tests to date, 8,400,000 vaccinations, and the campaign continues. What does it mean? It means that at least 80 per cent of those 8,400,000 youngsters will never suffer from tuberculosis.

Do you know how much it cost to kill a single enemy soldier in World War II? Two hundred and forty thousand dollars! And do you know how much it costs to prevent a child from dying of tuberculosis today? Fifteen cents!

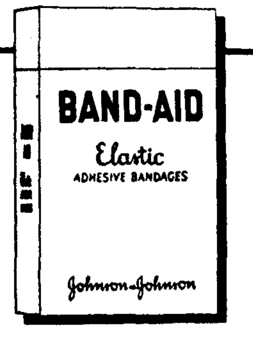
The Story of a Plague Ship

In WHO's files at Geneva are the records of the strange case of a ship, let's call it the S.S. Omega, vivid proof that at least as vital to the health of the world as disease fighting are the technical functions which WHO fills on an international scale. The Omega, a British cargo steamer, came under the watchful eye of a unique WHO project, half broadcasting network and half detective agency, called the Epidemiological Information Service. With headquarters at Geneva and its main substation at Singapore, the Information Service covers the entire globe as it ferrets out the five pestilential diseases covered by international quarantine regulations—typhus, plague, cholera, smallpox and yellow fever, known as the "treaty diseases." WHO agents keep their watch over ships, ports, planes, and even the columns of Moslem pilgrims winding their way across the Arab states to Mecca.

Not long ago the S.S. Omega arrived in Singapore from Rangoon with a cargo of rice in gunny sacks. Coolies began unloading the sacks into lighters and storing them in a Chinese water-front godown. Sud-



Wiggle all you want! BAND-AID* *Elastic* Adhesive Bandage stretches. *Stays put* on knuckles, knees, elbow.



So comfortable! BAND-AID Elastic Adhesive Bandage fits snugly on hard-to-bandage places. Stretches as you move. Stays put without binding. Flesh color—less conspicuous.

Johnson & Johnson

**BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.*

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN
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denly, a seaman in the crew developed a high fever; the glands in his groin swelled alarmingly. The Singapore Port Health Officer came aboard, and promptly ordered the Omega's captain to make steam for the near-by quarantine anchorage. Bombs of deadly cyanide gas were used to fumigate the holds.

At the hospital a microscopic smear test from the swollen glands of the sick man showed Pasteurella pestis—the plague germ, the Black Death. This was where WHO stepped in.

Over the Singapore short-wave radio transmitter flashed WHO's message in its epidemiological code, broadcasting to all ports and ships within receiving distance.

World-Wide Warnings Radioed

The same message was cabled in clear text to Geneva headquarters and to WHO's regional offices in Washington, D.C., and Alexandria, Egypt: "British freighter arrived from Rangoon with plague among crew. Fumigation carried out as necessary. Definite information not available." Later that night, 10 powerful short-wave transmitters in Geneva were broadcasting the news to port health administrations all over the world. Simultaneously, WHO's network of 15 local stations from Shanghai to Madagascar beamed the message to their own regions. Ships and planes were rerouted away from the danger spots.

That was WHO's radio service in action, savings millions of dollars for shippers around the world, as well as uncounted lives, by prompt information on outbreaks of quarantinable diseases.

But the case of the Omega was not yet over. In WHO's Singapore office the experts were trying to spot the source of the disease. Rangoon reported a case of plague in one of the coolies who'd loaded the rice aboard the ship, but couldn't find any plague-carrying rats in the warehouse or on the dock. There were no rats on the Omega, none in the fumigated godown.

Then Dr. W. W. Yung, Epidemiological Information Chief for WHO in Singapore, suggested a government entomologist have a look in the ship's cargo. Sure enough, poking around in the godown, the entomologist found dead fleas in the rice sacks. Laboratory examination revealed they were rat fleas—the bugs that live on rats, carry the plague germ, and by biting humans spread the disease.

Cables to and from Rangoon ended the detective work. The rice in gunny sacks had come down from a plague-infested area in the interior of Burma, with fleas enmeshed in the sacking. Quarantine barriers could now be erected at the source, and Rangoon and Singapore cleared for normal port traffic. The Case of the S.S. Omega was closed.

Venereal disease is a subject most Americans don't have to be told about. Hundreds of American communities have embarked on their own V.D. control projects, and cities like San Francisco are pioneering in concerted drives by psychiatrists, public health authorities and doctors against syphilis and gonorrhea.

Elsewhere in the world, the story is different. There are Arab tribes in the Euphrates Valley where 90 per cent of the population has syphilis. Dr. Evan Thomas, director of the V.D. treatment center at New York's Bellevue Hospital, was sent to Eastern Europe by WHO as an expert consultant and found a village in the Bosnian hills of Yugoslavia where 25 of 50 children were afflicted with syphilis.

Dr. John Cutler, on loan from the United States Public Health Service and now a WHO venereal disease team leader in India, is working with Miss Evelyn Rose, a Philadelphia public health nurse, and Dr. Johannes Kvittingen, a Norwegian serologist, to teach Indian doctors the simplest methods of diagnosis, penicillin treatment and preventive action. Thirty-four-year-old Dr. Cutler soon realized that in India there just weren't enough highly skilled technicians to go around in the mobile diagnostic labs he set to touring the countryside of Simla. Instead of taking the time to train the technicians, he decided to look for a method of diagnosis that unskilled workers could use. So he wrote to WHO in Geneva; WHO cabled Ad Harris, an inventive scientist at the U.S. Public Health Service's V.D. Research Laboratory in Stapleton, Staten Island, and shortly thereafter Harris forwarded a simplified method of slide analysis to be used by semiskilled Indian technicians in the battle against endemic syphilis.

WHO's big venereal disease project this year will be a demonstration in international control located in Rotterdam, where for years the problem of infection spread by seamen has taxed the ingenuity of five nations. Rotterdam isn't just an international port; it's the center for tremendously heavy barge traffic along the Rhine River, which flows through Switzerland, France, Germany and Holland, with canals branching off to Belgium. A German barge sailor can pick up syphilis in Basel, Switzerland, infect his own family at Cologne, and pass it on—through honky-tonk girls along the water fronts of Strasbourg, Antwerp and Rotterdam—to sailors bound across every ocean in the world.

"Sometimes I think the high point of my career was just before my first fight"

COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

The WHO demonstration clinic in Rotterdam will try to attack every problem of V.D. control at once. They'll take that German sailor, for instance, and give him his first shot of procaine penicillin. Then they'll issue him a treatment booklet, printed in Dutch, German and French, with the date and type of his shot entered. Trained public health workers will interview him to find out who infected him, and whom he himself may have infected. Field workers will locate the contacts he's had, and persuade them to report locally for treatment.

When his barge heads up the Rhine, the sailor will carry his treatment booklet with him, and inside its front cover will be a list of other clinics in every Rhine River port where he can report for free treatment. The doctors in those clinics won't have to use guesswork. By looking at his booklet, they'll know exactly what treatment he's had so far, and what he still needs. They can follow him up from port to port, from shot to shot.

On the other side of the world from Rotterdam lies China, a nation in the midst of civil war. Here, too, WHO is working in the field, and on both sides of the lines. In China, the disease fighters of the United Nations are represented by a singularly brave and able group of men and women.

WHO's problems in China have been fantastically complicated. Its workers have dealt with a provincial minister of health in Kuomintang China one day, and the next day he's been deposed, or gone over to the Communists. The Reds themselves welcome WHO one day, obstruct it the next. Health services are disorganized; supplies are hard to come by; runaway inflation bankrupts nearly everyone.

In Canton, Dr. Leon Volodarsky, a Norwegian surgeon, has been reorganizing the huge Fong Pin hospital for two years. He's still there, despite the Communist occupation. Here's how he described the hospital in a report to headquarters:

"During one of my early visits to Fong Pin, while making the rounds I heard moans coming from an isolated room. On investigating I found a big, dark room with patients on board beds. These were the absolutely hopeless cases—put there to die. Several children were among them. They received no treatment, no care, no attempt to relieve suffering, no food, no water. No one knew how long the patients would stay in this room. I was reminded of the Valley of Death."

Needless to say, that isolated room no longer exists. Today every patient at Fong Pin receives all the care that the hospital's modest facilities can provide. Dr. Leon Volodarsky saw to that.

Another WHO worker in China is Dr. Leo Eloesser, of San Francisco, one of America's most famous chest surgeons and a former professor at Stanford University Medical School. Dr. Eloesser is sixty-eight now, frail, with the stooped posture that comes from years of bending over operating tables. In Red China, he's plodded many miles on foot, his medical equipment heaped in a cart, while his mobile lab moves to escape Kuomintang bombings.

After a lifetime in the beautifully equipped surgical wards of America's best hospitals, Dr. Eloesser is convinced that in places like China it's simplicity that counts. He himself has shown Chinese blacksmiths how to forge surgical tools out of old rifle barrels. And instead of trying to teach surgery, he's teaching field sanitation and the elementary tricks of preventive medicine. Not long ago Dr. Eloesser started a school of medical assistants at a hospital in a mountain village in eastern Shansi Province. The hospital was so isolated high in north China's loess hills that its ambulance service consisted only of four sturdy peasants, who carried the patients in litters up the mountain from the valley communities below. But there were 200 beds, and a class of willing students.

A Lecture in Pidgin English

When the course began, local Communist officials held an elaborate ceremony to hail the advent of modern science. Dr. Eloesser, speaking the fantastic mixture of Chinese and English in which he somehow makes himself understood, told the students:

"Carrying out health measures is simple. You need not have studied medicine for six years in order to be able to kill lice, to dig a *mao-fang* (privy), to boil your drinking water, to inject a dose of typhoid vaccine, to recognize a hookworm egg; not to spit on the floor nor cough in your babies' faces, and also to teach others to do or not to do these things. These things are simple and very, very useful."

Later, when the classes were running full blast, Eloesser reported to headquarters:

"The sight of 20 students grouped about a table in the open courtyard of a Chinese mountaineer's home, diligently practicing by sewing up pigs' bowels with needle and silk bought at the village market, or hanging each other up in improvised fracture apparatus suspended from the roof beams of the gateway, would make a refreshing movie for the American College of Surgeons."

Then there's Ruth Ingram, another American. Short, stout, motherly-looking, this fifty-eight-year-old WHO public health

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nurse in China rides the old silk caravan routes by truck or camelback, far out in the Gobi Desert, moving from one provincial hospital to another, organizing nurses' training, putting order into the chaos of Chinese hospital administration.

Miss Ingram found nursing students sleeping in the school building at night because it was the only compound in town that was safe from wolves.

"Seven or eight students," she reported, "sleep on a single *k'ang*. They are so crowded that when one turns they all must turn. The rooms are dark and cold. There are two classrooms. One is small and dark; the other has more light because one wall is missing."

These same students soon learned to do a real job of work. A case of smallpox broke out in the region, and Miss Ingram taught them about vaccination campaigns. She suggested they themselves plan a campaign for the near-by villages.

Assembly-Line Vaccinations

Trooping out of the hospital, the students first tackled the village elders, showed them how the vaccination needles worked, and sold them on the idea. Then they canvassed house-to-house, exhorting the villagers to come for inoculation. On the big day, the villagers showed up in droves. The students set up an assembly line. One group helped the people bare their left arms; another swabbed each arm with alcohol; a third placed drops of virus on the cleansed spots; a fourth scratched the arms with sterile needles. Finally, for a lesson in cleanliness, the rest of the students lectured on fly control, demonstrated how to use a fly swatter, and gave each vaccinated villager the privilege of peering through a microscope at a fly's hind leg.

In a few days, the nursing students had given more than 2,500 inoculations in 10 villages. There was no epidemic, and only two new cases of smallpox occurred.

From China to Staten Island, WHO is primarily an operational outfit. The stories from the field, of course, show only one part of WHO's activities. They don't tell about the WHO fellowship program, which has paid expenses for more than 600 doctors from 32 nations to study latest developments in their specialties in the countries where the greatest advances have taken place. Nor do they tell of the never-ending succession of international conferences where experts gather to standardize treatment and prevention programs; to unify the world's pharmacopoeias, to set up international standards for serums and vaccines. Nor do they tell of the research and the expert consultants working in maternal and child health, nutrition and sanitary engineering around the globe.

And yet, though its mission is above politics, WHO hasn't entirely escaped the suspicion and mistrust, the vexing political problems of a split world that wrack the United Nations itself.

When WHO runs into the Russian problem, the going gets rough. The Soviets joined WHO enthusiastically at the very beginning, and it was the Russians, a year and a half ago, who proposed admission of the United States to the organization. All that is changed now. Last February, in a cable to WHO Director-General Brock Chisholm, the Soviet Union announced it was withdrawing from membership. Byelorussia and the Ukraine followed suit, then Bulgaria. Dr. Chisholm, an able Canadian public health expert and a noted psychiatrist, asked the Russians to reconsider and suggested he go to Moscow to talk things over. He's never had an answer.

Even before their withdrawal, the Russians had been sniping at WHO for some time, complaining it wasn't giving enough attention to the eastern European countries, that its "swollen administrative machinery" was costing the member nations too much money, and that the administration of WHO was overloaded with representatives of the Western nations. When they cabled their abrupt walkout, they repeated the same charges.

The facts are these: The eastern European nations have got more from WHO, in the form of fellowships, demonstration teams and consultants, than any other group of countries in the world. Of WHO's meager $7,500,000 budget for 1950, less than one sixth goes for administration; all the rest is operational. Of the 500 men and women on WHO's staff, only 150 are administrative, the rest are operational. Time and again WHO has asked for Soviet scientists to serve on demonstration teams, or to work on planning projects at headquarters; the Russians have ignored the requests. Dr. Chisholm has kept a post open for a Russian as deputy director-general for two years; it's never been filled.

Observers who have watched the Soviet Union in other world organizations are convinced that the Russians have pulled out of WHO primarily because, while the cold war lasts, they don't want any part of an outfit in which East really meets West successfully. Although the Soviet satellites have followed Russia's lead in fulminating against WHO, they are all—with the exception of Bulgaria—still members in good standing, most of them willing and cooperative members, at that.

One of the major irritants in this eruption of bad feeling has been a series of antagonistic exchanges between the Russian bloc and the United States over America's export policy on drugs and medical equipment. It first flared up two years ago when the Russians claimed "criminal discrimination" because America wouldn't ship them radioactive isotopes, by-products of atom-bomb output and valuable in medical research. The shouting continued for a while and then died down after the first World Health Assembly in Geneva in 1948.

On June 28, 1948, the Ukrainian delegate, Dr. N. A. Baran, slammed America's policy on radioactive isotopes and then announced that it didn't matter anyway. For some time now, he stated, Russia has had all the isotopes it needs—made in the Soviet Union. That statement, more than a broad hint, foreshadowed by over a year President Truman's announcement that the Russians have the Bomb.

Typical Soviet Accusations

Backed by the Poles and Czechs, the Russians have also used WHO meetings to charge that the United States deliberately withholds critical supplies of other medical material—particularly of penicillin and penicillin manufacturing equipment. The Americans deny most of the charges, admitting only that some equipment is barred from export because it can be used to produce explosives as well as penicillin.

Despite these irritations, WHO is pushing ahead with new projects in the interests of human welfare on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Under WHO auspices an international training center in anesthesiology will soon be established in Prague, where doctors can come from all over Europe to learn the newest techniques. WHO is sponsoring an international training center in virus research in Budapest, and similar training centers in biochemistry and venereal diseases in Warsaw. Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia have asked and are getting WHO experts to help them rebuild the penicillin plants that were given them by UNRRA and that are now run-down.

Another important WHO project to spread medical knowledge across national borders is the creation of an international medical library at Charles University, in Prague. WHO is spending $30,000 to bring the library up to date, to add subscriptions to 200 scientific periodicals, and to provide microfilming equipment. Because the library is in Czechoslovakia, it is expected that the Russians will send their medical publications, which are almost impossible to obtain in the West. Then, under WHO auspices, the library can microfilm the journals and ship copies to anyone interested, anywhere in the world. The result: an all-embracing exchange center for medical information—the first of its kind in history.

Vast New Projects Planned

There's enthusiastic ferment today in the marble-walled League of Nations building in Geneva, where WHO has its headquarters. The outfit has succeeded in its limited campaigns already; now it is looking forward to vast new projects that will revolutionize the world economically and socially. Basing its plans on President Truman's Point IV program of know-how aid to underdeveloped areas, WHO hopes to have an extra $10,500,000 to spend this year, beyond its regular $7,500,000 budget. The money will come from special contributions by member nations, including a sizable amount from the U.S., if the next session of Congress approves the President's program.

Part of this money will be used to finance work in three new "Health Demonstration Areas," located probably in Asia, the Middle East and Latin America. In these areas the current idea of individual demonstration teams for specific diseases will be changed. Instead, large-scale teams will launch simultaneous attacks on the problems of disease eradication, nutrition, public health administration, sanitary engineering, health education, nursing, veterinary science, entomology and mental health. Doctors and scientists from surrounding countries will pour into the areas to work with the WHO teams, learning for themselves how to set up a combined medical operation that will transform a backward, unhealthy, ignorant region into one where positive health means an abundant life and a chance to contribute to the health and economic progress of the world.

Finally, there's a long-term WHO plan for joint action with the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organization in a demonstration that will cover 10,000,000 acres and cost $10,000,000 over a five-year period. In this one, the doctors and plague fighters and sanitary engineers will work with food-production experts for at least five years to prove that the calamity howlers are wrong when they say the world can't possibly grow enough food to feed its expanding population. The experts of the two U.N. agencies will simultaneously wipe out preventable disease and implant the latest methods of scientific farming. They hope to break the age-old vicious circle that has kept millions of human beings in bondage—the circle that runs from disease to untilled land to malnutrition to disease, and from there to hopelessness and exploitation.

Brock Chisholm says it can be done. "You plan your attack," he says. "You spot a demonstration team here, and here and here. Pretty soon you find the health level rising. As it rises, people start working better and eating properly. They get interested in sanitation, and the health level rises some more. Their neighbors begin to learn, and the whole thing spreads like an epidemic. WHO's job is pretty much the same as the job of an anopheles mosquito. We're starting an epidemic—an epidemic of health for the world."

THE END

Next Week

Mr. Welfare State Himself

Are We Going to Junk our Colleges?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

students gets adequate scholarship aid. Dr. Earl James McGrath, U.S. Commissioner of Education, points out that all the scholarships, fellowships and loan funds now available in all the colleges and universities of the nation reach only one out of 10 nonveteran students. The average amount of aid received by each such student in 1947 was $187.16.

In the opinion of President James Bryant Conant of Harvard, *for all practical purposes, the colleges and universities of this country are closed to a large proportion of able students.*

In times past, a substantial number of students could find work of some kind. Many prominent bankers, statesmen, engineers or professors today proudly boast: "I worked my way through college."

True. Once upon a time, for an ambitious lad, there was always a job washing dishes, scrubbing floors, waiting on tables or picking apples at near-by farms. The luckier ones could correct papers, clean test tubes or keep the library stacks neat. But those days are over. Most colleges simply do not have enough jobs to go around. Rhode Island State College had 900 applicants for 300 jobs when classes began in the fall.

Many colleges set a ceiling on the amount of money a student can earn. Sometimes they are allowed to make $25 a month, or even as much as $35. This helps, but what about the thousands who do not get the chance to earn anything?

Many colleges are trying to find work for their students. Some have set up faculty committees for this purpose. Others ask the community to "make" work—raking leaves, washing windows, even baby sitting.

Hundreds of college students are on the verge of dropping out. By February, when a new semester and new bills roll round, the exodus from the colleges may reach disastrous proportions.

Recently a senior at a teachers college came to see me. He had managed, through G.I. help, to complete his first three years. But his "credit" had been used up.

"Is there any place where I can borrow money?" he pleaded. "I'll pledge my first year's salary—anything at all."

He needed $1,000 for his last year—and couldn't get it. So he had to withdraw, and is now hunting a job. Maybe he'll go back and finish someday. But it's more likely that he'll never quite make it. In the meantime, we've lost a much needed teacher.

Her Son Wants to Be a Doctor

Or take the case of the mother who paid me a call. Her talented son, a senior at Centre College, Kentucky, wants to go to medical school. This is his last year under G.I. benefits—he'll be on his own for the four years it'll take to make him an M.D. His mother works in a hat factory at Danbury, Connecticut.

"I'm making $70 a week," she told me. "No matter how I try, I've been unable to save enough to pay the high tuition fees."

She groped for the right words, then slashed out: "They claim doctors are needed, but they do nothing for the boy who doesn't have money. I work in a factory. The people there all say to me: 'How can we pay for our children's college educations?' "

She looked at me and blurted, half in anger, half in fear, "I'm just an average working person. Doesn't my boy have as much right to go to college as anyone else? "I don't expect the government to keep on paying for Ted. Yet somewhere along the line, costs should be cut so that people who make as little as I do can meet them. What are people like us supposed to do?"

There is this much to be said. The colleges have not been sitting back idly. They have tried to find money so that their tuition rates would not zoom entirely out of sight. But the cards are stacked against them. Within recent years the interest on their investments and endowments has dropped substantially.

"At our place, interest on endowments has dropped from more than 5 per cent before the war to less than 4 per cent today." Dr. E. A. Johnson, president of Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Illinois, told me. Lake Forest is lucky. Many colleges report a much steeper loss on interest rates.

In addition, the public isn't supporting colleges the way it used to. Occasionally, millions still are left to universities; but, for the most part, they go to "big-name" institutions. The other colleges—there are 1,800 listed in the United States Office of Education directory—merely read about these gifts in the newspapers.

Harder to Raise Money Now

Ninety-seven per cent of the 630 colleges I reached in a survey reported that it is harder to raise money now than it was a year ago. The colleges are trying for $1,000,000,000: thus far they have raised about one fifth that amount. The prospect of getting the rest is none too bright.

Almost desperately, colleges are turning elsewhere to get money. More are investing their endowment funds in real estate, large-scale commercial ventures and various other businesses than at any time in the past. New York University, for example, has bought, and operates through alumni committees, a spaghetti factory, a piston ring factory, a leather goods concern and a china factory. Union College recently purchased the store building and warehouse of a Brooklyn, New York, department store. Oberlin College has bought a number of buildings, which rent space to major chain stores. Goucher College in Baltimore has acquired a half interest in a commercial shopping center project. Florida Southern College has invested in apartment houses and orange groves.

A West Coast college president told me that investment in business increased the institution's average interest return from 4 to a little over 9 per cent. "Without these investments we'd have to double our tuition rates," he explained. "As it is, we are keeping out many worthy students."

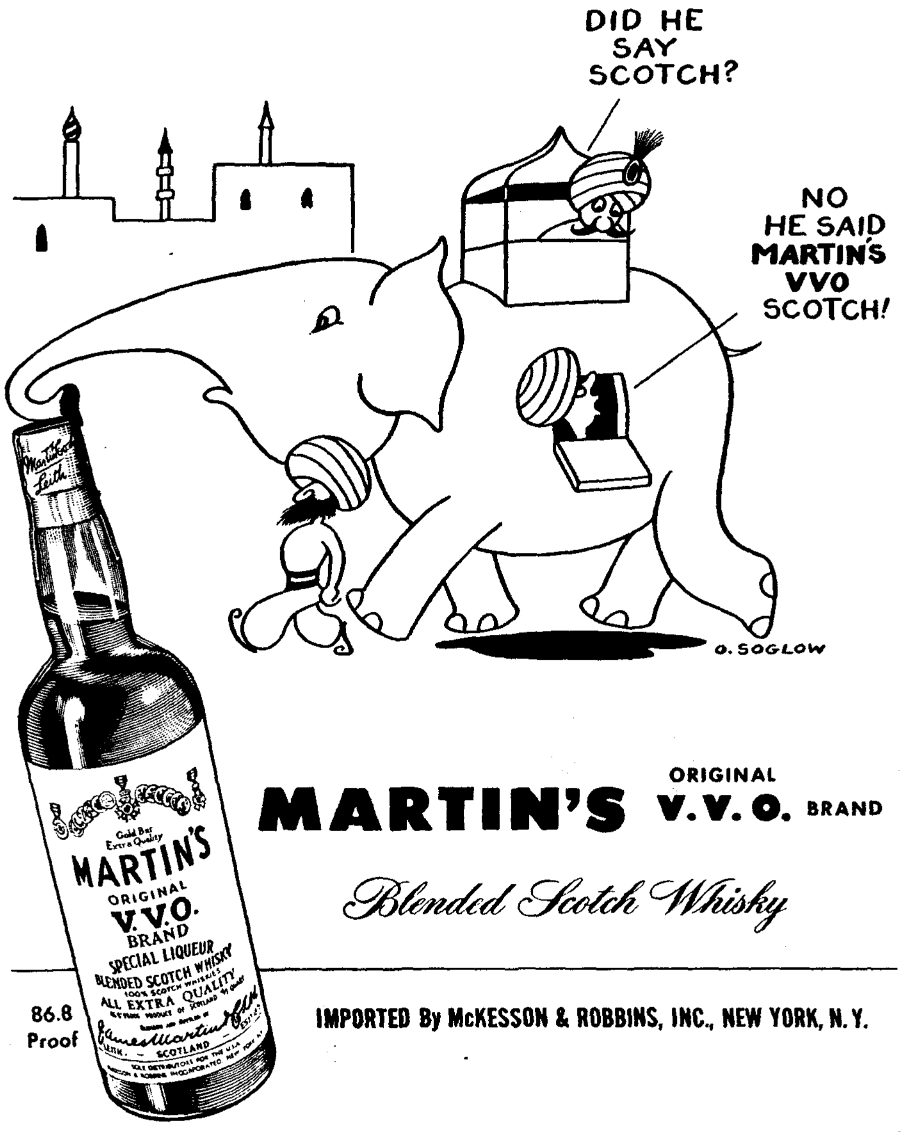
But this business bubble may burst someday with the first pinch of an honest-to-goodness recession. What then? The colleges will be worse off than ever before. Going into business isn't the full answer.

Can the colleges raise tuition still higher? Most agree that the rates have gone as high as the traffic will bear.

Shall, then, the colleges turn to Washington, cup in hand? One out of every three American colleges and universities says it needs federal aid. Some swallow hard and moan: "We know it's dangerous to let the government come in, but what can we do? Even if we raise tuition rates higher, we'll still be in the red."

Up to now, the federal government has provided assistance on an indirect basis—$8,000,000,000 of aid for veteran education, with no strings attached. But if Washington gave privately endowed or church-related colleges direct subsidies, they believe they might lose their freedom.

It's the old saying . . . "He who pays the piper calls the tune." In this case, many fear, the tune might be political. However, the loss of independence would not be quite that bald. If it comes, it would be far more subtle and insidious—more by indirection than actual design. The economics professor might temper his remarks about the government's monopoly suit against a large corporation. The philosophy teacher might decide that it would be smarter to stay off the "Committee for the Election of a Republican." But a solution must be found. Our colleges and universities are worth saving. They are the foundation stones of our democracy. THE END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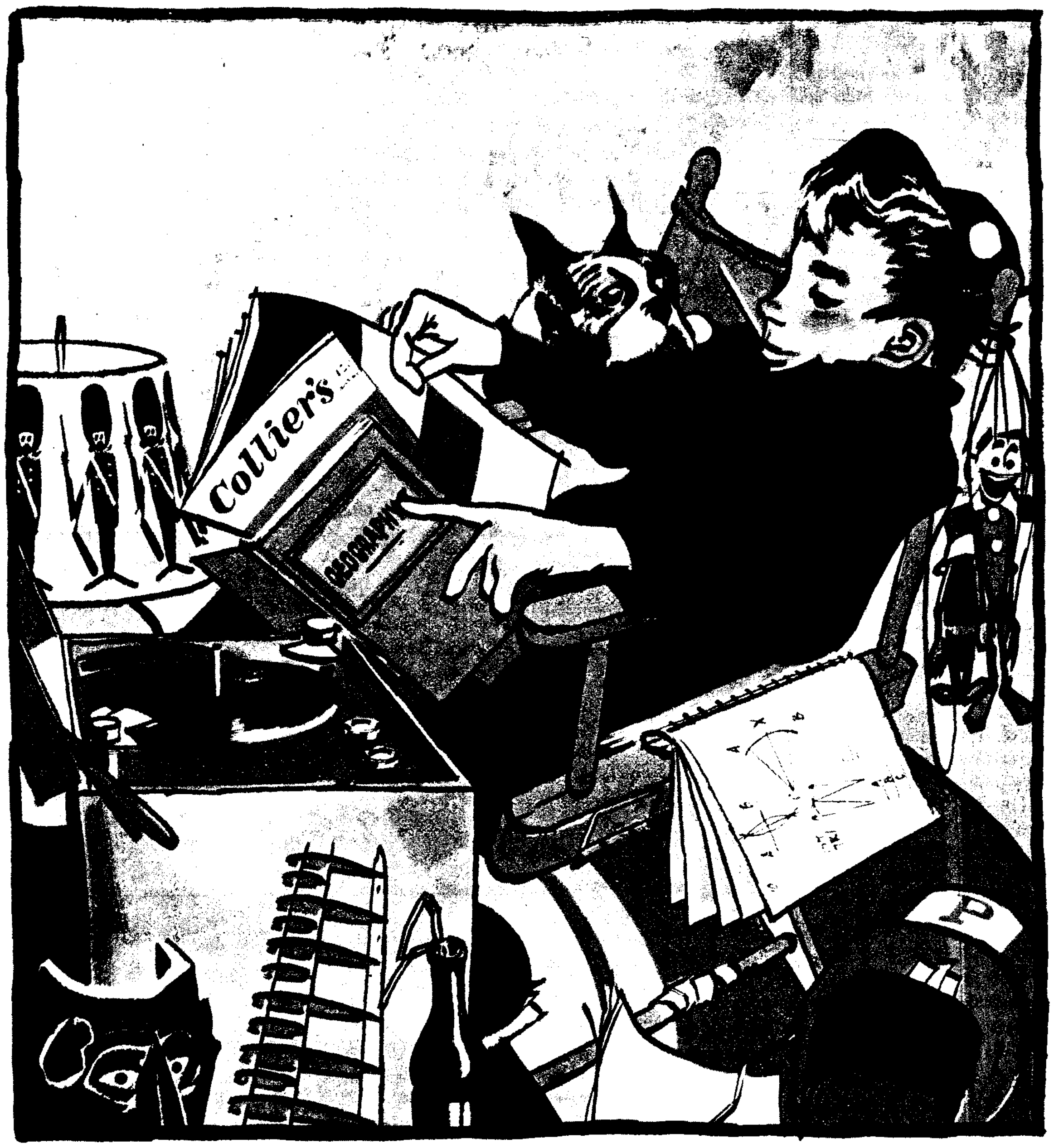


HARRY DEVLIN

BOY STUDYING

TEACHERS HAVE A TOUGH TIME these days, says Dr. Paul Wagner, trying to compete with the noisy and intriguing distractions that surround the modern school child. To show how tough it is, the thirty-two-year-old president of Rollins College recently gave a little demonstration before a Florida audience.

First he started a radio, a phonograph, a Western movie and a hawker of comic books going all at once. (What, no television?) Then he turned off the noisemakers and the lights, lighted a candle, put it in an old lantern, and sat down with a copy of McGuffey's reader to show how simple things were for the schoolboy of 100 years ago. No raucous blares competed with McGuffey for the student's attention, said Dr. Wagner. Therefore he was better educated. Q.E.D.

We didn't see the demonstration. But if we had we should have found it hard to envy the 1850 schoolboy, poring over the fine print of his reader by candlelight. We would even have found it hard to envy him McGuffey's. In spite of the nostalgic regard of an older generation, the famous readers could hardly have satisfied a youngster's normal yen for blood-and-thunder excitement. Surely a lot of schoolboys must have sought an antidote for McGuffey's moralizing, sentimentality and stilted language—perhaps some early form of the dime novel which they hid underneath the woodshed.

If the boys' parents discovered this extracurricular reading matter, they were probably just as concerned about it as parents are about comic books today. Every generation of elders does some headshaking over the trash that clutters up youthful minds. Maybe even Dr. Wagner's parents were worried. Certainly their contemporaries were. For 25 years ago, when the youthful educator was starting out on his own educational journey, the movies were just as exciting, the "funnies" just as absorbing, and the radio and phonograph certainly as noisy as they are today.

We don't blame weary teachers for wishing that the days of more cloistered scholarship would return. But they won't. Today's school child lives in an environment of busy, noisy, infinite variety. It may not represent the best of all possible worlds, but the kid is stuck with it. He can't train for twentieth-century living in an academic vacuum. He must not only know the three R's. He must also be slightly conversant with the activities of Dick Tracy, Hopalong Cassidy and the Lone Ranger, or he's a social misfit.

A youngster needs a knowledge of the present in which he lives, just as he needs the accumulated wisdom of the past. Many of the things that distract him also help fill the gaps between the schoolbooks.

The distractions aren't the prime source of poor education, and they're certainly not all bad. After all, entertainment doesn't have to be either raucous or lurid to beguile a schoolboy away from the heady delights of long division. So we rather hope that Dr. Wagner has Collier's down on his complete list of distractions, even if he didn't include us in his demonstration.

Could Be . . .

WE HAVE OFTEN JOINED in the chorus of demands for greater government economy, so perhaps the following solo will sound a little off pitch. Nevertheless we'd like to see Congress, during this session, vote to spend some extra money—on itself.

It has been proposed that the members, who have given salary increases to Cabinet members and other officers, now raise their own pay to $20,000 or $25,000 a year. The larger figure would mean adding $5,310,000 to the Congressional pay roll. But we think the outlay would be worth while if it would attract men and women whose abilities are worth an actual or potential $25,000 a year in private life.

Certainly the responsibilities of the United States Congress demand the services of uncommonly able people. There are a lot of able people in the country. But we feel sure that many of them aren't willing to seek office at a financial sacrifice, even though membership in Congress seems attractive otherwise.

There is no reason why the job of making this nation's laws should not be a lucrative as well as an honorable calling.

A salary of $25,000 a year could lessen the number of sorry case histories like the one that Collier's revealed in Confessions of a Congressman's Son. It might eliminate much of the toadying and hypocrisy—and worse—which has warped the principles and bothered the conscience of many a congressman who would like to vote his convictions if he felt he could afford to.

More pay might even make it possible for the legislator to spend his full time on a full-time job. As it is now a Congress usually winds up each session by rushing through important legislation at a lathered gallop so its members can hurry home to the law practice or feed store or whatever enterprise helps them piece out their income.

We aren't kidding ourselves that $25,000 a year, or $50,000, would create Utopia on Capitol Hill. It wouldn't eliminate incompetence, sellouts and cheap partisanship from Congress. That's up to the people who send the members to Washington.

But maybe a pay increase would help all of us to realize that, as taxpayers, we are stockholders in the world's greatest political corporation, and that it is up to us to use our voting privileges to elect officers who can get us the best return on our very considerable investment.

"I was curious…

I tasted it…

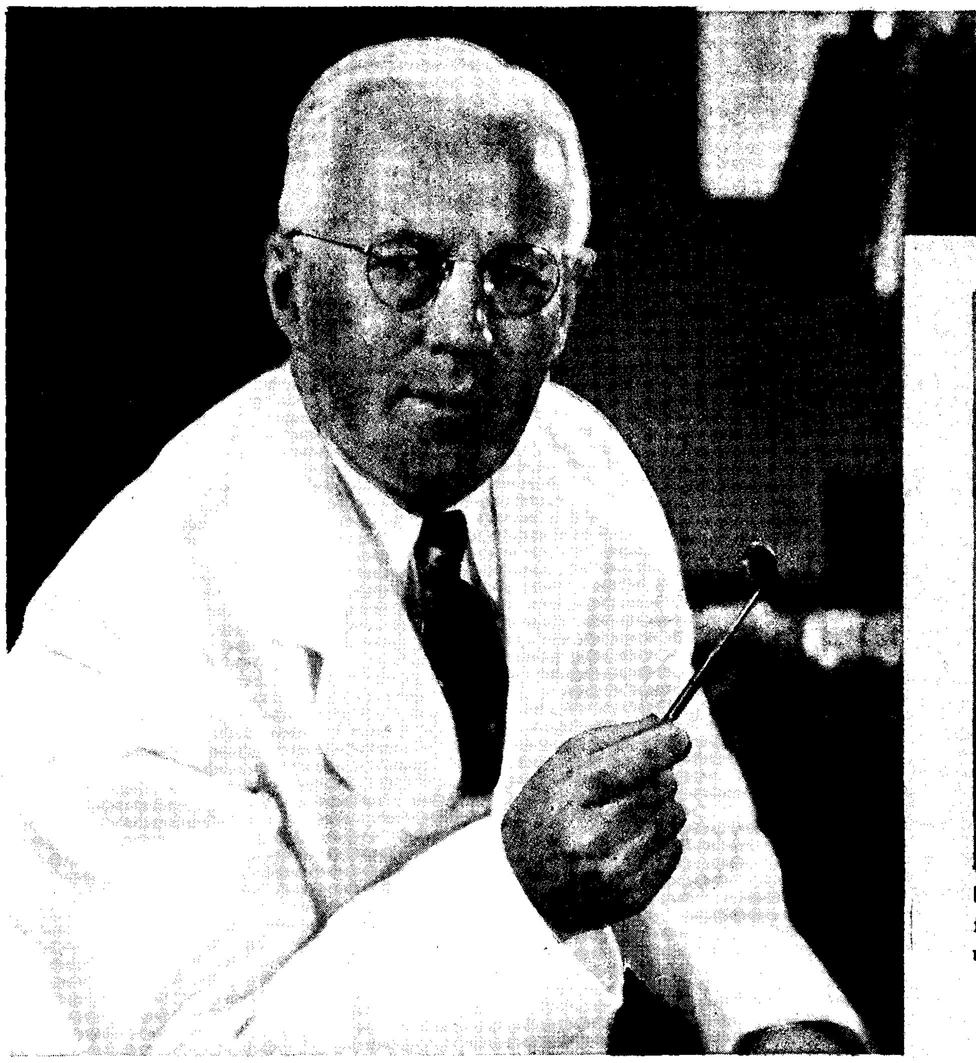
Now I know *why* *Schlitz is…*

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

© 1950, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Noted throat specialists report on 30-day test of Camel smokers . . .

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION *due to smoking* CAMELS!



Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

THE TEST WAS REALLY FUN! EVERY CAMEL TASTED SO GOOD! AND I DIDN'T NEED MY DOCTOR'S REPORT TO KNOW CAMELS ARE **MILD**!

ELANA O'BRIAN, real estate broker, one of the hundreds of people from coast to coast who made the 30-Day Test of Camel Mildness under the observation of noted throat specialists.

. . . AND THOUSANDS MORE AGREE!

"CAMELS AGREE with my throat—and they sure taste great!" says Ed Paxton, chemical engineer, who made the Camel 30-day test under a throat specialist.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT Virginia Walcutt: "I didn't believe any cigarette could smoke so mild. But Camels met the test—they certainly agree with my throat!"

"I'M A VETERAN when it comes to smoking Camels. They give me the kind of smoke I like—lots of flavor and plenty mild!" Michael Douglas, singer.

MISS LEE TELLER, secretary: "I'm delighted that I made the 30-day mildness test. It introduced me to the cigarette that really agrees with my throat—Camels!"

"THE 30-DAY TEST was a real education. It taught me that there's no cigarette quite like a Camel!" Tod Crone, air travel agency owner.

SPORTSWOMAN Jean French: "I like to make my own tests; I smoked Camels for 30 days. They tasted so good I've changed to Camels for keeps!"

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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Start your own 30-Day Camel MILDNESS Test Today!

It's fun—it's enlightening! All you do is smoke Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. Compare them in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). See if that rich, full Camel flavor and that cool, cool Camel mildness doesn't win you to Camels for keeps.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
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